THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 14, 1913 — 5 CENTS THE COPY

Beginning

BACK-FIRE—By Henry C. Rowland

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BACK-FIRE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

THE room was singularly ugly, its harsh proportions and rich, loveless furniture defying even the softening effect of age; while the austere portraits which gloomed from the paneled walls appeared to have a dampening effect on the fire itself, the only feature of the place that might have struck a note of cheer. In a museum such a room might have been interesting to the student of periods as a perfect example of the Victorian era of ugliness, when art and beauty were so sternly sacrificed to a ruthless respectability that was not without a certain arrogance of wealth.

It was the sort of apartment where one might have looked to find a harsh old man with a bleak face scowling into the discouraged coals. But the harsh old man was no longer there, having only the year before exchanged the gloomy place for the scarcely less cheerful tomb. The date was nearly an anniversary in fact, and then, just as now, there had been a foot of slush on Gramercy Park just opposite, and a raw wind sweeping through from the East River.

But if old Stephen Duane was gone, at least he was not forgotten. In front of a fire sat a woman, and stared into the glowing coals and thought of many things. Her chin was in her hands, and the dull yellow light from a tall lamp shimmered on the heavy mass of hair that still held much of its ruddy gold. Elinor Duane was thinking of her dead husband, and of the two little children she had borne him and whom their vast wealth had been powerless to save. She was thinking also of the children of the poor which this same wealth might yet be employed to save, and her responsibility as an heiress weighed heavily upon her. A clock chimed in the hall and she reached forward and touched a bell. At the sound of the butler's soft tread she roused herself.

"No, Mrs. Duane; You are Going About This Thing Wrong. Make Your Family Help"

"Lights, Keeler," she directed.

The man touched the switch, and the even glow that rose struggled against the pervading gloom. The chill of the place was not that of temperature, for the house was of an almost tropical heat. The butler withdrew and a few moments later there came the sound of a motor outside. The car came to a stop before the door and after a short interval a footman announced in hollow tones: "Doctor Penfold, ma'am."

Mrs. Duane arose, glancing at herself in the big mirror. Under the tempered light her hair glistened with the luster of a chestnut fresh from the burr, though edged with silver about the temples. Her skin was as clear as a seashell against the light, but lacked the glow of robust health, and her charming features were too finely chiseled. Her eyes, of a soft slate color, were very long and thickly fringed with a double row of lashes that looked black against the clear pallor of her face. A specialist in diagnosis would have shaken his head at sight of her, even though her lithe figure was still gracefully rounded and her movements showed no lack of elastic strength.

She turned at the sound of a step on the threshold, then went forward with a smile to greet her guest. He was a young man scarcely taller than herself, but broad of shoulder, with a big-boned frame and the lean, pleasant face one frequently sees in Americans of Colonial ancestry.

His expression was kindly, with a wide mouth, a well-bridged nose and a pair of very keen gray eyes. It was a handsome, vital face, and one read in it firmness coupled with a natural friendliness. A fine scar, which ran from the rather prominent cheekbone back almost to the left ear, gave it a certain distinction, though in a heavy-featured person it might easily have been disfiguring.

Mrs. Duane offered him her hand, which he took with a slight bow.

"It is very good of you to come," said she. "When you spoke last night in the chapel you looked so ill I was afraid you might not be fit to go out in such weather as this."

"I was fighting a chill when I began," said he with a smile that brought out the lines of humor at the corners of his mouth. "I'm glad that you did not put it down to nervousness."

"Nobody hearing you speak could associate you with that sort of nervousness," she answered. "Besides, we knew that you had been suffering from fever. Your pictures were so interesting too. I'm sure that your address must have helped the mission wonderfully."

"If we could only get two or three such supporters as yourself," said Penfold, "our work at Yung Chang would be very easy sailing."

"Thanks to your splendid efforts," she answered quickly. "I felt quite guilty, after hearing you speak, to think that I should have done so little. You see, it was a charity of my late husband's, and I had never particularly interested myself in it, being so much occupied with work of a similar character at home. Mr. Duane and I could never quite agree on the relative importance of home and foreign missions. Besides, he leaned rather to the spiritual and I to the physical necessities."

Penfold nodded. "The souls of most of us have to be reached through our bodies," he answered. "Some people take the view that once you've offered the Holy Gospel to a heathen, it's his own fault if he doesn't get to Heaven. For my part I've learned that there's less salvation in a case of Bibles than in a case of food when you haven't either. Medical stores are useful too."

Mrs. Duane looked at him thoughtfully. "Would you mind telling me what led you to take up missionary work?" she asked.

"Not a bit. After graduating from the hospital I found that I didn't care to go in for civil practice, and the army is a dull place in time of peace, so not knowing exactly what to do I decided to travel for a year."

"Then you are not dependent on your profession?" she interrupted.

"No. I've got about five thousand dollars a year. Out in the East I fell in with a missionary of whom I grew very fond; so much so that I visited him for about six months and helped him in his work. That gave me some rather new ideas about a good many things, and I decided that instead of becoming an ordinary practitioner—and there are too many of them already—I'd become a missionary. That's about all."

"And do you find that your heart is very much in your work?"

"Quite entirely, although I must say I wish that the work were on a larger scale. I'm sure, though, that the real secret of happiness is in working for others. About every great sage and philosopher that history tells us of has said the same thing, and it's my honest conviction that it's true. In fact everybody who has ever honestly tried it has found it to be true. Sometimes when people have talked to me about my noble self-sacrifice, and all that sort of stuff, I've been rude enough to say that their kind and complimentary words were rot. There's no sacrifice about it. I'm doing precisely what I like best to do, and I should be quite satisfied if only the whole thing were on a larger scale. What I should like would be to have the direction of some really big philanthropic undertaking."

Mrs. Duane leaned forward eagerly.

"Would it have to be a foreign mission?" she asked.

"Not necessarily. For me it's only a question of relative need. I want to work for those whose necessity is the greatest."

"Doctor Penfold," said Mrs. Duane earnestly, "it really seems as if some special Providence had brought us together. Ever since I lost my two babies I have had in mind the endowment of a charity for which I think there is a great crying need. It is now my wish to devote practically the whole of my fortune to this, and I have been

waiting only to meet the person in whom I might have perfect confidence for its organization and operation. On hearing you describe your work I felt that you might be that person, and from what you now tell me I am sure of it. Briefly my idea is this—to establish a great institution where as many children as possible may be given a healthy start in life, these children to be selected from clinics and settlements and missions without reference to creed or nationality and to be provided for as long as their conditions seem to indicate. This home must be situated not too remotely, in a good summer and winter climate, and comprise several hundred acres with tributary farms and dairies. There would be no great gloomy buildings, but cheerful bungalows and schools and playgrounds. There might also be provision for some of the poor, tired mothers—and even fathers, for that matter. It would be a community rather than an asylum, the whole idea being to give the children a healthy start in life. I have at my disposal for this work about thirty million dollars."

She leaned back, breathing quickly, with a crimson spot in either of her thin cheeks. Penfold was regarding her intently. "It is a wonderful idea," he said slowly, seeing that she was waiting for him to speak.

"Don't you think that there is a great field of usefulness in such a plan?" she asked.

"Undoubtedly. God knows there are always plenty of poor little children. Such a scheme as yours is not only a philanthropy, but a great national benefaction. Think what it would mean to the state to have such a healthy feeder to its growing population! And the bigger the organization, the more can be accomplished in proportion to the cost of maintenance. It is magnificent!"

Mrs. Duane's long lashes fluttered. "And will you help?" she asked.

"What do you mean by help?" He gave her a keen look. "Do you want me to take charge?"

"Yes. Will you?"

"Yes," he answered without an instant's hesitation. "I would rather be at the head of such an institution than anything I can think of. You are doing me a very great honor, Mrs. Duane. Do you think that you know enough about me to offer me such an important position?"

"I think so," she answered with a faint smile. "Women are largely governed by instinct, Doctor Penfold, and mine has never yet deceived me."

Penfold stared at her thoughtfully.

"Are you quite free to dispose of your fortune in this way?" he asked. "There are no restrictions or obligations to be overcome?"

"None whatever. I may as well tell you a little about myself, so that you may understand my position and motives. I was a Miss White, of Boston, and my father was Doctor White, a scientist of some note."

"Theophilus White, the archæologist?"

"Yes. He died some years ago, leaving my sister and myself a small income. She married a Mr. Gillespie, a retired stockbroker, and I devoted myself to settlement work. Eight years ago, when I was thirty, I married Stephen Duane. He was thirty years my senior and had given me great financial help in my work. I told him quite frankly that I was marrying him for the possibilities of doing good which his wealth afforded. In this idea I was disappointed, as after our marriage he gave me less support than before and seemed to be jealous of my work. I tried to be a good and dutiful wife, but I was terribly disappointed and no doubt showed it. We were not happy together, and after the loss of our two children he grew morose and miserly—to such an extent that I had to abandon most of my charities. In his last illness he seemed to repent, and outside of a few bequests left me practically the whole of his fortune. Now I feel that since I sacrificed myself for a definite object I want to see that object attained. I am not very strong myself, and am unable to do much aside from financial support."

"And how will your sister's family regard the proposal?" Penfold asked.

Mrs. Duane's face clouded.

"That is the one unfortunate element. My sister died ten years ago, leaving her husband and three children—Edna, who is twenty-two, Carl, who is twenty, and Lucia, a mere child of eighteen. Malcolm, my brother-in-law, is an attractive man but a mere idler, who thinks of nothing but amusement." Mrs. Duane's pretty brows knit and a faint flush shone through her transparent skin. "He retired very well-off some years ago, though still a young man. He is now about forty-six or seven. No doubt you have seen his name in the papers in connection with the fashionable world."

"I don't often read about the fashionable world," said Penfold with a smile.

"Malcolm is thoroughly spoiled," said Mrs. Duane, tapping the rug impatiently with the toe of her slipper. "He is extremely popular, but he is one of those men who seem never to have matured. He thinks of nothing but yachting and other sports, and it is quite impossible to take him seriously. No doubt he expects that I will do a great deal for the family, but really, Doctor Penfold, it seems to me almost like betraying a sacred trust to lavish the money so needed by thousands of our wretched fellow human beings on a few pampered individuals, even if they do happen to be relatives. Don't you think so?"

"You Won't Get Anything Out of Lucia"

Penfold stared reflectively into the fire. Mrs. Duane watched almost eagerly his clean-cut, aquiline profile.

"Theoretically I quite agree with you," he answered slowly.

"But not practically?" she asked, in a voice that was almost sharp.

"Practically also, if I were to answer your question precisely as you put it. But, you see, there are so many things to consider. I don't believe that there is any social problem that has so puzzled the higher thought of the world as the proper dispensation of charity. After all, the spender has his side of the question as well as the giver. Poor but industrious people profit by the spender and are injured by the giver. If rich people were all givers the poor would get along pretty well without working."

"But you can't pauperize little children," Mrs. Duane exclaimed. "They have a right to expect food and clothes and a chance to play."

"That's true enough. But you can pauperize the parents, who might work to get them those things if they were not supplied elsewhere. However, that's not the point. The question you indicated was, how much a rich person, philanthropically inclined, should do for his immediate family, at the expense of charity, when that immediate family is in comfortable circumstances. Should you care to hear that discussed?"

Mrs. Duane shot him a quick look that was almost resentful. It contained also a certain amount of perplexity. She could not understand this sudden apparent change of viewpoint. Penfold had so warmly endorsed her plan, then, on learning of her sister's family, had seemed to cool. Mrs. Duane stiffened a little in her chair. She was almost sorry that she had mentioned the Gillespies; but curiosity prevailed, and she answered in a cool voice:

"I should be interested to hear your views, though I cannot promise to be governed by them."

Penfold smiled. "I don't want you to be governed by them," he answered; "I am merely offering advice. Since you have done me the honor to ask for this, I should say that I think that your brother-in-law and his children have a right to expect something from you."

"But why?" she asked challengingly.

"Because they represent all the family you have, and family ties ought to mean a great deal. If I had had brothers or sisters or nephews and nieces, the Yung Chang Mission would not have got the greater part of my small income, as it has since I have been associated with it. In fact it might have got no more than my own personal efforts. Even the Scriptures limit the extent of our contributions to charity to one-tenth of our incomes. That is a good deal when you come to think of it."

Mrs. Duane did not look convinced.

"But for that matter the Scriptures say also: 'For whosoever hath, to him shall be given . . . but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.' Do you consider that a good doctrine?"

"That is irony; or perhaps an appeal for charity. The point that I am trying to make is that one's first duty is to one's family. It's a sort of universal law that begins with the maternal instinct, then passes through various stages, to arrive finally at one's duty to the state. Patriotism is after all the evolution of a strong family loyalty."

"Then where do the poor come in?"

"All the way through, beginning with the tuberculous brother of the scrubwoman down to a national institution for indigents."

Mrs. Duane moved uneasily in her chair.

"If you don't mind my saying so," said she, "I don't think that you are quite consistent. When I first told you of my plan you were most enthusiastic. You said that charity on a large scale was so much more effective. Now you are making a plea for individual giving."

"That's because everything begins with the individual. Even in big political movements it's the individual conviction that counts. Charitable movements are, or should be, first individual, then family, then communal, then national. The family should not be antagonized at the start, because in that case, though you may have it within your power to give a certain number of dollars in charity, you have at the same time established a strong anti-charity partisanship in your immediate family. Persons who go at charity in that way do, I really believe, more harm than good."

Mrs. Duane leaned back in her chair and stared at the brass dolphins on the andirons. She began to get a glimmering of his idea.

"Go on, please," said she, feeling slightly confused. "I think that I begin to see what you are trying to demonstrate. You mean that it would be more important not to

"Why Don't You Ask Aunt Elinor to Marry You?"

antagonize my relatives to the idea of charity than to give a great sum of money to the poor."

"That's the theory that I've been clumsily trying to advance," said Penfold rather dryly. "People with such ideas of charity as yours might find an illuminating example in the methods of Jesus Christ. He did not try to give money to the poor. He might have raised big subscriptions had He wanted to. His rich converts would have emptied their purses into His hands. Instead of that He tried to make people understand the joy of giving and helping, and we must admit He succeeded pretty well, as here, some two thousand years later—or nearly that—people are giving largely in His name. They are giving largely and they are giving foolishly. Their feeble dollars look like dirt when their giving results in strong antagonism to the cause on the part of the class that ought to give—or on the part of any class, for all classes are giving classes. No, Mrs. Duane; you are going about this thing wrong."

Penfold leaned forward and his gray eyes thrust into hers like points of steel. "Make your family help. Make them take an interest in your plan and make them influence their friends, who are rich, to take an interest too. Spend a quarter of your fortune, if you like, and make other people spend the other three-quarters—and make them enjoy doing it. Your idea is merely to shed money on the poor, and in this country the poor are mostly of the European peasant class—Greeks and Russians and Scandinavians and Italians and others, worthy folk enough, who land here with high traditions which our dollars corrupt. I don't know why I say 'our dollars,' for they are their dollars as much as ours, so long as they are able to earn them. But they are all the recruits of a great nation, and refugees for the most part of oppression, and since we've given them sanctuary the least that we can do is to be hospitable and see that they don't die on our doorstep." Penfold sprang to his feet and began to walk up and down in short, nervous steps. "I'm talking sociology, now, instead of philanthropy," said he, throwing out his hands. "The rich need their missions as much as the poor; only to conduct them requires a lot more patience. Rich people are no more selfish than others; it is simply that in so many cases luxury has stifled their imaginations and for many of them it is impossible to understand a condition they have never experienced. Take your brother-in-law, for instance. He may be pleasure-loving, but he is no doubt intelligent and kind-hearted, and very likely you might win his sympathy with your scheme, provided his sense of injury to his family was not too strongly aroused."

He stopped speaking and looked at her questioningly. Mrs. Duane's face wore a curious, rebellious expression.

"I see what you mean," she answered rather shortly; "but I can't say that I agree with you. Of course I shall try to make Malcolm and the children understand my motives, and I mean to do something for them; but I fail to see my ethical responsibility in leaving them a large fortune at the cost of my proposed charity. I have already explained my plan to Lucia, my younger niece, who is stopping with me now; and she is entirely in sympathy with it. She heard you speak and is very anxious to meet you. Couldn't you stop with us informally for dinner?"

"I should be delighted, if you will let me run back to my club to dress."

"Why do that? It is terribly raw outdoors, and you have been suffering from fever. Lucia should be in at any moment now."

Penfold consented, and he and Mrs. Duane were discussing the proposed philanthropy, when a girlish voice from the doorway asked:

"May I come in, Aunt Nelly?"

"Come in, dear. Doctor Penfold is here."

Penfold thought that he had never seen a more charming girl. Lucia was scarcely eighteen, but well grown, with a slender, graceful figure and dark, chestnut hair that had a natural wave. Her face was rather boyish, with eyes set well apart and a fresh, clear complexion. It lighted with a half-shy pleasure at sight of Penfold, to whom she offered her hand. Mrs. Duane arose.

"Doctor Penfold is going to dine with us," she said. "You may entertain him, dear, while I rest a little while."

II

IT TOOK Edna Gillespie about one second to discover that something had happened to her Aunt Elinor. Instead of arriving pale, tired and nervous at the end of her long journey from New York to Southern Florida, the soft cheeks of the semi-invalid held a gently diffused color,

(Continued on Page 35)

THE BUSINESS-MAN FARMER

Does the Transplanted City Chap Make Good on the Soil?—By Forrest Crissey

DOES the business man make good when transplanted to the soil? The common notion, especially in country communities, is that he does not; that as a farmer he is a profound and practical failure; and that it is easier to separate him from his money by the back-to-the-soil route than to take the cream from fresh milk with a modern power separator. For years he has been an unfailing source of merriment to the soapbox humorists of the country store and almost as useful to the professional funmakers of the press as the mother-in-law and the commuter.

Once this question of whether the business man can go from the town or the city to the farm and make it pay profits would have been purely speculative; today it is an immensely practical and vital problem. Under the spell of the modern back-to-the-soil movement many thousands of active business men have become owners of farms—just plain farms—not fancy country estates with an absurd overhead expense.

Hog House on Extreme Left—Large Barn to Right of Tree for Corn, Oats and Wheat; Filled by Elevator, Emptied by Gravity

It has seeped into the minds of these men that the harsh and forbidding conditions of pioneer farming have largely disappeared; that farming today is not only a business but a somewhat neglected and undeveloped business, where the application of plain business brains promises a rare and bountiful harvest of profits. But where there is now one business man who owns a farm and takes at least an administrative hand in its operation, there are scores of men in towns and cities, a little tired of the strain of competition and of the struggle to keep pace with the high cost of living, whose eyes are turned longingly toward the soil. They would like to make the break, but they are afraid.

These are the men who are debating the question: Has the transplanted business man, unfamiliar with the traditions and the practical details of farming, a fair chance to succeed on the farm? And they are debating this question with a seriousness that demands a fair and thoughtful answer—one on which they may, perhaps, take definite and practical action.

Lately an employee of a large city bank put the question in this way:

"You have spent something like six or eight years traveling all over this country investigating farming conditions, talking with farmers who have made a success and done things a little out of the ordinary. What about the business man who has been transplanted to the farm? Does he make it go? Can he learn his new job without inviting failure? Or is it true that a man has to be born to farming and raised in its traditions to make a success of it? I'm getting on in years and my job here is going to pinch out when my hair turns from gray to white. I've saved some money—not much, but enough to buy one hundred and sixty acres of Corn Belt farmland and have something left for operation. I have a notion that good farmland is bound to increase in value, year by year. Then, too, I want to get into something where I'll have a paying job from which nobody can fire me so long as I am able to exercise ordinary business judgment. Besides, I have a kind of hunger to get out into the country. It looks good to me! And there are thousands upon thousands of men in just my situation. I know that, for I hear it talked day and night.

"In your investigations of farming you must have found a number of men who have quit business and gone to the soil. What has been their history? What is the mean level of their experience? Don't tell us that it all depends upon the man and upon the land he buys. Of course it does—we all know that at the start! Don't hedge and play safe on the personal equation—just get down to brass tacks and try to give a fair, straightforward answer to this problem that we are up against."

In about eight years of investigation, covering nearly all sections of the country, the one observation that stands out clearest of all is that the best farming done in America is done by the transplanted business man. At the start, when the investigator stumbled upon an individual example of this kind of success, he received a decided jolt. But soon the novelty wore off; now, when he goes into a new section looking for instances of farming worth telling about, his first question is: Any farmers round here that are transplanted business men? And generally to find such a farmer is to locate a farm factory where business methods are producing business results and paying dividends.

One of the most interesting farms in America is in Illinois. It is owned by a transplanted business man. There is more instruction in the story of John Honeycutt's farm than in that of any other farm in the United States for the business man who would attempt farming.

To get the firing range on this farm and understand what the transplanted business man has done with it, one must know something of the man himself. When he was a small youngster his Scotch Covenanter parents moved from Tennessee to a little frontier town in Western Nebraska. That was open-range country then; at nine

years of age he was a practical cowpuncher and at eleven he herded cattle in Kansas and Indian Territory.

At Liberty, Kansas, however, he decided to take a leave of absence from the saddle and pick up a little schooling. The principal of the school, who owned and edited the local paper, took the boy into the printing office. He stayed until he was a practical printer. Then he began to drift from one town to another, after the manner of printers. But after he married he decided that the open road was no place for a family man, and that it was high time for him to settle down and start to build up the big printing plant that he had long dreamed about. Chicago looked like an openfaced opportunity to him; so he bought a job outfit, located in Englewood and began to hustle for business.

That was twenty years ago. He did build up a big job business—about sixty thousand dollars a year—but discovered that he was in a game where the price-cutting knife worked overtime. To compete with the larger plants required him to put in the latest improved machinery of big capacity; and then it was up to him to keep his constantly expanding plant busy with work. If he did not keep that machinery turning at nearly full capacity his profits were eaten up with a vengeance! Again, his bump of management was developed at a rate that put gray hairs in his head. His days were spent in hustling for business and his nights in figuring and planning. It was a wonderful school in doing things, in meeting obstacles and downing them. But eventually he began to wish that he could get into a business where profits were less precarious; where he would not have to take large contracts at cost or less just to keep the wheels turning and prevent a still greater loss on the standstill; where any profits he did make were not immediately absorbed in extensions, and where he did not have to charge off a fat sum at the end of each business year for depreciation of plant.

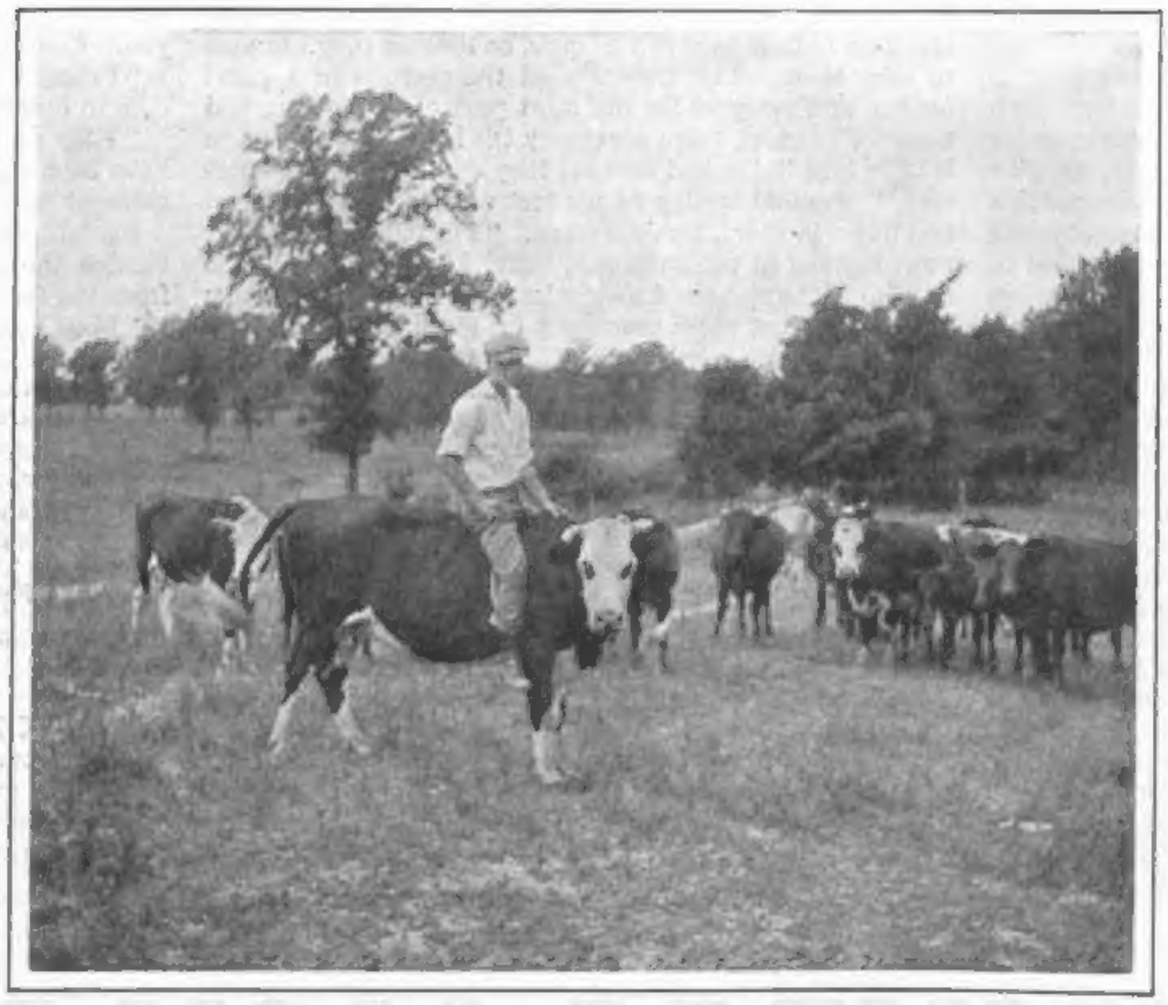
Was there a business on earth not beset with these handicaps so familiar to every job printer? Finally it dawned upon him that farming was the business in which these objections were fewest. From that moment he began to study the farming situation. He read widely on this subject and plied successful farmers with questions whenever he could meet them.

The Honeycutt Specifications

"HERE," confesses Mr. Honeycutt, "is the way the situation appeared to me after I had spent a year or two trying to find out whether or not I wanted to try farming:

"First, the value of farmland all over the country was steadily on the increase, because of the limited and inflexible supply on the one hand and the big increase of population on the other. Then the price of farm products had been steadily climbing. This meant to me that the farm plant was subject to an almost certain annual increase of value instead of to a depreciation. That looked good to a job printer owning thousands of dollars' worth of machinery that dropped in value from the moment it was installed.

"Again, it appeared to me that the farmer didn't have to do a lot of his business at sacrifice prices merely to keep the wheels turning. Anyhow I couldn't find a farmer who would admit that this was ever done. Then it seemed to me farming was a business in which a man was not required to put his best energies into getting business, into merely securing the grist to grind; but that the farmer was left free to devote himself mainly to the problems of management and production. In short it appeared to me that if I put half the push, thought and business management into a farm that I had put into building up my printing business I should have a property that would steadily increase in value and in profit-production, and one that would be but little disturbed by financial panics. Though I had weathered two panics, the experience had left its scars."



Honeycutt's Cattle are All Tame

After Mr. Honeycutt had fully determined that he would go into farming, he did not rush into the market, hold heated conferences with land agents and allow the best salesman to force him into signing up.

First, he carefully determined what line of farming he wished to follow. Because he had gained a speaking acquaintance with cattle in his boyhood days on the open range, he decided that cattle farming was most to his taste—especially in view of the fact that the tendency of beef-cattle prices was steadily upward, with no reasonable chance of a slump in the course of many years. Then, too, he wanted a farm plant large enough so that the increase in land values would amount to something substantial.

He said to himself that before he went out land-looking with a glib-tongued salesman to confuse the issues he was going to know just what he wanted to buy; precisely what he would demand of any farm he considered. These requirements he worked out with extreme care, bringing to bear on this problem all the information he had gained by several years of consistent investigation. When his requirements were boiled down the list was substantially this:

FIRST—A comparatively large farm, to admit of expanding operations and a substantial increase in value.

SECOND—Land at a low price, so that he might secure the advance in value—especially any advance due to his individual methods of management and soil-fertility building.

THIRD—A farm within one day's shipping distance of the big Chicago market; for he had reached the conclusion that the feeder who can run his stock into market overnight is in position to take advantage of the high spots of that market.

FOURTH—The soil must be of a character adapted to the raising of roughage and feeding crops.

FIFTH—There must be an abundance of fresh water available in winter and summer. He had formed the conclusion that the value of this asset was generally underestimated by the average farmer.

SIXTH—There must be plenty of timber for shade, wood for fence-posts, and lumber for repairs and building. He felt that by buying his lumber in the form of standing timber he could beat the market on what he would require by about four hundred per cent.

Then began his search for a farm that would best fit these specifications. He soon realized that this simple list of requirements was a wonderful eliminator of travel. He resolutely refused to look at any farm that did not conform to these demands.

For three years Mr. Honeycutt devoted all his spare time to farm hunting and declares that it is the greatest outdoor sport ever invented. Time and again he was tempted to buy something that almost met his ideas of the bargain for which he was seeking, but still did not quite come up to the mark. At the end of three years he found a farm that fully qualified and bought it at a price that gave him plenty of room for increase of land values.

This farm contained more than four hundred acres and met the cardinal requirements that he had formulated; but it was a farm with a past! For more than seventy years it had been worked by tenants who held it in high disrespect and did their level best to milk it dry of fertility. The only owner that had ever lived on it was the man who took first title to it from the Government. Altogether it was as sad and chastened a farm as could be found in Northern Illinois, and had the dejected appearance of a mongrel cur that had been kicked from one passing master to another.

Lost Motion on the Farm

WHEN Mr. Honeycutt's new Lee County neighbors heard that a city man had bought the old place they snickered with delight. He would not last long; but while he stayed he would contribute a fresh fund of gayety to the sessions at the general store!

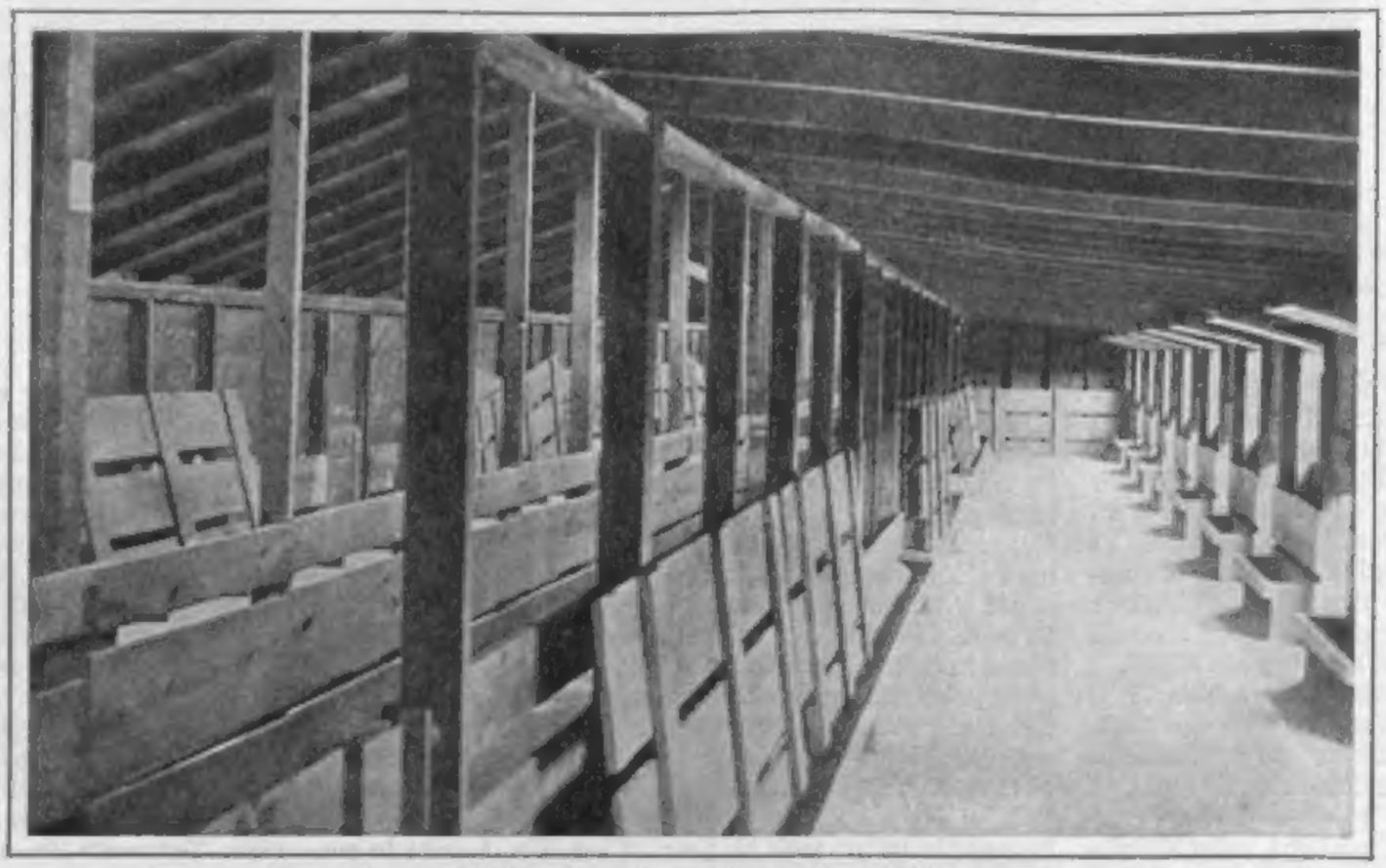
Some of the corn from the previous crop still remained in the crib. It was poor stuff—the ears averaging about six inches long. From the departing tenant he learned that thirty bushels to the acre was the record crop grown in several years. The average yield for ten years had been about twenty bushels to the acre. The fences were mere excuses and the farm buildings were dilapidated models of misarrangement.

About the only surface indication that seemed really cheering was furnished by the oak uplands, where there was plenty of good native grass. Here was good pasture, ponds and streams of clear water, and an abundance of shade.

The first thing this transplanted business man did was to replot the whole farm. He said to himself that if his printing plant had been arranged with such a masterly eye to inconvenience as the farm he had bought, his costs would have been increased about twenty per cent for unnecessary labor. Why not cut farm labor costs by using a little system in the arrangement of fields, lanes and buildings?

He had spent considerable time at the stockyards in Chicago, and the system of pens, yards, lanes and gates had impressed him. Why not have every pasture, field and lot on his whole place so arranged and connected with lanes that hogs or cattle could be shunted from any field to any other field simply by the opening and closing of two or three gates? The men on the farm before him must have wasted, in the aggregate, months of time chasing stock, to say nothing of the incidental damage to crops. So he fenced his whole farm on what he calls "the stockyards plan."

The plowland was divided into small fields—some five acres in extent, some thirty, and one seventy. There was a purpose in these divisions.



Inside View of Hog House at Timber Edge Farm

"I saw," says Mr. Honeycutt, "that I must take my first profits in the form of the increase of fertility in my fields. I knew that they were poverty-poor to start with, and that about all I could hope to do the first season or two was to get acquainted with them and their needs, and give them back more than I took from them. I had evolved a theory that the cheapest and most effective way to do this was to try several different crops in the various small fields and, at the proper time, turn in a bunch of hogs and let them harvest the crop.

"This would give me a little something in the way of a pork crop and would make a substantial beginning in building up the fertility of the soil.

"That first season was a corker! There was no chance to put any fertilizer on the cornfield, but I knew that deep plowing ought to help some; and so I went two or three inches below the level of all former plowings. The weeds in some parts of that eighty-acre field were literally as high as the horses' backs. Every native who passed while I was plowing wore a grin as wide as his face. Well, the deep plowing did help, for I harvested twenty-five bushels to the acre on the land that had yielded only twenty the season previous."

Big Returns From Potatoes

"THE one crop, however, that carried us over the first season was the particular crop that yielded my farmer neighbors the greatest merriment. From personal experience I knew nothing about raising potatoes, but I had read a lot about potato culture and had some ideas of my own on the subject. Well, when I dug into the crown of a sand knoll near the house and felt of the light loam I said to myself: 'This looks to a city man like prime potato soil. Anyhow I'm going to back my judgment with a thorough experiment on that basis.'

"I put in eight acres of potatoes on that sod land and kept the patch in the pink of cultivation. While I was planting the seed a farmer stopped and came over to where I was working. Finally he managed to discharge the burden on his mind; he told me that I ought to put in my potato crop down in the low land, where potatoes had been grown by every man that had ever worked the place before. I kept on planting. In town he told the men: 'What do you think that city greenhorn is doing? Planting potatoes on top of a sandhill! I tried to set him right, but he kept right on. You can't tell them fellers anything!' And my sandhill potato patch furnished great amusement to all the farmers—until harvest-time. From those eight acres I gathered two thousand bushels of good spuds that brought me fifty-five cents a bushel. Most of the crop was bought by the farmers who had laughed at me. The spraying cost me less than fifty dollars for the entire field!"

There were five lots of five acres each near the barns, that Mr. Honeycutt called his experiment plats. He operated them in this way for the purpose of learning by personal experience just what the hogging-off process would do for them in the way of fertility building. The year before they had yielded the tenant twenty bushels of corn to the acre. His first crop did not appear to be much ahead of this yield; but when it was ready to harvest he turned the hogs into those small fields, and they broke down the stalks and did an energetic job of corn harvesting.

Then he put in cattle to finish the work with the roughage.

This process was repeated the second season.

Thethirdseason—that of 1912—he harvested the corn and measured it carefully. The average yield from these five little five-acre fields was one hundred and five bushels to the acre.

"That corn did me more good than almost anything else," declares Mr. Honeycutt. "I had started as a city man with a theory of how to build fertility and increase production at the same time. The average height of that stand of corn was fourteen feet; the ears, in the milk, weighed all the way from a pound to a pound and a quarter apiece. We had to cut the corn with a binder and shred it. The farmers about there had never seen such a stand of corn and they came from all over the county to look at it. Of course they attributed it to the kind of seed I had used. I couldn't talk the idea out of their minds; and so I gave up trying and sold them seed at a good, stiff price. It was worth all I asked; they couldn't get better, for it was acclimated to that particular locality, which means a lot when it comes to seed corn. But those who bought the seed will not get my yield until they follow the hogging-down plan that put my fields up to a standard of fertility that forced such a remarkable yield and growth. And I tell them all this when they buy the seed."

Incidentally Mr. Honeycutt has brought up the average yield on all his cornfields from twenty bushels an acre to sixty bushels an acre.

In the course of his second season on the farm this transplanted business man decided that the way to get top prices for porkers was to raise winter pigs. His farmer friends told him he could not do it; that he would lose them as fast as they were born, and that it was plumb foolhardy to make the attempt. But the man who had built up a job-printing business and weathered two panics would not be convinced that winter pigs could not be raised.

His first move was to build a hog house specially adapted to winter farrowing. It was divided into stalls eight by six feet, and had a feed cooker that could be used for heating at farrowing time in the center aisle between the rows of stalls. Each stall was surrounded with a rail—a scantling placed six inches out from the wall and eight inches above the floor.

A neighbor farmer wanted to know what that "fancy contraption" was for.

"Did you ever notice," answered Mr. Honeycutt, "that when a sow lies down she always tries to get her back up against the wall? And when she has a litter of young pigs that means she crushes the life out of one or more nearly every time she settles down. With this 'contraption' she can't kill off her litter—for the pigs slip under the rail and are safe in the open space between the mother's back and the wall."

Success With Winter Pigs

THE farmer laughed and exclaimed: "I'm goin' t' thresh tomorrow. You come over an' I'll show you how to build a hog house that don't cost a cent and'll beat yours all to shucks! I put up a sort of frame with poles and then shoot straw on to it till it looks like a solid stack. It'll have a floor of fine chaff three feet deep, and if there's a snugger, warmer, cozier nest for a lot of brood sows than that then I'm no farmer! It's just the natural place for 'em, an' I believe in givin' animals what's natural every time. They thrive that way. Besides, that hog house of yourn hain't cost much less than two hundred dollars—now has it?"

"More!" answered the transplanted business man; but he continued to put the finishing touches to his "fancy contraption."

The next January one hundred and twenty-five pigs were born in the little hog house. Of these eighteen died and one hundred and seven were raised. In the spring the sows in the neighboring strawstack farrowed more than one hundred pigs—and promptly lost all but thirteen of them! The following season Mr. Honeycutt profited by his experience of the previous winter and reduced the deathrate to a remarkable minimum. Of one hundred and eighty cold-weather pigs farrowed he lost only three! His neighbors have concluded that the city chap has a better strain

(Continued on Page 24)

Timber Edge Farm—Hog House—24 Pens With 8 x 16 Feet Graveled Lot for Each. Solid Wall, Concrete Foundation, 24 Windows, All to the South

"Hogging Down" on Honeycutt Farm

Timber Edge Farm—East End and North Side View of Hog House. Vitrified Brick Feeding Floor in Foreground—Cooker Room and Feed Room on Left

The Woman Who Tried to Be Good

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

BEFORE she tried to be a good woman she had been a very bad woman—so bad that she could trail her wonderful apparel up and down Main Street, from the Elm Tree Bakery to the railroad tracks, without once having a man doff his hat to her or a woman bow. You passed her on the street with a surreptitious glance, though she was well worth looking at—in her furs and laces and plumes. She had the only full-length sealskin coat in our town, and Ganz' shoe store sent to Chicago for her shoes. Hers were the miraculously small feet you frequently see in stout women.

Usually she walked alone; but on rare occasions, especially round Christmastime, she might have been seen accompanied by some silent, dull-eyed, stupid-looking girl, who would follow her dumbly in and out of the stores, stopping now and then to admire a cheap comb or a chain set with flashy imitation stones—or, queerly enough, a doll with yellow hair and blue eyes and very pink cheeks. But, alone or in company, her appearance in the stores of our town was the signal for a sudden jump in the cost of living. The storekeepers mulcted her; and she knew it and paid in silence, for she was of the class that has no redress. She owned the House With the Closed Shutters, near the freight depot—did Blanche Devine. And beneath her silks and laces and furs there was a scarlet letter on her breast.

In a larger town than ours she would have passed unnoticed. She did not look like a bad woman. Of course she used too much perfumed white powder, and as she passed you caught the oversweet breath of a certain heavy scent. Then, too, her diamond eardrops would have made any woman's features look hard; but her plump face, in spite of its heaviness, wore an expression of good-humored intelligence, and her eyeglasses gave her somehow a look of respectability. We do not associate vice with eyeglasses. So in a large city she would have passed for a well-dressed, prosperous, comfortable wife and mother, who was in danger of losing her figure from an overabundance of good living; but with us she was a town character, like Old Man Givins, the drunkard, or the weak-minded Binns girl. When she passed the drug-store corner there would be a sniggering among the vacant-eyed loafers idling there, and they would leer at each other and jest in undertones.

So, knowing Blanche Devine as we did, there was something resembling a riot in one of our most respectable neighborhoods when it was learned that she had given up her interest in the house near the freight depot and was going to settle down in the white cottage on the corner and be good. All the husbands in the block, urged on by righteously indignant wives, dropped in on Alderman Mooney after supper to see if the thing could not be stopped. The fourth of the protesting husbands to arrive was the Very Young Husband, who lived next door to the corner cottage that Blanche Devine had bought. The Very Young Husband had a Very Young Wife, and they were the joint owners of Snooky. Snooky was three-going-on-four, and looked something like an angel—only healthier and with grimier hands. The whole neighborhood borrowed her and tried to spoil her; but Snooky would not spoil.

Alderman Mooney was down in the cellar fooling with the furnace. He was in his furnace overalls—a short black pipe in his mouth. Three protesting husbands had just left. As the Very Young Husband, following Mrs. Mooney's directions, cautiously descended the cellar stairs, Alderman Mooney looked up from his tinkering. He peered through a haze of pipe-smoke.

"Hello!" he called, and waved the haze away with his open palm. "Come on down! Been tinkering with this blamed furnace since supper. She don't draw like she ought. 'Long toward spring a furnace always gets balky. How many tons you used this winter?"

"Oh—ten," said the Very Young Husband shortly. Alderman Mooney considered it thoughtfully. The Young Husband leaned up against the side of the cistern, his hands in his pockets. "Say, Mooney, is that right about Blanche Devine's having bought the house on the corner?"

"You're the fourth man that's been in to ask me that this evening. I'm expecting the rest of the block before bedtime. She's bought it all right."

The Young Husband flushed and kicked at a piece of coal with the toe of his boot.

"Well, it's a darned shame!" he began hotly. "Jen was ready to cry at supper. This'll be a fine neighborhood for Snooky to grow up in! What's a woman like that want to come into a respectable street for anyway? I own my home and pay my taxes ——"

Alderman Mooney looked up.

"So does she," he interrupted. "She's going to improve the place—paint it, and put in a cellar and a furnace, and build a porch, and lay a cement walk all round."

The Young Husband took his hands out of his pockets in order to emphasize his remarks with gestures.

"What's that got to do with it? I don't care if she puts in diamonds for windows and sets out Italian gardens and a terrace with peacocks on it. You're the alderman of this ward, aren't you? Well, it was up to you to keep her out of this block! You could have fixed it with an injunction or something. I'm going to get up a petition—that's what I'm going——"

Alderman Mooney closed the furnace door with a bang that drowned the rest of the threat. He turned the draft in a pipe overhead and brushed his sooty palms briskly together like one who would put an end to a profitless conversation.

"She's bought the house," he said mildly, "and paid for it. And it's hers. She's got a right to live in this neighborhood as long as she acts respectable."

The Very Young Husband laughed.

"She won't last! They never do."

Alderman Mooney had taken his pipe out of his mouth and was rubbing his thumb over the smooth bowl, looking down at it with unseeing eyes. On his face was a queer look—the look of one who is embarrassed because he is about to say something honest.

"Look here! I want to tell you something: I happened to be up in the mayor's office the day Blanche signed for the place. She had to go through a lot of red tape before she got it—had quite a time of it, she did! And say, kid, that woman ain't so—bad."

The Very Young Husband exclaimed impatiently:

"Oh, don't give me any of that, Mooney! Blanche Devine's a town character. Even the kids know what she is. If she's got religion or something, and wants to quit and be decent, why doesn't she go to another town—Chicago or some place—where nobody knows her?"

That motion of Alderman Mooney's thumb against the smooth pipebowl stopped. He looked up slowly.

"That's what I said—the mayor too. But Blanche Devine said she wanted to try it here. She said this was home to her. Funny—ain't it? Said she wouldn't be fooling anybody here. They know her. And if she moved away, she said, it'd leak out some way sooner or later. It does, she said. Always! Seems she wants to live like—well, like other women. She put it like this: She says she hasn't got religion, or any of that. She says she's no different than she was when she was twenty. She says that for the last ten years the ambition of her life has been to be able to go into a grocery store and ask the price of, say, celery; and, if the clerk charged her ten when it ought to be seven, to be able to sass him with a regular piece of her mind—and then sail out and trade somewhere else until he saw that she didn't have to stand anything from storekeepers, any more than any other woman that did her own marketing. She's a smart woman, Blanche is! She's saved her money. God knows I ain't taking her part—exactly; but she talked a little, and the mayor and me got a little of her history."

A sneer appeared on the face of the Very Young Husband. He had been known before he met Jen as a rather industrious sower of that seed known as wild oats. He knew a thing or two, did the Very Young Husband, in spite of his youth! He always fussed when Jen wore even a V-necked summer gown on the street.

"Oh, she wasn't playing for sympathy," went on Alderman Mooney in answer to the sneer. "She said she'd always paid her way and always expected to. Seems her husband left her without a cent when she was eighteen—with a baby. She worked for four dollars a week in a cheap eating house. The two of 'em couldn't live on that. Then the baby ——"

"Good night!" said the Very Young Husband. "I suppose Mrs. Mooney's going to call?"

"Minnie! It was her scolding all through supper that drove me down to monkey with the furnace. She's wild—Minnie is." He peeled off his overalls and hung them on a nail. The Young Husband started to ascend the cellar stairs. Alderman Mooney laid a detaining finger on his sleeve. "Don't say anything in front of Minnie! She's boiling! Minnie and the kids are going to visit her folks out West this summer; so I wouldn't so much as dare to say 'Good morning!' to the Devine woman. Anyway a person wouldn't talk to her, I suppose. But I kind of thought I'd tell you about her."

"Thanks!" said the Very Young Husband dryly.

In the early spring, before Blanche Devine moved in, there came stonemasons, who began to build something. It was a great stone fireplace that rose in massive incongruity at the side of the little white cottage. Blanche Devine was trying to make a home for herself. We no longer build fireplaces for physical warmth—we build them for the warmth of the soul; we build them to dream by, to hope by, to home by.

Blanche Devine used to come and watch them now and then as the work progressed. She had a way of walking round and round the house, looking up at it pridefully and poking at plaster and paint with her umbrella or fingertip. One day she brought with her a man with a spade. He spaded up a neat square of ground at the side of the cottage and a long ridge near the fence that separated her yard from that of the very young couple next door. The ridge spelled sweet peas and nasturtiums to our small-town eyes.

On the day that Blanche Devine moved in there was wild agitation among the white-ruffled bedroom curtains of the neighborhood. Later on certain odors, as of burning dinners, pervaded the atmosphere. Blanche Devine, flushed and excited, her hair slightly askew, her diamond eardrops flashing, directed the moving, wrapped in her great fur coat; but on the third morning we gasped when she appeared out-of-doors, carrying a little household ladder, a pail of steaming water and sundry voluminous white cloths. She reared the little ladder against the side of the house, mounted it cautiously, and began to wash

The Three Cookies Slipped Off and Fell to the Grass

"Come Quick! She's Dying! I Tried to Get the Doctor"

windows with housewifely thoroughness. Her stout figure was swathed in a gray sweater and on her head was a battered felt hat—the sort of window-washing costume that has been worn by women from time immemorial. We noticed that she used plenty of hot water and clean rags, and that she rubbed the glass until it sparkled, leaning perilously sideways on the ladder to detect elusive streaks. Our keenest housekeeping eye could find no fault with the way Blanche Devine washed windows.

By May, Blanche Devine had left off her diamond ear-drops—perhaps it was their absence that gave her face a new expression. When she went downtown we noticed that her hats were more like the hats the other women in our town wore; but she still affected extravagant footgear, as is right and proper for a stout woman who has cause to be vain of her feet. We noticed that her trips downtown were rare that spring and summer. She used to come home laden with little bundles; and before supper she would change her street clothes for a neat, washable housedress, as is our thrifty custom. Through her bright windows we could see her moving briskly about from kitchen to sitting room; and, from the smells that floated out from her kitchen door, she seemed to be preparing for her solitary supper the same homely viands that were frying or stewing or baking in our kitchens. Sometimes you could detect the delectable scent of browning hot tea biscuit. It takes a brave, courageous, determined woman to make tea biscuit for no one but herself.

Blanche Devine joined the church. On the first Sunday morning she came to the service there was a little flurry among the ushers at the vestibule door. They seated her well in the rear. The second Sunday morning a dreadful thing happened. The woman next to whom they seated her turned, regarded her stonily for a moment, then rose agitatedly and moved to a pew across the aisle. Blanche Devine's face went a dull red beneath her white powder. She never came again—though we saw the minister visit her once or twice. She always accompanied him to the door pleasantly, holding it well open until he was down the little flight of steps and on the sidewalk. The minister's wife did not call—but, then, there are limits to the duties of a minister's wife.

She rose early, like the rest of us; and as summer came on we used to see her moving about in her little garden patch in the dewy, golden morning. She wore absurd pale-blue kimonos that made her stout figure loom immense against the greenery of garden and apple tree. The neighborhood women viewed these negligées with Puritan disapproval as they smoothed down their own prim, starched gingham skirts. They said it was disgusting—and perhaps it was; but the habit of years is not easily overcome. Blanche Devine—snipping her sweet peas; peering anxiously at the Virginia creeper that clung with such fragile fingers to the trellis; watering the flower baskets that hung from her porch—was blissfully unconscious of the disapproving eyes. I wish one of us had just stopped to call good morning to her over the fence, and to say in our neighborly, small town way: "My, ain't this a scorcher! So early too! It'll be fierce by noon!" But we did not.

I think perhaps the evenings must have been the loneliest for her. The summer evenings in our little town are filled with intimate, human, neighborly sounds. After the heat of the day it is infinitely pleasant to relax in the cool comfort of the front porch, with the life of the town eddying about us. We sew and read out there until it grows dusk. We call across-lots to our next-door neighbor. The men water the lawns and the flower boxes and get together in little quiet groups to discuss the new street paving. I have even known Mrs. Hines to bring her cherries out there when she had canning to do, and pit them there on the front porch partially shielded by her porch vine, but not so effectually that she was deprived of the sights and sounds about her. The kettle in her lap and the dishpan full of great ripe cherries on the porch floor by her chair, she would pit and chat and peer out through the vines, the red juice staining her plump bare arms.

I have wondered since what Blanche Devine thought of us through those long summer evenings—those evenings filled with little friendly sights and sounds. It is a lonely, uphill business at best—this being good. It must have been difficult for her, who had dwelt behind closed shutters so long, to seat herself on the new front porch for all the world to stare at; but she did sit there—resolutely—watching us in silence.

She seized hungrily upon the stray crumbs of conversation that fell to her. The milkman and the iceman and the butcher boy used to hold daily conversation with her. They—sociable gentlemen—would stand on her doorstep, one grimy hand resting against the white of her doorpost, exchanging the time of day with Blanche in the doorway—a teatowel in one hand, perhaps, and a plate in the other. Her little house was a miracle of cleanliness. It was no uncommon sight to see her down on her knees on the kitchen floor, wielding her brush and rag like the rest of us. In canning and preserving time there floated out from her kitchen the pungent scent of pickled crabapples; the mouth-watering, nostril-pricking smell that meant sweet pickles; or the cloying, tantalizing, divinely sticky odor that meant raspberry jam. Snooky, from her side of the fence, often used to peer through the pickets, gazing in the direction of the enticing smells next door.

Early one September morning there floated out from Blanche Devine's kitchen that clean, fragrant, sweet scent of fresh-baked cookies—cookies with butter in them, and spice, and with nuts on top. Just by the smell of them your mind's eye pictured them coming from the oven—crisp brown circlets, crumbly, toothsome, delectable. Snooky, in her scarlet sweater and cap, sniffed them from afar and straightway deserted her sandpile to take her stand at the fence. She peered through the restraining bars, standing on tiptoe. Blanche Devine, glancing up from her board and rolling-pin, saw the eager golden head. And Snooky, with guile in her heart, raised one fat, dimpled hand above the fence and waved it friendlily. Blanche Devine waved back. Thus encouraged, Snooky's two hands wigwagged frantically above the pickets.

In a Larger Town Than Ours She Would Have Passed Unnoticed

Blanche Devine hesitated a moment, her floury hand on her hip. Then she went to the pantry shelf and took out a clean white saucer. She selected from the brown jar on the table three of the brownest, crumbliest, most perfect cookies, with a walnut meat perched atop of each, placed them temptingly on the saucer and, descending the steps, came swiftly across the grass to the triumphant Snooky. Blanche Devine held out the saucer, her lips smiling, her eyes tender. Snooky reached up with one plump white arm.

"Snooky!" shrilled a high voice. "Snooky!" A voice of horror and of wrath. "Come here to me this minute! And don't you dare to touch those!" Snooky hesitated rebelliously, one pink finger in her pouting mouth. "Snooky! Do you hear me?"

And the Very Young Wife began to descend the steps of her back porch. Snooky, regretful eyes on the toothsome dainties, turned away aggrieved. The Very Young Wife, her lips set, her eyes flashing, advanced and seized the shrieking Snooky by one writhing arm and dragged her away toward home and safety.

Blanche Devine stood there at the fence, holding the saucer in her hand. The saucer tipped slowly, and the three cookies slipped off and fell to the grass. Blanche Devine followed them with her eyes and stood staring at them a moment. Then she turned quickly, went into the house and shut the door.

It was about this time we noticed that Blanche Devine was away much of the time. The little white cottage would be empty for a week. We knew she was out of town because the expressman would come for her trunk. We used to lift our eyebrows significantly. The newspapers and handbills would accumulate in a dusty little heap on the porch; but when she returned there was always a grand cleaning, with the windows open, and Blanche—her head bound turbanwise in a towel—appearing at a window every few minutes to shake out a dustcloth. She seemed to put an enormous amount of energy into those cleanings—as if they were a sort of safety valve.

As winter came on she used to sit up before her grate fire long, long after we were asleep in our beds. When she neglected to pull down the shades we could see the flames of her cozy fire dancing gnomelike on the wall.

There came a night of sleet and snow, and wind and rattling hail—one of those blustering, wild nights that are followed by morning-paper reports of trains stalled in drifts, mail delayed, telephone and telegraph wires down. It must have been midnight or past when there came a hammering at Blanche Devine's door—a persistent, clamorous rapping. Blanche Devine, sitting before her dying fire half asleep, started and cringed when she heard it; then jumped to her feet, her hand at her breast—her eyes darting this way and that, as though seeking escape.

She had heard a rapping like that before. It had meant bluecoats swarming up the stairway, and frightened cries and pleadings, and wild confusion. So she started forward now, quivering. And then she remembered, being wholly awake now—she remembered, and threw up her head and smiled a little bitterly and walked toward the door. The hammering continued, louder than ever. Blanche Devine flicked on the porch light and opened the door. The half-clad figure of the Very Young Wife next door staggered into the room. She seized Blanche Devine's arms with both her frenzied hands and shook her, the wind and snow beating in upon both of them.

"The baby!" she screamed in a high, hysterical voice. "The baby! The baby ——"

Blanche Devine shut the door and shook the Young Wife smartly by the shoulders.

"Stop screaming," she said quietly. "Is she sick?"

The Young Wife told her, her teeth chattering:

"Come quick! She's dying! Will's out of town. I tried to get the doctor. The telephone wouldn't—I saw your light! For God's sake ——"

Blanche Devine grasped the Young Wife's arm, opened the door, and together they sped across the little space that separated the two houses. Blanche Devine was a big woman, but she took the stairs like a girl and found the right bedroom by some miraculous woman instinct. A dreadful choking, rattling sound was coming from Snooky's bed.

"Croup," said Blanche Devine, and began her fight.

It was a good fight. She marshaled her little inadequate forces, made up of the half-fainting Young Wife and the terrified and awkward hired girl.

"Get the hot water on—lots of it!" Blanche Devine pinned up her sleeves. "Hot cloths! Tear up a sheet—or anything! Got an oilstove? I want a teakettle boiling in the room. She's got to have the steam. If that don't do it we'll raise an umbrella over her and throw a sheet over, and hold the kettle under till the steam gets to her that way. Got any ipecac?"

The Young Wife obeyed orders, whitefaced and shaking. Once Blanche Devine glanced up at her sharply.

"Don't you dare faint!" she commanded.

And the fight went on. Gradually the breathing that had been so frightful became softer, easier. Blanche Devine did not relax. It was not until the little figure breathed gently in sleep that Blanche Devine sat back satisfied. Then she tucked a cover ever so gently at the side of the bed, took a last satisfied look at the face on the pillow, and turned to look at the wan, disheveled Young Wife.

"She's all right now. We can get the doctor when morning comes—though I don't know's you'll need him."

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THE TURKEY TROT

A Revival of a Primitive Dance—By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IF SOME one should write a song that appealed to every ear, that was sung by men and women and children of every class and condition, it would not be regarded as a scandal, but as a miracle. It would not be an evidence of the decadence of the people, but of the fact that the author had put into words a thought common to the whole race. But no such song has been or can be written, because there is no such universal thought. Minds vary more than Nature does. A battle song would appeal to heroes and to cowards, but not to the advocates of universal peace. A religious hymn would be sung only by religious people or by those desiring to be religious. The agnostic would not accept it. A love lyric would not get the middle-aged or the children.

Harmony of sound and motion is the one universal human expression. It is older than language or mind. It is founded upon the rhythm of the muscular instinct and is common to us all, of whatever degree. The name of it is the dance. Not any dance or every dance, but a certain kind of dance that is so natural one does not learn it. It must come naturally, like breathing. Therefore it cannot be the waltz, or the Spanish fandango, or the French cotillon, or any of the esthetic or sensuous motions which are all expressions of the art of dancing. This universal dance must not be an art, for then it would be exclusive in its appeal to those capable in some degree of accomplishing it as an art.

Now it seems that, without being aware of what we were about, we have been in search of such a dance. And we have found it. The Turkey Trot has nothing to do with art. It is natural dancing, the very first form of it known to man. If any one doubts this let him observe a baby learning to walk. He Turkey Trots first. He bunny hugs the air. He wags his body, crooks his knees, turns his elbows out exactly in the manner of the most accomplished trotter. All he lacks is the strength to control his muscles. He knows the rhythm. He was born with it in his legs.

The Conquests of the Primitive

THE statement often made of late that the Turkey Trot was introduced in this country from the cabarets of Paris is without foundation, although it may have been revived there. Long before the Christian era, before there were any gods on Mount Olympus or vestal virgins dancing in Rome, the Kukis of Assam were dancing the Turkey Trot with knees bent exactly as they are now by those who dance it. They introduced the same glides and jumps that the most accomplished trotters introduce. And they were one of the most savage of the Asiatic tribes. Other tribes in Northern Asia danced the Wolf Gallop, the Bear Dance, and other measures representing the flight of birds, the coiling of serpents, and so forth. The bushman of Australia danced in long irregular jumps to represent a herd of calves running. The Hottentots danced the Baboon Shuffle on all fours, and they had the Kangaroo Dance, which was similar to the Tango.

The Abyssinian women danced in a circle, shaking their shoulders, wagging their elbows and wiggling after the manner of the exaggerated Turkey Trot. They also made sudden flops on the ground, a feature to be seen now in the cabaret dances of New York and other large cities. And there was among certain African tribes a dance done on a pole which was called the Monkey Climb, and will doubtless be introduced by the enterprising manager of some trottery before the season is over. The negroes in the rural communities of the South still cut the Buzzard's Wing, and there cannot be found in any cabaret a better example of Turkey Trotting than may be seen in some of their churches during religious revivals. Their frenzy instinctively accommodates itself to the Trot, because the Trot is the most primitive expression of rhythmic motion.

There can be no doubt at all that the Turkey Trot is a revival of primitive dancing, and if any scandal attaches to it, this is the nature of it. We are supposed to be no longer primitive. That which was innocent in the beginning is generally supposed now to lead in the direction of things not innocent. When we began to Turkey Trot we were not so far evolved from just Nature as we think we are now. We have discovered that Nature is not moral, and by way of putting up the fence between us and too much nature we have been obliged to invent morals. The Turkey Trotters are not wicked or decadent. They are simply in a fair way to break down the fence, and cause a lot of expensive repairing of morals in the next generation.

But it is only by keeping in mind the origin of this dance that its universal fascination becomes intelligible. Beneath all that we are or have achieved, we are still primitive. The thing has its wide appeal upon this basis. In the first place you do not need to learn it.

Any one, of whatever age, condition or sex, can do it, even if he or she has never danced before. It is not an art, but a phenomenon of Nature. And its effects are hypnotic not because of its grace, but because every one who sees it knows at once that he or she can do it. Not only that, but they all want to do it.

All children take to it with ecstasy. And children do not take to a thing that is in itself evilly suggestive. They are to be seen everywhere, on the sidewalks, in the country roads, in schoolhouse yards, dancing the Turkey Trot. It appeals to their bodies and to their imaginations, which are chiefly bodily. A little boy of ten years entered the editorial offices of The Sunday-School Visitor the other day and offered the editor a poem for publication on the Bunny Hug. He had experienced the ecstasy of that dance, knew that it was good, and desired with an innocence that embarrassed the editor to praise it in The Visitor. The young people are dancing it in the surf at the Southern resorts, on the hotel verandas, in every parlor in every village in the land. Elderly women, grandmothers, staid old men, church-corner dames, who have been good with a frightful rigidity all their lives and have never indulged in worldly amusements, suddenly relax the muscles of their propriety and waddle off into the Turkey Trot. And they do it naïvely, without the consciousness of transgression that many of them would feel even at witnessing a waltz. One might explain in one way or another the attraction of this dance for every other class of beings, but not this—the innocent archaic smiles of these sweetly preserved souls who also enjoy the Turkey Trot. It is because, first, they know it is too simple and natural to be worldly, and they are not shrewd enough to condemn the primitive. They are still primitive themselves, but they do not suspect at their age the danger of being so.

The Turkey Trot Has Nothing to Do With Art

There is a certain fashionable trottery in New York where the origin of this dance and the dance itself are dramatized in a way that, once seen, can never be forgotten.

The writer with a party of friends was seated at one of the tables in this place one night. There were perhaps five hundred other men and women at tables round the cabaret. The room was brilliant, opalescent with the many-hued evening gowns of the women, but the company was singularly silent, merely whispered conversation round the tables as the guests drank champagne and the waiters moved noiselessly, replenishing glasses. A Spanish dancer in the cabaret excited no enthusiasm; nor did another who sang and acted a doubtful French song. The audience was accustomed to both. It waited for something else.

The Priestess of Turkey Trotting

AT THIS moment a presence entered the place. We all felt it. Every eye was turned toward the figure of a woman coming through the door. She gave the impression of one who had been drenched with rain, who had frozen in the snows of the Far North, who had felt the torrid heat of the tropics. Her face was a desert, arid, set with burning black eyes. Her form was as shapeless as the bole of a palm tree, very tall. She was not bedizened. Her gown was black and clung to her like a shade. Her hair, wintered with gray, was drawn back plainly in a thin knot. She was the supreme impudence, the personal definition, the prehistoric preface of something to come. One might have said that she was the mother superior of that place, if her appearance had not so far antedated the religious idea. She was the aboriginal portrayed in the form of a hag. She brought in with her the faint savage air of the jungle. She suggested some fierceness—some older, madder form of life. You might have said that her bed was a lair and her mate a wolf. She could have given a ball to the beasts in a jungle and danced with a leopard when she was young. A whisper ran like a breath from table to table. She was one of the thrills of the place.

Then a young girl appeared on the dancing floor. She was a sort of Mignon, the kind of transformation that art and civilization sometimes make in the primitive, with a pale sweet face. Locks of raven-black hair showed beneath the Brittany cap thin as gauze, with silver spangles on it that sparkled like the dew of Paradise. She was tall, very slender, a mere wand of a woman. She had eyes like a nun fasting in her cell and lips that would have died rather than smile. She wore a long white gown, pleated infinitely, which reached to her feet.

While I was still staring at her she moved straight toward us—a thin and misty figure coming out of the darkness of the woman behind her. It was not walking and it was not dancing; it was the silent rhythm of motion, that vague and tremulous advance. Before I could even imagine what were going to be the immortal consequences of such

Their Pupils are Most of Them Fashionable Men and Women

grace in such a place, a young man shot out in front of her with exactly the abrupt celerity of a grasshopper that rises from nowhere in the ground, and with a clicking muscular contraction lands far ahead.

He caught the girl somewhere and changed her into the mad ecstasy of a whole wreath of whirling butterflies. She became manifold, changing every moment from one being into another being. She accomplished every variation of this singular dance from the Turkey Trot to the Tango, and lifted them all into the region of poetry. It was the apotheosis of a rude rhythm, having in it the hint of the motion of animals and of birds, passing ever and anon from these into the evolution of more modern interpretations of grace. Sometimes she hung doubled over the man's arm like a wind-blown scarf. Sometimes she glided with terrible swiftness and sprang with the fierceness of a panther into another measure of the dance. Sometimes she was a demimonde and sometimes a saint. And always between the one rôle and the other there was that strange padded-foot rhythm of the jungle.

Her companion was simply the provocative cause of her dancing; yet he also accomplished motions and postures that are inexplicable to those who do not know the real origin of this dance. Once while she was in an ecstasy, as if she trod a lyric with her feet, he recalled her by suddenly sitting upon the floor with his legs at right angles to his body. Apparently this was the abrupt introduction of a common acrobatic feat into a refined symphony of motion; but in fact it belongs to the Turkey Trot, and has a history older than the dance of the vestal virgins. The effect upon the girl was instantaneous and terrific. She became a reeling snake, crawling with serpentine grace toward him. She arose and struck with her head lifted like a python. Then once more she drifted forward in time, became a maiden with the face of Joan of Arc dancing beneath the ancient fairy tree. In short she dramatized the art of dancing from its earliest form, when savages imitated every beast of the forest in their dances, down through the eighth century when Japanese women danced before the cave of the sun goddess, and on again through every step and measure of Spanish and French dancing. She saw no one. She moved in a trance, a mere medium of the changing rhythms of the centuries.

There are many such dancers in New York, but probably not another one whose performance represents and interprets the whole history of dancing from the primitive Turkey Trot to the most intricate figures of it as an art.

So much I have written by way of explaining the origin of the Turkey Trot. But a good deal remains to be inferred and something to be told of its effects upon society.

In the first place it has been commercialized. This was to be expected, although it is doubtful if it was intended by the dancers themselves. For the public is compelled now to pay more for this amusement than for any other form of public entertainment, the grand opera not excepted. There are more than a thousand professional trotters in New York alone, and several hundred thousand amateur trotters who attend the cabaret dances. The best teachers of the dance command from fifteen to twenty-five dollars an hour. And their pupils are not demimondes or shop girls, or maid servants, but most of them fashionable men and women. The price of refreshments in cabarets has also gone up according to the popularity of the dance. Champagne brings nearly double the usual price. And when it is understood that guests who do not buy champagne are not admitted to these places, one receives some idea of the profit of an evening's entertainment which begins with the five-o'clock-tea Trot and ends at one o'clock in the morning when the police close the doors.

But it is as a leveler of social distinctions that the Turkey Trot has accomplished its most remarkable effects. Formerly only a certain class of persons attended public dances—bohemians, women of doubtful reputation. But nothing could have been more diversified in character than the company that witnessed the dance I have just described, the differences being indicated by the women. Men look singularly alike in character whenever they are massed. It is often impossible to distinguish the good ones from the bad ones. But this is not the case with women. Their clothes, their expressions, are invariably the semaphore of their quality, their station in life, their character. These women were nearly all too old to dance, and they varied from the magnificently fat matron to the palsied grandmother and the elderly demarette. At a table on one side of us a man dressed in the garb of a priest or high-church minister was feeding lobster to a woman so old that she gave the impression of being a kind of bespangled devil's horse. Her elaborate coiffure was gray, her eyes protruded from beneath wrinkled lids, her thin lips were painted, her neck singularly long, and her shoulders appeared above her low-cut bodice like the white scaffolding of an indigent, rickety frame. Two discreet, handsomely gowned ladies with their escorts sat at the table on the other side, and behind us an old gentleman and his wife ate their oysters in a kind of attentive, matrimonial silence.

Most of the men were obviously younger than their companions, and though most of the latter were smiling, none of the men were. They wore the expression of beings who have closed their doors and pulled down their shades. It is the incognito look that men always have when they are in the wrong place and know it. Women seldom have it. They assume the brazen "lark" look when they go so far as to get in the wrong place. It is their way of saying: "This is an adventure!" No one could have divided the lady sheep from the women goats by observing them, but it was easy to know those who were innocent of the Turkey Trot from those who knew all about it by the expression of morbid and acquisitive curiosity upon the faces of the former. A stranger ignorant of the curious ways and means of amusement in New York observing this company, all drinking champagne, many of the women smoking, would have concluded that it was made up of persons of doubtful reputation. This was really the case. Many of the most respectable women in New York take the Turkey Trot risk of acquiring doubtful reputations. Reputation, morally speaking, counts for less than it did formerly.

I am not excepting our own party in this description. The fact that this was composed of a distinguished novelist and his wife, a professor in one of the great universities, and the widow of a Methodist minister only adds to the social confusion attendant upon the Turkey Trot. Of course we were "slumming" in the trotteries that evening; but slumming itself is merely a mild way respectable people have of enjoying by proxy the doubtful deeds of others. We, no less than the others present, felt the singular hypnotic fascination of the Trot. In fact the large majority of the people present were almost eminently respectable. One of the effects of this singular dance is that it reduces the social level of society from five-o'clock in the afternoon until an hour after midnight. Not even in a church or any other place except the common street is it possible to see so many men and women together, from every walk and condition of life, as are to be seen in any trottery.

The significant thing is that they prefer these public dances. Recently a ball was given by a fashionable woman in New York. A number of women came with their maids. About twelve o'clock they disappeared. They went to a Broadway trottery with men they had picked up at the ball. They danced there until the police closed the doors. Then they returned to their hostess' house, collected their maids and went home. The one embarrassing circumstance connected with their escapade was that the maids, to pass the time, also left the scene of the ball with their mistresses' chauffeurs and came to the same place. Otherwise the incident has no distinction and is of common occurrence.

Democracy is a good thing, but a dancing democracy is not a good thing. The Turkey Trot is a form of amusement designed for primitive people by primitive people before they discovered the danger of being too natural. Nature is never moral; but because we have discovered that Nature punishes immorality we have been obliged to invent morals. They are not natural, but they are necessary. This was the beginning of the secularizing of all dancing. At first it was an expression of religion. But when we discovered that religion was not natural to our mere natures either, we were obliged to eliminate dancing as an expression of spiritual emotion. There were dancing choirs in the time of Charles V, and after the middle of the eighteenth century there were still forms of religious dancing in the Spanish cathedrals. But the more natural it became the less religious it was. So the more intelligent our piety became the less we danced.

The Turkey Trot is one evidence of a reaction, not from too much piety but from too much abuse of piety. It always comes to the same thing, whether in religion or dancing—let it go too far and we turn back. Revulsion is one of the laws of Nature we cannot change, no matter what we do. The Almighty is not losing his hold upon the world, but we are losing faith in our religion, in our interpretation of Him. Men and women are seeking less for the future joys of Paradise and more for ordinary human happiness. The old restrictions of religion are less binding. There is more liberty of thought and action, a greater choice of the things of this present world. The result in this country at least, where religious faith was the pioneer of civilization, the youngest, strongest and most ardent in the whole world, is that we have a nation suddenly beside itself with the effort to enjoy and to invent amusements, pastimes, merely mortal pleasures. This dancing craze is only one of a thousand phases of this spirit of childish abandonment. It does not indicate wickedness or decadence, but that condition which may lead to both—the reaction from terrific spiritual and industrial pressure on the part of the masses and of ennui on the part of the rich and idle. As a nation we have not achieved that moderation which is the basis of sanity and normal living. We have made

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The Mayor of New York Can't Keep Them Out of the Trotteries

TURKEY TROT

By Robert W. Chambers

WHEN Beauty bloomed at Sweet Sixteen
And Dryads danced upon the Green,
With Tambourine and Roundelay,
The Fauns and Satyrs in array
Assisted at that Classic Scene—
And all the World was young and gay.

Beauty and Grace have passed away:
The Dryad, too, has had her day.
Today the Coon has crabbed the scene
To grin and shuffle on the Green,
And all his monkey-shines display
Within a worldwide cabaret!

Gone are the gods of yesterday:
Their day of grace has passed away.
Their beauty banished from the scene!
The grass is dead upon the Green,
Where Youth no longer holds his sway—
And all the World is old and gray.

Gone is the Nymph—the Dryad gone;
Gone are the Fragrant Years.
Out of the Night is hatched a spawn—
And Caliban appears!

ACTING HONEST

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

How Virgil Custard Pursued the Best Policy

THE Reverend Baltimore Criddle had whizzed through Vicksburg—a glorious comet that left many sparkling tales behind. His Coffin Club had risen like a rocket and come down like the stick—Virgil Custard being the stick.

"Huh!" moaned Virgil. "Dat's whar I fell down an' stuck up!"

Scrouged in a far corner of the deserted club, Virgil was appliquéing a patch to the bosom of his breeches. That's why he kept the front door locked.

Virgil must either go to bed while somebody else did the patching, or patch for himself in privacy. Virgil had no bed; hence the privacy.

The late Grand Custodian had a grouch—a constant, festering grouch—and had it with him. He stitched on and mumbled:

"Ef dat Criddle nigger ever do hit Vicksburg agin dis club ain't gwine to wait no time fer some reemains!" The needle jabbed in savagely and the thread popped. "Dey sho will be peeradin' wid Criddle, an' Criddle won't know nothin' 'bout what's goin' on. Huh!—skipped off wid my two hundred an' six dollars! An' me done 'swaded four hundred an' twelve new members! Never got nary fo' bits!"

It had been two weeks since Criddle disappeared—before the dust had settled behind Silas Jeter's funeral. Criddle neglected to settle at all; and Virgil mourned. Virgil waxed thinner and hungrier. He gazed about him at the gold-lace collars, the burial garments and silver-headed spears.

"Now ef 'twuz a grocery store what Criddle done lef' me de key—dat would be diffunt!"

This useless panoply of interment satisfied no cravings. Having patched his breeches and put them on, Virgil opened the front door. Whenever he appeared on the street Virgil held his head mighty high. Those barber-shop loafers would buzz him scandalous if they suspected how Criddle had bilked the Pop-eyed Parson. The ex-Grand Custodian manned himself with pompous air and discharged his duties, gathering banners and spears from delinquent brothers who had toted them in the grand parade. Piece by piece Virgil restored nearly everything to place, until—except for Silas Jeter's coffin, which he could not handily restore—the symbolic interior of the Coffin Club resumed its decorous arrangement.

"Whar's Rev'ren' Criddle?" an anxious member stopped to inquire.

"Gone to St. Looey; he's comin' back," Virgil answered with sturdy faith, the evidence of things unseen—and unbelieved.

Before the Reverend Baltimore Criddle introduced himself to Vicksburg the public had been unanimously and torpidly callous concerning the existence of Virgil Custard. As Grand Custodian of the True Hope Lodge, Virgil became a personage and clung to the job.

Somebody stepped in from Washington Street.

"Hello, Virgil!"

"Hello yo'se'f!" Nothing but a country nigger; so Virgil sank deeper into his chair.

"I jes' drapped in to pass de time o' day." Virgil knew better, from the way Sherman Radley handled the white gloves and eyed the spangled collars. "My brother, Grant, he's fixin' to die."

"Look Here, Virgil, Quit Nibblin' Dat Money!"

"Grant!—de Racker?" Virgil's voice dropped. Negroes never mentioned Radley the Racker in the hearing of white folks. Among themselves he was spoken of with caution.

"Grant 'lowed he wanted to die at home. Doctor Porterfield say he can't las' de week out."

Virgil glanced toward the street and whispered:

"Warn't he scared to come back?"

"Dese constables can't do nothin' to him now—not ef dey waits two or three days." For years the desperate Racker had drawn this hard-working brother under surveillance, with officers knocking on his door at all hours of the night. "I wuz jes' a thinkin'," observed Sherman. "How is I gwine to bury Grant? I ain't got no money—an' wuz jes' thinkin' ——"

Virgil cut him off short: "De Coffin Club ain't doin' no business. 'Sides dat, de Racker ain't never jined."

"Does ev'ybody hafter jine?"

"Yes—dollar down an' dollar a munt. Fust-class coffin, finest sort o' hearse, brass band, an' ——" Virgil checked the old familiar patter; it was of no use. "We ain't buryin' nobody till Criddle gits back. I reckon when Criddle do arrive back he'll be 'bout de fust nigger we gwine to bury."

"Is Criddle sick?"

"No, he ain't zackly sick; but—Criddle beat me out o' two hundred an' six dollars. I'm gwine to git satisfaction."

Sherman Radley was not studying about Criddle. "Can't you sell no coffin on credit? I'll pay when I picks my crop."

"Club ain't never had but one coffin. Old man Silas Jeter used dat up."

Sherman turned to go. "Virgil, don't say nothin' 'bout Grant bein' out to my house. Doctor Porterfield raised us two boys, an' he ain't gwine to tell nobody, 'cause de Racker is got his head set on dyin'."

"What ails him?"

"He got shot."

"Who done it?"

"Racker won't open he mouf 'bout dat."

"Dat's Whar I Fell Down an' Stuck Up!"

Vicksburg missed the Reverend Baltimore Criddle, feeling the void and vacancy just as little Savilla Johnson missed her two front teeth. There was something absent—something unfilled! Nobody felt the emptiness like Virgil Custard; for Virgil got and remained hungry. Nobody sprang up more nimbly or rushed to the door with more enthusiasm than Virgil when the glad tidings echoed down Washington Street: "Criddle is come back! Criddle is come back!"

Criddle had returned with the same sheen to his stovepipe hat, the same undulant swing to his long coattails, a broader expansiveness of shirtfront, and a smile that enveloped humankind. Spreading himself like a moving colossus bestraddle his narrow world, Criddle progressed in majesty toward the Coffin Club. At the first alarm Virgil rushed hatless into the street. One instant he hovered on the sidewalk and stared like a young owl—all eyes and mouth—then darted back again:

"I'm sho gwine to c'lect my money or take it outen Criddle's hide!"

The buzz of many voices came nearer and the shuffle of many feet, until Virgil heard Criddle's unctuous tones:

"De Lawd have led me back agin, wid a pillar o' cloud by day an' a fire by night; de dove foun' no res' fer de sole o' her foot."

Virgil's eyes glittered behind his specks. "Dat Criddle dove ain't never gwine to fin' no res' nowhar—'ceptin' he pay two hundred an' six dollars."

The Grand Organizer had not originally selected Vicksburg with malice aforethought. Vicksburg happened to be the first place where he could stop. Pickings proved so phenomenally easy that Criddle hated to be choked loose from his cow before he had milked her dry. His sins, having found him out, presented the alternative of traveling with an officer or going back voluntarily to the brethren from whom he had extracted his last stake.

Criddle always preferred to travel alone. With several hundred dollars, and a smile that more than doubled his assets, Criddle determined to meet his clamoring accusers—to pay what he could not help and outtalk them for the balance. Having got off on far less paying than talking, he returned with a smile considerably enhanced. The raptures and roses of Vicksburg presented a single thorn—Virgil. And as Criddle glanced in at the door he did not like the looks of that young nigger's back.

Criddle opened wide the door; it required a wide door for his bulkiness to enter. He began to revolve, turning his smile toward the Grand Custodian. If there were misgivings in Criddle's mind none was evident in the outstretched hand or the smile. Assurance radiated from the full black moon of Criddle's countenance.

"Brudder Custard, I hopes de Lawd have kep' you."

"'Twarn't nobody else done so; you skipped out wid my money!"

Criddle ignored the snappiness and sank into his big chair.

"Saul an' Jonathan was lovely an' pleasant in deir lives; le's you an' me take sweet counsel togedder."

Virgil never sat down. Upright, quivering, with clenched hands, he confronted Criddle.

"Commence yo' counselin' 'bout dat two hundred an' six dollars. I wants money to buy vittles."

"Man cannot live by bread alone."

"I ain't carin' 'bout bread alone—got to have some meat an' greens an' 'lasses." Criddle sat unmoved, his well-fed jowls suggesting all those things that Virgil lacked. "Look here, Criddle—I got to have my money!" Virgil whacked his fist upon the table.

"Let dere be no strife 'twixt you an' me."

"'Tain't no strife—I jes' wants my money!"

Criddle mused, with fingers interlocked across his paunch.

"I heered what you say de fust time—'bout dat meat an' greens an' 'lasses—which puts me in min' o' de smell o' catfish what come out o' de Shinin' Light Restaraw. Come on, Virgil—can't you smell de catfish?"

Smell it! Virgil had smelled nothing else in his dreams; and he suffered Criddle to lead him like a little child.

"How forcible is de right words! Yea, verily, de Good Book say de lib'ral soul shall be made fat!" Whereupon Criddle proceeded to fatten Virgil.

"Rev'ren'," Virgil remarked, with a mouth full of sweet potatoes—"Rev'ren', some o' dese fool niggers 'lowed you was done gone an' made a sneak from here."

"Who say dat? Who dat darkeneth counsel by words widout knowledge?"

"Nobody—jes' one or two ignunt niggers."

"Answer de fool accordin' to his folly. It sho does me all de good to be home. Eat, drink an' be merry; we begins to work tomorrer."

"What kind o' work?"

"We's aimin' to set up a 'Dowment Rank in dis lodge."

"'Dowment Rank?"

"We pays five hundred dollars to de widder 'oman or de widder man, pervidin' de 'ceasted dies financial."

"Five hundred dollars!" Virgil's mouth flew open.

Criddle nodded negligently. "But dis ain't no place to talk business; le's ramble back todes de club."

Criddle had balked at a lonely conference with that wild-eyed young nigger, who was lean and hungry. But the well-stuffed Custard had no room for evil thoughts.

In a dim and hallowed light Criddle strode the floor of the Coffin Club, looking at spears, collars and folded gloves and planning buoyantly with Virgil.

"We gwine to open up a 'Dowment Rank; on top of buryin' de dead, we gwine to take care o' de widders an' de little orphan chilluns." Criddle halted for applause and Virgil gasped at such immensities. "You hustle up de new members—three dollars 'nishiashun an' a dollar a munt, same as de Coffin Club; only you gits one dollar per each."

"Same as de Coffin Club?" Which reminded Virgil, who faced him with an ugly glitter in his eyes. "Is you gwine to settle same as you done fer de Coffin Club?"

"Dar now! Dar now! I knowed sumpin' done slipped my min'." The Grand Organizer dropped into his most capacious chair. Virgil eyed him warily, Criddle's manner being entirely too smooth. "Set down, Virgil; le's fix dat little matter twixt you an' me."

"Two hundred an' six dollars!" Virgil failed to dismiss it as a triviality.

"You claims two hundred an' six dollars—an' dat's right; but we gotter take out de spenses. I jes' been a figgerin'." Virgil looked dubiously over Criddle's shoulder as the fat, black finger pointed out the items. "Dat coffin cost a hundred an' eighty dollars. Co'se it's gone complete. Dere's six spears missin'—cost forty-two—an' four crooks, an' eighteen badges, an' nine spangled collars. All dat 'mounts up to three hundred an' fifteen dollars. Dat leaves ninety-seven fer me an' you to 'vide. Here's yo' forty-three dollars an' fo' bits."

Virgil's hand was prompt to clutch that real money; but after his sudden stuffing Virgil's mind worked more sluggishly. For some minutes he stood glum; then:

"Criddle, you done out-talked me fer one hundred an' sixty-two dollars an' fo' bits."

"Huh! Virgil, 'tain't no sense 'sputin' over a little dab o' money. Git out an' hustle fer de 'Dowment Rank. Fust thing you know you'll be spendin' dat much ev'y day!"

"Hundred an' sixty-two dollars an' fo' bits!" Virgil kept mumbling to himself. "I got to git what's mine."

"Racker jes' is a breathin'—an' dat's all," Sherman Radley assured Virgil. They were alone; they had been alone at several consultations.

"Den us got to hurry; Racker mought up an' die widout no policy." Virgil reexamined the paper Sherman had brought and slipped it into his pocket—the formal application of G. L. Radley for membership in the Endowment Rank and five hundred dollars insurance.

"Hold on!" Sherman caught Virgil's arm. "Lemme onderstan' real good—how much does I git?"

"I done tole you a heap o' times—I don't want nothin' 'cept what's mine; an' I aims to c'lect it honest. Criddle beat me out o' one hundred an' sixty-two dollars an' fo' bits. You gits de balance."

"When do dey pay?"

"Dis is cash. Didn't dey pay brudder Sias Skaggs in full fer his wife—cash at de graveside?"

"So I heered! So I heered!"

"Sho did. Criddle preached de funeral sermon—dat church was packed full o' niggers! Criddle calls fer de Grand Treasurer to step forward. Dat yaller nigger say, kinder keerless like, dat Sis Lethia, bein' a charter member, dey warn't gwine to wait no sixty days to pay fer her. He done slipped five hundred dollars in his pocket, and was goin' to count it out to Brudder Sias right acrost de grave. An' he done so! Silas Jeter's funeral warn't nowhar! Ev'y nigger in Vicksburg what warn't crippled, he got dar. New members come a j'inin' mighty swif'."

Virgil talked convincingly; but Sherman Radley wanted to make certain. "You reckon he gwine to pay me at de graveside?"

"Sholy! Sholy! Got to treat all members jes' alike. Now you slip down de front steps an' lemme sneak out de back way."

With G. L. Radley's application in his pocket Virgil hurried out through an alley, thence to Washington Street. His shoes squeaked; his whirling cane made shiny little circles in the air. Three weeks of prosperity, with commissions paid regularly on Saturday nights, had transformed Virgil into a glorified and store-bought rejuvenation of the Pop-eyed Parson.

Heretofore Virgil had shuffled along uncertainly to the age of twenty-six without striking his gait. Now he developed and expanded his genius for persuading new members, with the enticements of "pay 'em at de graveside!"

"We got de onliest 'guaranteed to last' order what is! When a nigger dies dese udder lodges 'vestigates an' 'vestigates—an' don't never pay. Us pays fust, den 'vestigates!"

New members swarmed in like flies, caught by the sweets of paying at the graveside. "Here's yo' dead nigger an' dere's yo' money fer 'im!" as Virgil tersely put it.

The money that he did not get—one hundred and sixty-two dollars an fo' bits—stuck like a sandy lump in Virgil's craw and he could not swallow it. "But I got to c'lect dat money honest!" Virgil hurried along the street and nodded to a simple-looking negro who was watching for him at the corner. "Dat same room—quick!" Virgil whispered.

Within a few moments Siddy Winlock met Virgil in the upper back room which Sherman Radley had just vacated. Virgil promptly got down to business.

"Here's dat paper, Siddy. Ketch hole of it—'tain't gwine to bite."

"What I gotter do wid dis?"

Virgil explained again in detail: "Go down to de 'Dowment Rank, show 'em dis an' say you wants a policy. Give 'em dis three dollars; pay Criddle three dollars and thirty cents, an' pay de Medical 'Viser one dollar."

"Medical 'Viser?"

"Uh-huh! He'll thump you on de breast, feel yore pulse, an' make you stick out yore tongue. Soon as you projuce his dollar he'll say: 'Brudder Gran' Treasurer, dis member is O. K.' Den de Gran' Treasurer writes out yore policy. You fetch dat policy to me! 'Tain't gwine to take no time. Look here, Siddy—none o' dese town niggers don't know you?"

Siddy shook his head.

"I jes' come day befo' yistiddy, an' ain't met up wid nobody. Ef I had de money to git back to Natchez I wouldn't be hangin' roun' Vicksburg."

"Den all you got to 'member is jes dis: 'Yo' name is G. L. Radley! Speak dat over an' don't study 'bout no other name—'ceptin' G. L. Radley."

"How much do I git?"

"Ten dollars cash—de minit you fetch me dat policy." Siddy Winlock, being an undistinguished person, it was easy for him to travel incog. He might easily pass in any crowd. Siddy's physical appearance was a health certificate that would pass any examination. Siddy shoved through the crowd of applicants and everything turned out as Virgil had prophesied. The Medical Adviser paid particular attention to Siddy's dollar and passed Siddy along. Far be it from the Medical Adviser to stand in any man's way. "G. L. Radley—O. K." he called to the Grand Treasurer. "G. L. Radley"—the Grand Treasurer wrote a policy with one hand and pocketed three dollars with the other.

"G. L. Radley!" Criddle checked the name off his list as the legally authorized purchaser of

1 Constitution and By-laws	$0.20
1 Secret Work	.80
1 Regalia—All-seeing Eye	2.50
1 Password	.10
	$3.30

This was Criddle's rake-off, and caused Criddle to smile sunnily as he passed Brother G. L. Radley into the street.

"Huh! Dat sho was easy passin'!" Siddy chuckled to himself, and headed straight for the room upstairs.

Virgil made no hitch. He glanced at the policy, which was in due form legal tender for five hundred dollars at the graveside; then gave Siddy ten dollars and a shove toward the door.

"Now, den, Siddy, you hit de grit for Natchez!"

Radley the Racker lay dead, stretched stiffly upon a table in his brother's cabin. The sheet covered him uncannily, clinging to the lines of his wasted limbs.

"De Racker sho is did a heap o' devilment in his day!" Virgil did not speak aloud, but the thought ran through his mind.

"Want to look at him?" asked Sherman.

Virgil drew back—he would not have touched that sheet with a forty-foot pole. Beside the body stood a grotesque china cat about three inches high—a hideous green cat with grinning mouth and huge yellow eyes. A flickering candle sent creepy shadows along the sheet and kept the cat grinning. Virgil Custard did not grin. He was fighting off that chilly feeling and trying to talk business with Sherman Radley. The cat fascinated him. He could see nothing but a green cat.

"How come you put dat cat on de table 'side o' de Racker?"

"I'm skeered not to. Racker say dat cat is some kind o' charm 'ginst devils an' sech. He tole me to put it dere an' den bury it wid him. I don't know whar he got it."

The two negroes talked in whispers. Virgil glanced uneasily out the window, through the dark woods, and

hated to think about going back to town. Then his eyes returned to the green cat. Virgil did not trust that sort of a cat.

"'Tain't nobody come to pay me yit," Sherman complained.

"D'ain't had time. Racker never died till sundown."

"You tole me dis policy paper was cash."

"Dat's right—you gwine to git yo' money."

"Jes' so dey pays at de graveside; I kin manage to scrap along till den."

"You got de s'tifikit?" Virgil inquired.

"Got sumpin'!" Sherman Radley produced a paper, made out and signed by Frederick Porterfield, M. D., certifying to the death of G. L. Radley from gunshot wounds.

Virgil knew that Doctor Porterfield's certificate would never be questioned.

"Whar's de funeral gwine to be at?"

"I 'lowed to take Racker to town by sunup in de mornin', an' let 'em bury him wid de brass ban' an' de peerade—dey furnishes coffins, don't dey?"

Virgil's hand sought his chin in meditative stroking. "Sherman, I speck it mought be handier to bury Racker out here in de country, an' not say nothin' till it's all over an' done wid.

"Le's You an' Me Take Sweet Counsel Togedder"

"Look here, nigger," Sherman flamed up—"you's fixin' to swindle me! Dey got to pay me at de graveside!"

"Dat's all right—dat part of it. S'posin' somebody ups an' makes a row—dar'll be Racker, lyin' whar ev'ybody kin see him. Co'se he don't look zackly like dat chunky nigger what got zamined fer de policy; but s'posin' we done buried Racker—dat's de end of it. D'ain't nobody gwine to dig him up."

"No, suh—not wid dat cat in de coffin."

"Here's de bes' way; I'm gwine back to town an' fetch a death claim tonight. You git Doctor Porterfield to make it out, an' t'won't nobody s'picion him. Den you bury de Racker quick as you kin."

"Whar'm I gwine to git a coffin?"

"Here's ten dollars for de coffin."

"Ten-dollar coffin! Huh! Racker ain't gwine to like dat!"

Virgil could not help glancing toward the dead man who would not like it and shuddering. "I got to go to town fer dat death claim; it's a heap bes' fer me to git it when t'ain't nobody in de club."

"Racker ain't gwine to like dat!" Sherman persisted uneasily. "Racker hankered mightily atter a town funeral. He ain't gwine to res' in no country grave an' a ten-dollar coffin!"

(Continued on Page 44)

THE IMMORTAL MILLIONS

By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY HANSON BOOTH

ONE of the most perplexing things in this world is to decide how far we may sacrifice what we call a principle in order that good may result. We are pretty certain it would not do to shoot a banker in order to obtain his moneybags for the purpose of buying supplies for the breadline; but if the Lama of Tibet were ill of the plague and we could encompass his instant death by crossing our fingers and thereby obtain a million taels for the uses of the breadline, might we not, under certain pressing necessities, venture to cross them?

We are fairly certain we ought not to encourage the maintenance of lotteries, even if we receive a portion of their gains for the purpose of building asylums for orphans—just as we are fairly convinced we ought not to encourage a bullfight, though it be given for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But we are not so certain we ought not to take the earnings of our most unfortunate class—the convicts—in order to help support our penal institutions, though their miserable families starve. It is staggering to realize how easily confused we are! So long as things appear before us with naked faces we recognize them and are able to deal with them; but when they appear in disguise we are thrown into a state of the greatest perplexity.

If a pirate should appear before the Congress of the United States with a great treasure representing a thousand piracies, the accumulated gains of a long and successful career upon the high seas; and if this pirate should propose that he would leave his entire treasure to charity, provided the Congress of the United States would grant him a title—as, let us say, the Prince of Penzance—and at the same time, by a national law, convert his treasure into an estate in perpetuity and exempt it from taxation—it is hardly conceivable that the Congress of the United States would accept. One can even imagine that it would refuse with harsh and impolite indignation.

Let us take away from this illustration the sentimental elements that confuse us. Instead of the pirate let us take a great financier who has accumulated an enormous fortune, larger than that of all the pirates that ever lived—not by adventures in piracy, but by adventures in commerce—and suppose that this great financier should appear before the Congress of the United States and make practically the same offer as the imaginary pirate—what would be the result?

It is conceivable that so good a lawyer as we sometimes make secretary of state or elevate to the Supreme Bench would be able to show us that, so far as the result to the country is concerned, there is practically no difference in these two cases. He would endeavor, after the manner of his profession, to confine the elements in the two cases to the point at issue, and to exclude all that was irrelevant to this point.

For instance he would insist that the manner in which the persons offering these sums of money had obtained them was a question entirely beside the point, since a dollar, whether obtained by commerce or piracy, after it has passed into the hands of an innocent third person will buy precisely the same amount of bread for the breadline.

Moreover he would show us very clearly, as a matter at least of preventive morality, that if the pirate were not permitted to use his estate for a good purpose, on account of resentment and the natural tendencies of his life he would doubtless use it for an evil purpose; and therefore we should be encouraging morality by accepting his donation.

And upon that phase of the subject we should take greater merit from receiving the estate of the pirate than we should from receiving the estate of an estimable citizen. But he would make it clear to us that the character of the person presenting this offer was a wholly irrelevant matter—again assuring us that the dollar of the good man would purchase in the market no more bread for the breadline than the dollar of the evil one. His greatest accomplishment, however, would be to show us that all these features were merely sentimental, and that the sole question involved was the clean-cut constitutional one of whether we had the right to create an estate in perpetuity and to issue a patent of nobility.

In order to confuse the problem a little further and, at the same time, approach the actual case toward which we are advancing, let us say that the great financier, not being so direct a person as the pirate, does not ask for a title of nobility by direct letters patent, but merely that he might take over the title of *Parens Patriæ* by indirection.

The great lawyer, being again called, would explain that the term *Parens Patriæ* meant Father—or Parent—of the Country, and that it was something more than a title of nobility—in fact, one of the titles of sovereignty; that in monarchies the king, as *Parens Patriæ*, had the general supervision of all charities; that, as this is a republic and not a monarchy, the state here succeeds to the title so long as it maintains a supervision of all charities. But when it delegates to the individual—whether to the pirate or to the financier—this general supervision of charities, then, with that obligation, the individual ought to receive this sovereign title.

He would point out that, in order to invest the individual with this title, it would not be necessary to pass an act creating a patent of nobility. If the Congress should grant a charter to the individual for the purpose of a general supervision of charities, and should establish his estate in perpetuity for that purpose, as it was requested to do, then that foundation would carry with it as an incident this sovereign title—as, for example, the granting of certain estates in monarchies carries with it titles of nobility.

Here then, for the first time, the Congress of the United States in these two sample cases would be able to distinguish between the demands of the pirate and those of the financier. And excluding the pirate because we cannot grant a patent of nobility, but for no other reason, we may pass without prejudice directly from the hypothetical to the actual case.

What is the Congress of the United States to do with the application of Mr. Rockefeller to establish a foundation of a hundred million dollars in perpetuity and exempt from taxation for the following purpose:

"To promote the well being and to advance the civilization of the peoples of the United States and its territories and possessions, and of foreign lands, in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge; in the prevention and relief of suffering; and in the promotion, by eleemosynary and philanthropic means, of any and all the elements of human progress"?

Now what is the Congress of the United States to do? Mr. Rockefeller is not a pirate—anybody can tell that at a glance if he remembers the pictures of pirates as drawn by the late Mr. Pyle.

Now Mr. Rockefeller did not obtain his hundred million dollars by piracy and he does not want a patent of nobility; he wants only the title of *Parens Patriæ*, which goes along with the general supervision of charities—see Sir William Blackstone: "The King, as *Parens Patriæ*, has the general supervision of all charities, which he exercises by the keeper of his conscience, the chancellor."

On the twenty-eighth of January, 1913, a bill to establish the Rockefeller Foundation of one hundred million dollars for the above purposes came up for consideration. And here one is presented with a very subtle distinction between the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States. The House, being in great perplexity, passed the bill—and the Senate, being in equal perplexity, did not; thus, translating that essential difference into

terms. when the House is in doubt it moves, when the Senate is in doubt it sits tight—that is to say, one is dynamic, the other static. At any rate, like Mohammed's coffin, there hangs Mr. Rockefeller's bill, and our perplexed Solons would like to know what to do with it.

Between the heavens and the earth, like the body of the prophet, Mr. Rockefeller has a right to complain. He has a right to complain upon what our learned friend, the fancied lawyer, would call the rule of *stare decisis*—that is to say, he has a controlling precedent in which the doctrine has been established. In 1896 Mr. Carnegie applied to the national Congress for a foundation creating an estate in perpetuity for certain purposes—among others, to pension the teachers of the various schools of the United States under certain conditions.

The principles involved seem to be the same, though the amount set by Mr. Carnegie was some scant fifteen million dollars. However, even upon this sum he had claimed the use of the title that went with the supervision of charities. Mr. Rockefeller doubtless feels that the discrimination against him is not just. And he has a right to put his case in these words: "If Mr. Carnegie ought to be a Father of the Country for fifteen million dollars, how much more ought I to be a Father of the Country for a hundred million dollars?"

And in the face of our commercial civilization, where the right to a thing is conceded on all sides to depend upon what one can pay for it, who among us can even silence the man?

It is significant that the lower house of Congress, when it passed the Rockefeller Foundation, had almost nothing to say about the history of the Carnegie Foundation. That was—we repeat it—conspicuously significant. A thing that can affect our Congress with a seizure of silence has somewhere within it a potent virility. The explanation of that silence is that the country, which up to that time had been looking at various other things, suddenly began to look at Mr. Carnegie. And the reason was Mr. Carnegie had suddenly and without any warning announced that he would pension the ex-presidents of the United States.

The Carnegie Precedent

HE HAD been doing a good many things in his capacity of *Parens Patriæ*—the title that Mr. Rockefeller so naturally envies. He had been giving medals to heroes, abolishing war, granting largesses to school-teachers—also, refusing to grant them. But all these things were the trivial attributes of a *Parens Patriæ* and worthy of no comment. They were incidents. But the sudden proposal to pension the retiring presidents of the United States was an event.

Moreover the additional suggestion that only certain ex-presidents of the United States would be pensioned made this an exceedingly interesting event. The country, in the vernacular, sat up and took notice. And it was this attitude of sinister attention that so strangely struck the Congress into silence. The wide and varied comments of the public prints throughout the country indicated that there was a great, charged atmosphere of opinion.

Now the people are very apt to see pretty well any subject upon which their attention is fixed. The trouble is not that the electorate fails to think wisely, but that in so many instances it fails to think at all. The electorate is interested in individual affairs; and unless a thing is brought strikingly to its attention it will take no particular notice of it. It thereby happens that demagogues and interested leaders do things in the name of the state which the people would never dream of doing. This inattention has led foreign publicists, in studying our electorate, to caption us with a verse from the book Mr. Stevenson printed on his six-penny press:

Some like drink
In a pint pot;
Some like to think—
Some not.

Nevertheless whenever the people are shocked into attention they not only think but they think wisely and well. The announcement of Mr. Carnegie shocked them into attention. And they have begun to ask questions about these foundations—simple, fundamental questions—that seem not to have occurred to their representatives.

The great sums offered for these foundations must be invested in some evidences of wealth. If these donations are in the stocks and bonds of particular industries, and individuals are to receive rewards from the earnings of these industries, how can these individuals be without an interest in the welfare of such industries? Thus if the funds of Mr. Carnegie's Foundation are invested in the securities of the United States Steel Company then it is the United States Steel Company that, in fact, pensions all the persons receiving benefits from that foundation.

One is not advised by the bill to create the Rockefeller Foundation in what securities Mr. Rockefeller proposes to make his donation of one hundred million dollars. Will this one hundred millions be in the securities of the Standard Oil Company? If so then it is the Standard Oil Company that, in fact, distributes these vast charities. And is it not possible that a great sentiment arising from the distribution of its donations might be found presently to embarrass the people, if they should be of the opinion that the policies of this industry were opposed to the general welfare?

And so it suddenly occurred to the people that if Mr. Carnegie, with his foundation of a few million dollars, might undertake to pension the highest executives in the republic who, indeed, might Mr. Rockefeller undertake to pension with his hundred millions? If the independence of our officials was scarcely to be saved from a foundation of fifteen millions, with a foundation of a hundred millions where would it appear?

It is true there were several other important things involved in the question of these foundations.

The Federal Congress had no authority under the Constitution to grant such charters; but that trivial consideration gave us no particular concern. We are a virile and careless people. We are quite ready, in the vernacular, to take a fall out of the Constitution whenever we feel like it. The reason is we have usually forgotten what the provisions in the Constitution mean—as men on long and peaceful voyages might forget what the cork belts stowed away under the berths in the cabins were intended for.

It is true also that the very oldest policy of our Government was to refuse to create estates in perpetuity. Mr. Jefferson made his great fight in Virginia to get rid of entailed estates, and we abolished them. It was a policy concerning which the people were in deadly earnest. They refused to permit anybody to entail estates—even religious organizations. The doctrine became so universal that the common rule in this country is that no estate can be tied up longer than for the lives of the persons living at the time and twenty-one years after that.

This great rule is based upon the principle that the earth and its sources of wealth are for the uses of men as they arrive, and that the dead should not tie up the properties or dominate the policies of the living. Besides that, our fathers feared the influence of persons who could control the larger accumulations of wealth. They feared it so acutely that they refused to believe that any man or any number of men were good enough or wise enough to be intrusted with the tremendous influence the control of a great estate in perpetuity incidentally carries with it.

Hence the decided hostility of the early legislators to the accumulation of large possessions and their statutes of descents; their refusal to incorporate churches; their refusal to permit property to be taken into corporate capacity, even for graveyards; and their insistence that there should be no entailed estates for any purpose.

If the Fathers Could Speak

THE men who got the republic on its feet were desperately in earnest about this. They were not irreligious or immoral or unmindful of the necessities of charity; but for the great general welfare they refused to permit religious organizations to accumulate and perpetuate estates.

They must have been very strongly convinced in order to have refused that permission. The churches were established institutions of an unquestioned moral policy, dedicated to the relief of suffering, the advance of civilization and philanthropic ideas. Their every act would be jealously watched by innumerable persons. They would be dominated by the public conscience and under the solemnity of a religious idea, the restraining influence of which could not be estimated. If, then, persons and institutions controlled by these powerful factors were not to be trusted with estates in perpetuity, how much less could individuals—under no such restraints—be so trusted?

Truthful historians tell us that the early fathers—even the one who could not lie—on occasion and upon the exasperation of the moment did sometimes, like Saint Peter, curse and swear. One can imagine, then, the tumult in certain old Virginia graveyards, especially in that one at Monticello, on the night of the twenty-eighth of January, 1913, after a Democratic House had passed the Rockefeller bill. And if the dead could advise the living how forcibly those patriotic shades, with others from Maryland and Massachusetts, could have memorialized the Sixty-second Congress!

"If we denied to the churches of God the right to perpetuate small estates for the purposes of definite and certain charities, which have been explained to us and which we understand, how can you grant to captains of industry the perpetuation of great estates for the purposes of indefinite and uncertain charities, which have not been explained to you and which you do not understand?"

However, we are cheerfully, artlessly and sublimely inconsistent. Did we not encourage the most terrible general that ever lived—in spite of the fact that he wore thread gloves and whittled—to sacrifice a hundred and twenty-four thousand men—that is to say, two lives for every soldier

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THE BIRD IN HAND

Abe Potash Accelerates a Remainder

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

DID you ever hear the nerve of that feller Philip Magnis!" Abe Potash exclaimed indignantly. "I didn't hardly know him at all—*olav hasholem!*—and he goes to work and makes me an executioner already!"

"What d'ye mean you didn't hardly know the feller, Abe?" Morris Perlmutter asked. "When I kicked on account you are wasting a whole day going to the funeral last month, understand me, you acted so sore like you would have been brothers already."

"Between seasons, Mawruss, you don't got to be so intimate with a feller that you should want to go to the funeral, y'understand; though with that new cemetery in Westchester County, Mawruss, we rode through a pretty rotten *medeena* getting there—up Third Avenue and across Heidenfelt Avenue, past Weldfisch & Lipp's new store which they are putting up, understand me; and then we went through a lot of mudholes, Mawruss, which I couldn't tell you the name of at all."

"Do they got it pretty near finished that store of Weldfisch & Lipp's?" Morris asked.

"It is finished," Abe replied, "all but the customers and the permanent loan, Mawruss; which Philip Magnis' brother aits in the carriage with me, and he says them two fellers would break their necks over that place, Mawruss, on account they are looking for a first mortgage of thirty thousand dollars to take up the building loan, and so far they ain't been offered but twenty-five."

"What brother is that?" Morris inquired.

"You should know as well as I do, Mawruss, that Philip Magnis only got one brother, Mawruss—Sam Magnis, the real estater. He is the other executioner in the will, Mawruss; and I tell yer, Mawruss, the way he acted so cheerful there at the funeral, y'understand, you would think he was making a commission out of the cemetery lot already."

"There wouldn't be too many people broke up over Philip Magnis, Abe," Morris remarked—"unless it is the son and the widder."

"Which she ain't forty-five yet, while Philip Magnis was seventy if he was a day, Mawruss," Abe said; "and them forty-five-year-old widders which they are burying seventy-year-old husbands, Mawruss, you could mark the net mourning strictly ninety days and no extensions."

"*Aber* the will must say something about supposing she gets married again, Abe," Morris commented, "on account a feller could be a millionaire even, Abe, and when it comes to making a will, understand me, he ain't so stuck on himself as to believe that his wife wouldn't be a damsite better off supposing she was married to somebody else."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"All I know about the will is," he replied, "that me and Sam Magnis is the executioners, and we got to invest the estate and collect the interest, and so forth, understand me. And we must got to pay it to Mrs. Magnis for life, and when she dies it all goes to Howard J. Magnis, the son, y'understand; and so, therefore, if she would get married again *oder* not, Mawruss, it don't make no difference to me and Sam Magnis. We must got to do what the will says anyhow."

"About Sam Magnis I don't know, Abe, but it sure wouldn't make no difference to you, Abe, because you ain't going to act as executioner at all," Morris commented.

"No!" Abe replied. "Why not?"

"Because you got enough to do in the store here, Abe, without you should go to work and mix yourself up *mit* a real estater like Sam Magnis; and this here son, Howard J. Magnis, is also probably a loafer, on account *mit unsere Leute* when they got it such names like Howard and Sidney, understand me, it stands to reason—ain't it? So you would better sit right down and write 'em a letter, Abe, and tell 'em you made up your mind it's all off."

"Is that so?" Abe cried. "And since when did I need it a gardeen he should tell me what I should ought to do, Mawruss?"

"I ain't a gardeen, Abe. I'm a partner," Morris declared. "I'm a partner *mit* you in the cloak-and-suit business, Abe, under a partnership agreement which says that each partner should give his whole time to the business, Abe, and he shouldn't be in any other business neither."

"You don't tell me!" Abe replied. "And so you think an executioner is a business, Mawruss?"

"I don't think nothing, Abe. All I am saying is if you think I'm going to stand for your being away from the place here, hanging round lawyers' offices and surrogates, *und Gott weiss wass noch*, understand me, you are mistaken—that's all."

He emphasized this ultimatum with an angry scowl and retired to the cutting room for the remainder of the forenoon. Nor did he accord Abe the privilege of disputing who should go to lunch first, and twelve o'clock found him seated at his favorite table in the noisy consumption of Hammersmith's *Lockshen* soup, where Felix Geigermann, the Harlem retailer, immediately spotted him. Felix had entered Hammersmith's with an excellent appetite and a fixed determination to satisfy it at the expense of some garment manufacturer; and as his business was a prosperous one he found Morris a willing victim.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Geigermann?" Morris cried as he rose hastily to his feet, while the loose end of his napkin, which was tucked in his neck, trailed negligently in the dregs of his plate of soup. "What brings you downtown in this here dead after-Christmas time?"

"I thought I would look round and see if I couldn't pick up a few bargains in long coats, Morris," Felix replied, "and Hammersmith's is a pretty good place for a cup of coffee and a tongue sandwich; so here I am."

He dropped into a chair opposite Morris who seized the bill-of-fare in hands tremulous with latent hospitality.

"Tongue sandwich nothing!" he exclaimed. "You got to eat a good lunch *mit* me, Mr. Geigermann. A little *Lockshen* soup to begin with—ain't it?"

Felix nodded smilingly.

"Well, Morris," he said, "I guess you could stand it because your partner is falling in for a good thing, so I hear."

"Falling in for a good thing!" Morris repeated. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, I was down to see Feldman on a little matter this morning," Felix explained, "and he tells me Philip Magnis makes Abe one of his executors."

Morris laid down the bill-of-fare.

"And you call that falling in for a good thing!" he cried.

"I sure do," Felix replied. "If being an executor of an estate valued at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and all of it in securities that will have to be realized on and reinvested, isn't a good thing, Morris, I don't know what is."

"In what way is it a good thing?" Morris insisted while Felix gazed hungrily at the bill-of-fare.

"Why, an executor gets a certain commission on everything in an estate that he collects and pays out," Felix replied. "I guess I'll take you up on that *Lockshen* soup proposition, Morris."

"Sure! Sure!" Morris cried as he signaled to the waiter. "*Aber* if Abe gets commissions, understand me, what good will that do me, Mr. Geigermann?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Geigermann said after he had ordered the soup and had supplemented it with particular instructions, to be passed on to the chef, about a portion of broiled chicken prepared in a manner known only to Felix and the chef. "I'll tell you, Morris, how it is: If Abe has control over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars which he must invest in first mortgages on improved New York City real estate, understand me, there are big possibilities in it for the firm of Potash & Perlmutter."

"How so?" Morris inquired.

"Wait till I get through this soup and I'll explain it to you," Felix said, and he devoted himself to the *Lockshen* soup with so much ardor that in less than a minute his plate was empty.

"In the first place," he continued after he had polished his mustache with his napkin, "there's mighty few retail drygoods men in the various boroughs of New York City that don't own real estate, Morris—store or tenement property, understand me—which have first mortgages on 'em that are falling due every once in a while; and let me tell you, Morris, even first mortgages aren't so easy to raise nowadays."

Morris made no comment. He was beginning to do some rapid thinking.

"Now you take a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Morris," Felix went on, "and there are just five separate investments of thirty thousand dollars each, understand me, which if they take the form of first mortgages on five buildings owned by five retailers, Morris, it means five new accounts cinched for Potash & Perlmutter."

Morris had grown slightly pale as he at last comprehended the advantage of Abe's position.

"I never looked at it that way," he murmured, "and it don't sound white to me neither."

"Why not?" Felix retorted. "If the property is perfectly good security Abe might as well invest the money where it will do his business the most good. Am I right or wrong, Morris?"

Morris nodded and applied himself to a dish of tongue *Polonaise* which ordinarily he would have consumed with relish, even though meat stewed with vinegar, sugar, raisins and onions might not appeal to the normal appetite. On this occasion, however, Morris found difficulty in finishing even a quarter of his lunch, and he wriggled uneasily in his seat while Felix topped off his chicken with a St. Honoré pastry and two cups of coffee. Thus it was past one before he was able to leave Geigermann, and he almost ran the entire distance from Hammersmith's to his place of business.

"Abe!" he exclaimed as he burst into the office. "I want to speak to you for a minute."

Abe was sitting in his revolving chair drumming his desk blotter with his fingers, and at his partner's violent entrance he elevated his shoulders and made so curious a gesture with one hand that Morris stopped short and for

"Since When Did I Need It a Gardeen, Mawruss?"

"There Ain't No Danger of That—an Old Woman Like Me!"

the first time became aware of strange sounds which emanated from the showroom.

"It's Mrs. Magnis," Abe whispered. "She's carrying on something terrible."

"What for?" Morris asked.

"She says that brother-in-law of hers is a crook, Mawruss," Abe explained; "and she wants me I should sure act as executioner there, otherwise that feller would ruin 'em all." Morris started and grew suddenly crimson. "But it's all right," Abe reassured him. "I told her my mind was made up and I wouldn't do it."

"You what?" Morris cried hoarsely.

"I says you wouldn't consider it at all," Abe continued.

"I says I wouldn't consider it at all!" Morris exclaimed. "What have *I* got to do with it, Abe?"

He walked hurriedly into the showroom, where sat the relict of Philip Magnis swathed in crape and pressing to her face a black-bordered handkerchief.

"Excuse me!" Morris began; whereat Mrs. Magnis withdrew the handkerchief and uncovered a face that was innocent of the slightest moisture. Indeed, though Morris failed to notice it, her plump features showed no trace of even moderately recent tears, and she greeted Morris with a smile that exposed an unusually good set of teeth.

"Excuse me!" Morris began again. "My name is Mister Perlmutter, and my partner says he ain't going to act as executioner on account I am objecting. Ain't it?"

Mrs. Magnis again pressed her handkerchief to her face.

"Oh, Mr. Perlmutter," she wailed, "how could you be so heartless?"

"What d'ye mean heartless, Mrs. Magnis!" Morris exclaimed as Abe entered the showroom. "I didn't tell him nothing of the kind. For my part he could act as executioner or not, just as he pleases."

He turned to Abe, who nodded his head.

"Sure, I know," Abe said with an almost imperceptible wink. "You shouldn't blame him, Mrs. Magnis. The law says one copartner shouldn't engage in any other business except the firm's business, understand me; and so I couldn't do any other business but the cloak-and-suit business."

"Is that so?" Morris cried. "And since when was an executioner a business?"

To Abe this question possessed a familiar ring, and he gazed carefully at Morris for any sign that might betray his partner's attitude to be merely histrionic and by way of conciliating Mrs. Magnis; but Morris returned the gaze with an angry glare.

"You got me wrong, Abe," he said. "Not only I don't object you should act as executioner, understand me, but I want you to do it."

"You want me to do it!" Abe exclaimed. "Why, you said only this morning that ——"

"Never mind what I said this morning, Abe," Morris replied. "What I say now is that this here lady is right."

Again Mrs. Magnis smiled on Morris; and though the years of his wedded life were approaching ten he became suddenly conscious that Mrs. Magnis' eyes were brown and slightly larger than Minnie's, a circumstance that for some inexplicable reason added to his indignation against Abe.

"I'm surprised at you the way you are acting, Abe!" he thundered.

"What d'ye mean the way I'm acting?" Abe retorted no less violently. "You are the one which is acting, Mawruss—not me! If you got something up your arm, Mawruss, which I don't know about, spit it right out. I ain't got no secrets from Mrs. Magnis. She's been bothering me now for the past month I should be one of the executioners along with Sam Magnis, and I'm getting about sick and tired of it."

"Why shouldn't I bother you?" Mrs. Magnis protested. "Sam Magnis and Feldman between 'em is rushing the thing right through, Mr. Potash, and they got a petition and a citation and all them things, now, *schon* two days after my poor husband died; and tomorrow morning already the will would be passed by the surrogate."

"I know it," Abe said as he drew a citation from his breast pocket. "This here thing says so; and I got till tomorrow morning to consider it whether I should act *oder* not."

"Consider nothing!" Morris broke in impatiently. "Make up your mind right now, Abe."

"What for?" Abe cried, and in the silence that followed a discreet knocking was heard at the door which separated the office from the showroom.

Morris opened the door and revealed the figure of a personage who had composed himself into what he considered to be the correct attitude for such a situation.

"Pardon my interrupting you," he said; "but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation, and I thought perhaps you preferred not to have me do so."

"We'll be with you in one minute, Mister—er ——"

"Pulver," said the stranger. "This is my card."

He handed Morris a card, and the gesture displayed to advantage that his cuffs were broadly striped with black and were fastened by prominent jet links. Moreover his shirtfront was hidden by a black cravat, Belasco fashion; and finally he wore two wide black bands—one on his sleeve and one on his silk hat—as a token he had plumbed deep mourning to its ultimate profundity.

While Mrs. Magnis glanced shyly at Mr. Pulver, Morris examined the card, which bore the following inscription:

J. CHARLES PULVER

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

Rm Ms 9500-7
LINCOLN BUILDING

NEW YORK CITY

"I met Mr. Geigermann almost immediately after you left him, Mr. Perlmutter," Pulver said. "He said he was speaking to you at lunch, and ——"

Morris stood with his back to Mrs. Magnis, and he contorted one side of his face in so sudden and violent a fashion that Pulver became immediately silent.

"Me and my partner would see you inside, Mr. Pulver," he said in accents staccato with hidden meaning.

"Never Mind What I Said This Morning, Abe. What I Say Now is That This Here Lady is Right"

"I'm going right away!" Mrs. Magnis cried, rising to her feet; and before she drew her veil over her face she bestowed one gleam of her brown eyes upon J. Charles Pulver and managed to impart to it a warmth sufficient to let him know that his wavy gray hair and ruddy complexion had not passed her by entirely unnoticed.

"And you'll surely let me know what you made up your mind to do, Mr. Potash," she said pleadingly.

"That'll be all right, Mrs. Magnis," Morris declared with a frown at Abe. "You should go home and rest easy about it."

He opened the showroom door and almost hustled Mrs. Magnis to the elevator shaft.

"You are so good to me, Mr. Perlmutter," she said; and Morris, whose tender mood had by this time forsaken him, merely grunted "Good afternoon!" in reply and hastened back to the showroom.

II

"YES, Mr. Potash," Pulver was saying as Morris reëntered the showroom, "this is an era of trading stamps. Even lawyers must have something to offer as a premium before they can sell legal advice, understand me; and that's how it came about that up to date I've lent those two boys four thousand dollars."

"What two boys?" Morris asked.

"Weldfisch & Lipp," Pulver replied; "and I guess I'll have to keep 'em afloat some time longer, Mr. Perlmutter, if we can't raise the permanent loan on that building of theirs."

"How much do they want?" Morris inquired.

"Thirty thousand dollars," Pulver said; "and I'm even content to let my four thousand stay on second mortgage—though Heaven knows I need the money. My poor wife's illness and everything have put me back tremendously; and I have lost so much time from the office that my practice has suffered as well."

"But what do you tell me all this for, Mr. Pulver?" Abe said. "How could I do anything for you?"

Pulver stared at Morris with uplifted eyebrows, and Morris shrugged angrily.

"Of course, Abe, you are the executioner and not me, y'understand," he declared. "But if a concern like Weldfisch & Lipp wants to raise a first mortgage on their store, understand me, which the least they would buy from us is two thousand dollars goods a season—ain't it?" He turned to Pulver, who nodded solemnly. "Then all I got to say is," he concluded, "you might just so well invest it that way, Abe, as in another first mortgage on property owned by a delicatessen storekeeper *oder* a meat market."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Abe.

"I didn't think you did," Morris retorted. "So do me the favor, Mr. Pulver, and explain him what I mean."

"It's perfectly simple," Pulver said; and therewith he began a quarter of an hour's dissertation on the duties of executors and trustees in the investment of the trust estate. Nor did his account of the benefits that accrue to the executor's firm differ from Felix Geigermann's; and when he concluded Abe nodded his comprehension if not his approval of so ingenious a scheme.

"And how about Sam Magnis?" he asked. "Sam is also an executioner, *aber* he ain't in the cloak-and-suit business, Mr. Pulver; so, therefore, *mit* Sam Magnis you would got to make some sort of arrangement—ain't it?"

"A crook like Sam Magnis could easy be fixed," Morris volunteered.

"You mean you'd *schenk* him a few hundred dollars, ain't it?" Abe asked Pulver.

"We could afford to do it," he replied, "because we ain't paying any broker's commission."

"So," Abe commented, "Sam Magnis is a crook because he could be fixed *mit* a few hundred dollars, and me and my partner ain't crooks because we could be fixed *mit* orders for a couple thousand dollars! Is that the idee?"

In a speech of over ten minutes' duration J. Charles Pulver assured him that was not the idea; and when he concluded Morris murmured his applause and glared triumphantly at Abe who seemed entirely unmoved.

"Sure, I know," he said. "You're an elegant speaker, Mr. Pulver, and if I would be a jury trying for being a crook a feller by the name Abe Potash, understand me, I would say he ain't guilty, y'understand; and might if I let him go this time he wouldn't do it again maybe."

Here he faced Morris and returned his glare with interest.

"But the feller which is got to got a lawyer to tell him something he is going to do would be right or wrong, Mawruss," he said, "you could bet your sweet life it's wrong, Mawruss—and that's all there is to it!"

"*Aber* what does them millionaires down on Wall Street got lawyers for, Abe, if it wouldn't be to tell 'em what they are going to do is right *oder* wrong?"

"Them lawyers gets paid for answering always the same question, Mawruss: 'Could they do me something?' That's what them *Roshoyim* down in Wall Street wants to know, Mawruss; and sometimes them lawyers answers right and sometimes they answers wrong."

"What risk would you run in making the permanent loan on Weldfisch & Lipp's building?" Pulver inquired.

"Risk I don't know nothing about at all," Abe commented; "*aber* I am doing business a whole lot farther uptown as Wall Street, Mr. Pulver, and I ain't got to pay no lawyer for advice which my conscience would give me free for nothing. Ain't it?"

Morris made an impatient gesture.

"For a business man, Abe, I am surprised to hear you you should talk that way!" he said. "If Weldfisch & Lipp is got a building which is easy worth from forty to fifty

thousand dollars, understand me, what is it got to do *mit* it consciences, supposing they would try to raise on first mortgage only thirty thousand dollars?"

Pulver nodded encouragingly and Abe began to recede from his high moral standpoint.

"*Aber* how do I know the building is worth from forty to fifty thousand dollars?" he protested.

"That's just the point!" Morris cried. "What you want to do is to go about this here proposition *mit* an appraiser, Abe—not a conscience!"

"And, furthermore," Pulver added, "before you even look into it you ought to qualify as executor and make yourself familiar with the provisions of the will."

"That's the idee exactly!" Morris agreed with him heartily. "You should ought to go down to see Feldman this afternoon yet, Abe."

"And ask him for a copy of the will," Pulver said. "As an executor you are entitled to it, Mr. Potash; and on my way downtown tomorrow morning I'll stop in here and explain it to you. It won't cost you anything. I'll be only too happy to do it."

"Tomorrow morning it comes up the will by the surrogate, Mr. Pulver," Abe said, "which I would got to be there at ten o'clock, understand me; so if it's just the same, y'understand, I would stop in and see you at your office and you could explain it me there—the will."

Nevertheless it was past eleven o'clock the following morning before Abe entered the probate room of the surrogate's office; for, as a result of Morris Perlmutter's conversation with Geigermann, Abe had been obliged to run the gauntlet of a showroom full of real-estate brokers, all of whom flourished applications for first-mortgage loans on the real property of garment retailers; and in each instance Felix Geigermann had reserved a half-share of the prospective commission.

Thus when Abe arrived at the probate clerk's desk he found awaiting him an impatient group consisting of Sam Magnis, Mrs. Magnis, Howard J. Magnis, and last, but by no means least in either importance or bulk, the dignified figure of Henry D. Feldman himself. In ordinary surrogate's transactions Feldman delegated his duties as attorney to one of his numerous office staff, but with an estate involving one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all of it in funds waiting to be invested by the executors, he had laid aside his many engagements to attend personally to the probate proceedings; and he was correspondingly incensed at Abe's tardiness.

"Really, Mr. Potash, this is too bad," he declared in the tones he usually reserved for the cross-examination of a rebuttal witness, and the entire business of the surrogate's office paused while clerks, messengers, proponents and opponents listened to the organ note of Henry D. Feldman's courtroom voice. "You have wasted half an hour of four people's time, which is equivalent to two hours of one person's time."

Abe began to perspire with embarrassment.

"It was the real estaters what kept me," he explained. "They bother the life out of me ever since they heard it I would be an executioner here."

Sam Magnis exchanged a significant glance with Howard J. Magnis, who, despite the sign "No Smoking," had been puffing nonchalantly at a cigarette. He had attained his twenty-first year only a few days before his father's death, a circumstance that counted very much against him with Henry D. Feldman, for it deprived that legal practitioner of the usual emoluments attending the appointment of a special and general guardian for an infant over the years of eighteen. But, even though his majority had been so recent, Howard was far removed from an infant over the age of eighteen in both manner and appearance, and he addressed Abe with all the assurance of an old friend.

"Real-estate brokers, eh?" he remarked dryly. "And what did they want of you, Mr. Potash?"

He winked gravely at Sam Magnis whose annoyance was heightened by this mark of familiarity on the part of his nephew.

"What d'ye suppose they wanted?" Abe retorted. "All of 'em is got applications for loans."

"Is that so?" Howard replied. "Well, with them things, Mr. Potash, the next time they bother you, y'understand, just refer 'em to me and Sam."

Sam Magnis winced at the omission of the title Uncle before his name, but he forced a smile nevertheless; and both the smile and the effort with which it was produced were not unnoticed by Abe.

"What have you got to do with it?" he demanded, and Howard waved his right hand gracefully.

"That's all right," he said. "I've got everything to do with it. Ask mommer—that's all."

At this juncture Henry D. Feldman summoned Abe to the probate clerk's desk, where with unusual haste, considering the opportunity for orotund solemnity thus afforded, he caused Abe to take the oath as executor and to subscribe his name to the necessary papers.

"Now I want you to come down and see me Monday morning sure," Feldman concluded as he glanced at his watch, "and I'll explain everything to you."

"*Aber* don't I get a copy of the will?" Abe asked.

"I'll give you one Monday," Feldman said, gathering up his papers.

"Not Monday," Abe insisted. "Now I want it, which I am entitled to it as an executioner—ain't it?"

Feldman hastily untied his papers and searched through them until he found a typewritten copy of the will, which he fairly flung at Abe.

"See you all Monday morning," he called to Sam Magnis and his nephew, who were exchanging confidential whispers on a bench against the wall, while Mrs. Magnis sat at a long table in the middle of the room, a spectacle of utter dejection.

"*Nu*, Mrs. Magnis," Abe expostulated with her. "You should cheer up already. I done as you asked me—ain't it?" Mrs. Magnis shrugged her shoulders beneath her heavy mourning. "Well, then, what's the matter now?" Abe asked.

She nodded her head in the direction of Sam and Howard Magnis.

"Look at them two over there!" she said, and her bosom heaved with a tremulous sigh.

Abe looked at the two conspirators who still conversed in earnest whispers, and then he walked over toward them.

"Well, Sam," he said, "you and me must got to talk this thing over; so would you make a date to eat lunch with me today maybe—*oder* would you want to come up to the store?"

Howard favored Abe with an impudent stare.

"The fact is," he announced, "me and Sam have a date uptown to meet a couple of parties for lunch."

Sam Magnis nodded a trifle sheepishly.

"I'll see you anyway on Monday morning, Abe," he said, and Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Sam," he said. "Suit yourself; *aber* I think I would take Mrs. Magnis out to lunch anyway." He turned to Mrs. Magnis who had risen and followed him to where Sam and Howard were seated. "Are you agreeable, Mrs. Magnis?" he asked; and a few minutes later they were walking down the street to Broadway.

"Tell me, Mrs. Magnis," he said at last, "what is all this *mit* Howard and Sam Magnis?"

"Don't ask me!" she exclaimed. "I told the boy I would make him a good allowance, but he's got it all fixed up with that crook, Sam Magnis, that them two would manage the estate between 'em."

"They would manage it between 'em!" Abe cried. "And how about me?"

"That's what I says," Mrs. Magnis whispered; "and they said they would soon make you sick of your job."

"They would, hey!" Abe cried, and a policeman standing in front of the savings bank eyed the couple curiously and took a fresh hold of his locust billy.

"That's what they said," Mrs. Magnis continued as they walked more slowly. "Why, right now, Mr. Potash, my Howard and that crook, Sam Magnis, is fixing to lend eighty thousand dollars a mortgage on a candy factory uptown."

"A candy factory!" Abe roared, standing still in the middle of the sidewalk. "Well, what d'ye think about that for a couple *Ganevim!*"

This was too much for the policeman and he took the sidewalk in one leap.

"Gwan now!" he growled. "Don't be blocking up the whole street—you's two."

Abe was too upset to argue the matter, and he clutched Mrs. Magnis' arm and hastened along.

"It's a friend from Sam Magnis," she continued, "and Howard is to get the broker's commission out of it."

"And is Feldman in it too?" Abe asked.

"*Gewiss* he is in it," Mrs. Magnis replied. "Ain't the feller which runs the candy factory a client from Feldman's?"

Abe nodded slowly as he pondered the situation.

"Well, in that case," he announced after they had reached the front of the Blingler Building, "you come in here *mit* me, Mrs. Magnis. I got a—now—friend, a lawyer here, and he wouldn't charge us nothing, understand me, Mrs. Magnis, supposing we took from him an advice."

A few minutes later they alighted from an express elevator at the twenty-fifth floor, and after two abortive excursions down the north and east corridors, they discerned Pulver's office tucked away at the end of the south corridor.

"Mrs. Magnis," Abe said as they entered Pulver's private office, "this is the gentleman I was talking to you about."

Mrs. Magnis had raised her veil, but at the sight of J. Charles Pulver's regular features and Belasco cravat she dropped it hurriedly, with a stifled shriek.

"Why ain't you told me?" she gasped.

"Why ain't I told you what?" Abe demanded.

"That this was the gentleman I seen it the other day," Mrs. Magnis replied.

J. Charles Pulver drew forward a chair.

"Delighted to see you again, Mrs. Magnis," he said. "Sit down, Mr. Potash."

Abe sank into a chair with a sigh of genuine relief, for he had been on his feet that entire morning, without so much as a stogy to revive him; and he immediately began to fumble in his waistcoat pocket, whereat Pulver drew a cigar box from the top drawer of his desk.

"May we smoke?" he asked Mrs. Magnis who had risen ostensibly to view the glimpse of the upper bay provided by Pulver's office window.

However, she was busily effacing with her powder puff the marks of recent tears.

"Certainly. Go right ahead," she replied; sitting down again.

"First thing," Abe said, blowing great clouds of comforting smoke, "you should be so good and look at the will."

He handed Pulver the typewritten document given him by Feldman, and for more than ten minutes Pulver read it with knitted brows.

"It's straight enough," he answered at last. "The will was evidently drawn by Feldman, and in effect it devises and bequeaths all Mr. Magnis' estate to you and Sam Magnis as executors in trust, to invest and reinvest, and to collect and receive the rents, issues and profits, and pay them over to Mrs. Magnis quarter-yearly for her life, in lieu of dower. On her death the whole estate is to pass to Howard J. Magnis, the son, if living—if not, to his heirs; and if there are no heirs it's to go to certain charities."

(Continued on Page 50)

"*Nu, Mrs. Magnis. You Should Cheer Up Already*"

THE WHISTLING MAN

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I'm a Traitor, But I Did It for You!"

XXIII

WHAT happened then was swift and it was vivid! Craig, once he had identified his captive, flung Hemingway from him. Then, still shaken with his first amazement, he strode toward the veranda where stood the voluminous figure of Madame, flanked on one side by Hilda Gawtry, on the other by Mary Adair.

"Now tell me," he demanded as he gripped Madame almost angrily by the arm, "where did you come from?"

It was no time, however, for explanations, not from her anyway. "*Oh, mon dieu! Mon dieu! Oh, mon petit!*" babbled Madame, and of a sudden she gave a loud exclamation. "*Le voild!* See!" and she pointed one stubby forefinger at Hemingway. "See, there he is—the little fat man of Paris, of Folkestone!" Then lacing her hands together upon what was her equator rather than her waistline, Madame leaned backward obsessed with a vast and growing amazement not unmixed with spleen. "Ah, so you are here, eh? Well, M'sieu!" she shrilled, her tone, in fact, piercing, "your friend, Mr. Freest—or *pardon*, should I say M'sieu Cunliffe—does he still find himself of good health, what?"

"Cunliffe!" cried Craig, and he stared from her to Hemingway.

For at Madame's remark he had recalled suddenly from the doings of the day before a graphic circumstance now all the more graphic. It was when Gawtry at the luncheon table had asked him if he knew the man, Hemingway's valet, and the butler had taken up the conversation. "Cunliffe—what?" cried Craig.

"*Mais, oui!*" laughed Madame, though her tone was anything but merry, "it was M'sieu Cunliffe and this droll fat man here, *mon petit*, that with their prank cost your father his life! Bah!" Madame exploded; and darting suddenly down the steps she rushed at Hemingway and waved a pudgy forefinger under his nose. "*Méchant! Canaille!* And you would try also to frighten me, *hein?* I snap my fingers at you! Bah! *Allez vite*—get out!" shrilled Madame, her face empurpled, and Hemingway recoiled.

Recovering himself, however, he turned contemptuously to Craig. "I say, call off this fat woman, will you?" he drawled, adding with a covert grin: "Friend of yours, ain't she?"

"A fat woman he calls me—what?" again exploded Madame, but Craig signed to her to pay no heed. "Hemingway, you'd better get out of here," he advised quietly, and Hemingway for a moment peered at him from under his thick, fleshy lids.

"Bossy already, aren't you?" he remarked, another grin upon his lips. "Pshaw!" he added then; "I dare say after tomorrow you won't feel so ready to run things! A fine hash you've made of it for every one, haven't you? Oh, well, you wait till tomorrow—wait, I say!"

There was something so significant, not to say sinister, in both Hemingway's air and speech, that Craig started, staring at him sharply. Then rage for a moment shook him and he strode toward the fat man, his face menacing. Even when he heard Mary Adair cry out he gave no heed, but at that instant Hilda Gawtry intervened.

She came swiftly down the steps. Under the light of the lamp overhead her face was white and passionate, tense with contempt, and thrusting Craig aside she fixed Hemingway with her burning glance.

"Hush! Be still!" she said. "Your rascality has cost us enough already! Do you want to ruin everything?"

Hemingway looked at her sheepishly, as if suddenly abashed. "Aw, come now, Hilda!" he laughed uncomfortably, and at that Craig saw her slender form grow rigid.

"Do you hear what I say?" she rasped at him. "Don't you say another word. They know all about you! Now, you come with me, do you hear?"

Hemingway gaped at her unaffectedly.

"Eh, what? Go with you?" he exclaimed, adding in astonished protest; "Oh, but go where now?"

"Home, of course," she flung at him contemptuously. "You don't suppose they'll let you stay here, do you? Come, my father wants to see you."

Beyond them where the driveway swung round the corner of the house, Hilda Gawtry's horse and light wagon stood waiting, a sleepy groom in charge. She waved Hemingway toward it; and then still quivering with a tense and thrilling emotion, she turned and threw back her head at Craig and Mary Adair.

"I'm going now! I've stood all of this I care to stand! Perhaps you imagine, you two, that you can do what you wish with us; that you've got my father ruined—begging for mercy? Let me warn you now, you may be mistaken! Wait till tomorrow, then you'll see what will happen! You'll be sorry you ever saw those people, Mr. Craig. What's more, they'll be sorry they ever even laid eyes on you. That's all now. You think you've got her and she thinks she's got you, but by tomorrow you'll think differently. Good night!" she said abruptly; and with her head erect, her shoulders squared, she stalked away, leaving Craig and Mary Adair staring silently after her.

And that something was in the wind, something uncommon, out of the ordinary, none in the least could have doubted. Craig racked his brains in the effort of wondering what her threat might convey.

But if he knew nothing of the warfare that men of Gawtry's stamp, the real rulers of the Street, wage upon one another, Mary Adair was well informed. At any rate she seemed to grasp at once the significance of the threat that both Hilda Gawtry and Hemingway had made and, beckoning Craig to follow her, she sped into the house.

Her haste was impressive.

"We must hurry," she said swiftly; "we have no time to waste! Leonard, you finish what you have to eat. And you, Madame," she said, turning to her, "where are your things—your traveling bag and your wraps? Did you bring them with you?"

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Madame, startled. "My bag? *Parbleu!* there was no *fiacre* at the *gare!* As it was necessary that I walk I left my luggage there! Eh, but why, Ma'm'selle?"

Mary Adair hardly waited for Madame to finish. "If they're at the station they'll have to stay there, I'm afraid!" she announced, and going hurriedly across the room she pushed a button set in the wall. "Leonard, you see that Madame, too, gets something to eat! I'll be down presently—the moment I can get on my hat and cloak." At this juncture the maid entered. "Delia," said Mary Adair, her tone still brisk and energetic, "please ring up the garage at once. Have Peters bring round the big car, and tell him not to waste a minute. You make haste too! And Delia, as soon as you've told Peters, pack a bag for Madame—everything for the night, you understand! That's all. Now hurry!" And as the maid hastened out of one door Mary started for the other.

Craig sped after her.

"Wait! Where are you going, Mary?" he asked, bewildered, and she knit her brows as if disturbed at even this momentary delay.

"Going?" she echoed. "Why, up to the city, of course, all of us! We have not a moment to waste, Leonard! Before Wall Street opens in the morning we must have left nothing undone to protect ourselves. From what Hilda Gawtry said, she and Hemingway, her father means to spare no effort to bring everything toppling down about our ears. He's desperate, Leonard, and unless we can fight him off ——"

She did not finish. Her smile however—that and the little gesture she made with her hands were expressive.

"But your father, Mary! How can you leave him?" protested Craig; and Mary Adair again smiled at him, her face appealing.

"Don't you understand, Leonard, it's for his sake I've got to go? He can't help himself now, so I've got to help him! There's no other choice. Come, we must hurry!"

Madame, in spite of all the emotional elements of her nature, was a seasoned campaigner, it appeared. At any rate when Craig turned from the door he found that she had seated herself and was already eating, not only hastily, but heartily and with precision, as if she fully intended to make every use of her opportunity. However, as Craig approached, Madame dropped her knife and fork and flung up both her hands. She was, in fact, just about to fly off in one of her highly emotional transports when Craig hastily checked her.

"Now, Madame, tell me," he demanded, "where in the world did you come from?"

With some difficulty Madame explained, her real inclination being not for speech so much as it was apparently to wave her arms wildly, to roll her eyes and bob her head with excitement. However, having restrained herself, Madame made clear her somewhat startling appearance. Crossing the Atlantic in pursuit of Craig she and Gawtry had, in fact, come by the same steamer, each unknown to the other, Gawtry in the first cabin, she in the second. And like Gawtry, too, Madame had reached New York just a few minutes too late to overtake Craig, when in desperation she had inserted the advertisement in the newspapers.

Craig turned to her, his hands outstretched, and though he smiled there was an air almost of reproach upon his face.

"Madame, Madame," he said quietly, "why didn't you tell me long ago who you were—that you were my old *nou-nou*, my nurse? Why didn't you tell me, too, all about my father, what had happened to him and why he and I had to wander round the world the way we did? Why, Madame?"

Madame for a moment reflectively rubbed her nose.

"*Parbleu*, M'sieu!" she returned, her air dubious; "it was that we did not dare, M'sieu, your father and I! We knew you would not rest tranquil—that you would make of it trouble! Again, not until the last night of his life did your father and I know finally who the man was that had made a ruin of his life."

"Freest, you mean?" demanded Craig.

"M'sieu, no!" said Madame. "It was this gentleman, M'sieu Gawtry! This is no longer of news to you, *mon petit*, but almost all if not everything that happened to him your father owed that man!"

Then Madame added a fact that Craig had already begun to suspect.

"Freest, you know, my little one, he was but paid by this M'sieu Gawtry to keep us all in terror."

XXIV

THE thirty-five miles that lay between Arcadie and New York Craig retraced not ponderously or plodding tortoisewise in the way he had come, but at a speed, instead, that fairly took his breath away. The journey he had consumed nearly fourteen hours in making one way was made in the other direction in something less than an hour.

It was just after midnight when the Adairs' car rolled up to the door. Craig hastened into the hall as he heard it, and at the head of the stairs stood Mary Adair, her slender form encased in a long driving coat, a smart little toque set upon her head. She was giving directions to two young women, Adair's trained nurses, Craig observed from their

crisp, spick-and-span caps and dresses; and as she saw Craig she came down swiftly. "Everyone ready?" she asked hurriedly, and, Madame having been helped aboard, Craig and Mary climbed in after her, the door was slammed and they were off. Then leaning back against the cushions in a corner, Mary Adair sat silent, her eyes fixed upon the road ahead, her face thoughtful, while the huge car, tuned up to its last turn of speed, roared on through the night. Swaying from side to side it aped hooting along the levels and launched itself like a missile against the hillsides, one by one swiftly dropping the miles behind it. And not once did it stop or even falter. One o'clock was just striking as the car topped the final rise, and they looked down upon the blinking luminaries of New York.

Madame, her mouth opened, paused between words.

"Eh, so soon?" she exclaimed as the lights burst upon her sight. "*Peste!* One does not waste time in America! One is not allowed to."

All the way from Arcadie southward until now Madame had been pouring out an unchecked torrent of talk. It was as if the pent-up silence of years had burst its bounds and, now that it had, was determined to drain itself to the last drop, the final detail of all she knew. At any rate, in what she told Madame seemed to omit nothing.

It was a queer tale, this story she told, an astonishing sidelight and commentary on that life of greed and gross self-indulgence that has its center in the rapacious money-getting of Wall Street. Four men, all at the outset clean-handed and clear of conscience, appeared as the principals in Madame's story; and of these four there was not one whose life ultimately had not been ruined. They were the two Adairs and Craig's father, then Gawtry. Madame's tale began where Mary Adair's had left off—with the death of Tevis Adair.

"*Ah, mon p'tit!*" said Madame, beginning; "that night, how shall I speak of it? There was this dead man upon the floor, and there was your father standing over him, wringing his hands in the horror! How do I know, you ask? It is that I saw him—that is how! And Freest too," added Madame, "he saw him also—Freest and I looking through the door at the same time—Freest, my husband! Oh, yes; I was married to the fellow, worse luck! A scoundrel he was, Ma'm'selle, M'sieu—a *saurien* veritably, as you know! Bah!" exclaimed Madame. "He was a bad lot always!"

It seemed likely. The man, like most of his sort, a certain class of menservants that infest the houses of the rich, had been ripe for any deviltry, a meanness of any kind. Thus in the horror of that night he had read a fruitful opportunity. Three days only had passed after the tragedy when Craig's father had received, like a bolt out of the blue, a warning. It was the threat, sent anonymously, that if he did not pay for silence, he would be charged publicly with his part in the death of Tevis Adair.

The result had been what one might conceive. Naturally nervous, a man of frail disposition and already overwhelmed by the loss of his wife only a few months before, Leonard's father had lacked every quality that might have enabled him to face such an attack as this. His imagination ran away with him. In the midst of it he rushed to Adair, with the tale of this new terror distorted and magnified. Adair, however, had only made matters worse. He had reviled and threatened Craig's father for a weakling; and he had sworn, too, that if once he got his hands upon the blackmailer he would make the fellow, whoever he was, pay for his daring with his life. There was no doubt that in his rage he meant it, and old Craig, as much in terror of what Adair would do as he was in fear of the blackmailer, had gone home and sat there, feasting on his horror. Then that same night The Whistling Man had come.

"You may laugh," said Madame, though neither Craig nor Mary Adair had any desire to do so—"You may laugh, I say, but *mille tonnerres!*" exclaimed Madame, "I heard the fellow, this Freest, when first he whistled, imitating the dead; and, M'sieu, Ma'm'selle, my heart dried up within me as a leaf dries up in a flame!"

It appeared also that old Craig, as well, had been smitten with an access of fright and horror even more compelling than hers. In his fear, too, he had gone then to Gawtry, telling everything; and Gawtry had counseled flight. And old Craig, though he was then a young man, had followed Gawtry's treacherous counsel, advice given merely to get Craig out of the way.

"M'sieu, and you, Ma'm'selle," said Madame, her voice droning, "the hour was midnight when we fled. I already had begun to suspect who had sent that letter, then had whistled so; but I dared not tell. I was afraid, for who could say what Freest would do? Even had I told, though, I do not believe it could have saved your father. It was then already too late."

For to serve his own purposes Gawtry, unknown to old Craig, had secretly communicated with the blackmailer. Learning by this means that Freest was the man he had forthwith employed him to begin his campaign of persecution. Terrified, old Craig had taken Gawtry's advice—he had fled. Then each time afterward when he had planned to return home Gawtry had paid Freest to hunt him out and reawaken in his mind the terror of what might happen if he ventured back to New York.

It was not hatred that inspired Gawtry. Instead it was obviously the fear that old Craig, at the first chance, would more than likely tell the truth of Tevis Adair's death and thus lay bare how and by whom the Island Trust had been looted—by Gawtry, in other words.

But to return to Madame.

Leaning back among the cushions, bit by bit she poured out what happened when she and old Craig together had decamped from New York. She too had been in terror lest it should be learned how Tevis Adair had died.

"It was as I say, M'sieu, Ma'm'selle," continued Madame, "midnight when we fled! I wept, I believe, for, being so young, I was sure that the judge of accusation would have me, and that I would be sent to the hangman with your father, M'sieu—with yours also, Ma'm'selle," added Madame, turning politely to Mary Adair. "Truthfully I did not breathe freely once again until I had set foot in that dear France! *Alors* at Liverpool we parted, you, your father and I, he to lose himself in London; I to seclude myself, not in my native Berne, but instead at Étaples—M'sieu, it was your dear father that named to me the place."

In addition, he had also given Madame money—twelve thousand dollars in all. Under his instruction she was to buy herself a home, an inn or a *pension* preferably, where in time the two Craigs, father and son, were to join her. "It was to be your home too," said Madame.

Craig nodded. He had now the explanation of the money that Madame had given to his father. Madame had repaid the loan.

"M'sieu, it was fourteen years before ever I saw you again! All that time, as you know, your father was flying from Freest. Then one day a friend of mine, an *émigré* returning from the States, told me of my husband. Freest was dead, M'sieu; he had died in New York of drink. *Bien!* We were all free! I was free; your father was free; you were free! *Alors* I took pen and paper and to your father I at once wrote: 'God has been good to us,' I wrote, 'for he that you will remember has died. Come to me, I pray you, with the little boy that was mine. I would see both you and him.' M'sieu, you came; I saw you! I am an old woman, and God has not given it to me that I should have a son of my own. Thus that night you arrived and, but for the word I had given your father, it was very near my heart to reveal to you who I was—your old nurse. But, M'sieu, we dared not! Even yet we feared a trick. We feared even that Freest would return, that he might rise from the grave and haunt us, and besides your father and I had begun to know that Freest was not alone pursuing us."

"You've Got Me," He Wheezed. "A Girl and a Half-Grown Boy"

Briefly, they'd had, too, good reason to fear a trick. After the incident at Lowestoft, the time when Adair had unjustly suspected old Craig of attempting to blackmail him, the two had not written each other, so that Gawtry was still Craig's only confidant. Consequently, when Craig had written finally that no matter what the result he meant to return home, Gawtry had warned him with the cablegram that had been found among the dead man's possessions:

Adair Paris sails August 16 Str. Amsterdam better not.

Nor was that all!

"Ma'm'selle, M'sieu," said Madame; "but seven days passed. Then upon the seventh day again came The Whistling Man—he that we had been told was dead!"

There was in Madame's voice when she said this a little catch, a swift inhalation, almost like a sob; then, twining her fingers together, she raised her two fat shoulders together in a mammoth shudder. It was as if even yet she was obsessed with the shocking terror of that moment; and Craig, looking at her, recalled Madame's pasty whiteness that night as she had stood waiting behind the counter in her parlor bar.

"He whistled first just at five o'clock; and I knew instantly what it was. *Parbleu!*" exclaimed Madame, and she wet her lips; "it was as if the dead had risen and, unwrapping itself from the winding-sheet, had come to lay a cold hand there upon one's heart!

"I myself could have died," she said with a vast simplicity. "I was desolated with my terror. Your father, M'sieu, he had gone out; you too. And I asked myself, What if Freest finds him—what then? For already in my fright I had convinced myself that The Whistling Man was Freest, that he had, indeed, risen from the dead! Ma'm'selle, M'sieu, I assure you that like a crazy woman I ran about the marketplace, searching every street, every alley, for both Freest and that good man, my patron, M'sieu Craig. The hour marked six then.

"All I could do was but to wait. I hurried home, and I nearly died of it, Ma'm'selle, M'sieu, waiting there, not knowing what was to happen." Here Madame paused momentarily, harshly clearing her throat. "Grace of God!" she croaked then, her voice breaking at the memory; "six o'clock fell, you entered, M'sieu, then hard upon that I heard The Whistling Man again!"

Madame drew a weary breath, a little sigh.

"My friends, I was beside myself as I had reason to be. Your father was old, he had already suffered much, and I feared the consequences should The Whistling Man get to him. The shock might kill him. You, M'sieu, you will remember how I begged you to find your father; but as it proved, even then it was too late! I repeat, M'sieu—too late! Outside in the square the man that whistled caught your father before he could escape him. *Oui, mon p'tit,* it was as I feared—even then he had him." And leaning back, her ample form shaking mountainously as the limousine rolled from side to side, Madame gazed impressively at Craig. "Attend," she said; "it was astounding!

"I Gave Prayer of Thanks—That the Boy Dieu Had Spared Me!"

It was to take one's breath away! This time The Whistling Man had changed his talk—his tune, one might say! Ma'm'selle," cried Madame, abruptly turning to Mary; "it was your father The Whistling Man now pursued!"

And so it had been! Assuming evidently it was Mary's father, not her uncle, who had robbed the Island Trust, the blackmailer had demanded of Craig a written statement of the crime, warning him that if he did not give it within twenty-four hours he would at once be charged with the murder of Tevis Adair! "Hah!" snorted Madame; "very brave of him, was it not, threatening in this way a white-haired, feeble gentleman—very brave, eh? But wait; soon you shall hear of him not so brave!"

It appeared, then, that after The Whistling Man had let him go, old Craig had fled straight home to Madame, his old servant, his only friend. And that night, both terrified, they had put their heads together. Madame, in terror of the fellow, still believing him to be Freest, had advised Leonard's father to lie hidden. The old man, however, swayed fiercely by this fresh revival of his terrors, had vacillated between a choice of flight and stubborn resistance. He did not know what to do. However, in all the confusion of his mind there was one thing upon which he was determined and that was to reveal to Adair what the night's doings had in a strong way made clear to him—that it was not Adair, but Gawtry, who had for so many years been his persecutor. Added to this was the growing certainty, too, that Gawtry had shared with Tevis Adair the guilt of looting the Island Trust!

But old Craig had not succeeded in his design of letting Adair know the truth. The morning after, his terror of The Whistling Man had revived. Evading Madame, who had resolved to defy the blackmailer, old Craig had gone to the dunes to meet the fellow. There, as Madame had feared, the strain had proved too much. Death smote him as he again turned to flee.

"*Sacré bleu!*" cried Madame voluminously; "Ma'm'selle, M'sieu, I would have you believe me, at the very first news from the dunes—the death of him that hour—I erased myself! I skipped, you call it—I fled! Said I to myself: 'What if this fine fellow, Freest, this husband of mine, comes for me too?' *Oh, là là!*" cried Madame, and she loudly clucked her tongue; "I did not even wait! I snatched my hat, my cloak, my bag! I departed for the *gare*, M'sieu, Ma'm'selle; and it may be said I not only ran, I galloped. 'Eh, if Freest catches me,' said I, 'why, then what?' I assure you at that I ran some more! But yes, my little ones! And believe me, once the train had departed from the *gare*, I fell upon my knees in the compartment, I, a large woman in a black bonnet, and gave prayer of thanks—that the *bon dieu* had spared me!

"*Alors*," added Madame wearily, turning again to Mary Adair, "so it was I came to see your papa in Paris!"

"My father!"

Mary Adair leaned forward suddenly, making a little movement of astonishment.

"In Paris, you say?" she echoed, adding then: "But you did not see him there. You have never seen him."

"*Peste!* But that is so!" assented Madame with hearty vehemence. "It was to warn him I ventured there, also to beg of him that he would occupy himself for my boy, my young m'sieu here!" Making a little face Madame added then: "Ma'm'selle, I did not see your father, as you say. It was instead that I was received by that other, the droll little fat one, you comprehend?"

"Hemingway?" exclaimed Mary Adair; and Craig echoed her in like amazement. "That fellow—him?"

"If that be his name, but yes!" said Madame blandly. "M'sieu Hemingway veritably!"

Light like the break of day dawned there in Craig's comprehension, and at last he began to see clearly to the mystery's end. To Hemingway indeed he owed much.

"Ah, the little fat one—so clever, so sly!" chirped Madame, and she turned to Mary Adair. "It was at your father's door he met me, Ma'm'selle, your hotel at Paris. And yes, friends, I was as string, the way this M'sieu Hemingway he wrapped me about his little finger!"

It was as she said. Having first pumped Madame dry Hemingway had then informed her that Adair would have nothing to do with either her or Craig. Not only that, but Hemingway had also gravely informed Madame it would be well for her health to steer clear of Adair. "But, yes!" cried Madame, "and being told to march, to get out, what else could I do? I was a lady, was I not? Naturally I went away from there!"

Having gone from there, however, Madame had been neither so much a lady nor yet so gullible as not to smell a rat. Therefore, instead of departing altogether, she had hovered in the neighborhood long enough to fall upon the trail of one startling discovery. It was the fact of Hemingway's connection with The Whistling Man!

For Hemingway, having as he thought rid himself of Madame, had emerged almost instantly from the hotel, bag in hand, and in evident haste had flung himself into a cab. And Madame had pursued. "In brief," said she, "I had already begun to suspect the fat m'sieu would go exactly where he went. He took train at the Gare du Nord. I followed. The day after, I at his heels but always out of sight, we crossed the Channel to Folkestone. There M'sieu Hemingway and Cunliffe, he that whistled, met."

"*Cunliffe!*"

At the name Craig had cried out sharply, his amazement overwhelming. "Look here," he demanded; "do you mean to say that Cunliffe was The Whistling Man?—that fellow, Hemingway's valet!"

Madame nodded.

"Patience," said she. "Presently I will come to that."

Then she resumed her story.

The instant she had seen Cunliffe she had realized her mistake in taking him for her husband—Freest whom she had not seen for twenty years. Freest was, in fact, dead. However, once she had clapped eyes on Cunliffe she had decided what to do. Hemingway, it proved, had come to Cunliffe only to warn him to hold his tongue; and, waiting only till the fat youth had returned to Paris, Madame had descended like an avalanche upon the dumfounded valet. Then in mortal terror, in guilty fright at the part he'd played in old Craig's death, Cunliffe had told everything.

It was very simple, an explanation of everything, once it became known. The long and short of it was that Hemingway was a common blackmailer; that for years he had been bleeding every one who fell into his hands.

Gawtry, his own uncle, was among them. Hemingway having discovered his uncle's rascality—both his theft from the Trust Company and his persecution of old Craig—had been squeezing him for months, if not years. Moreover, having jumped to the conclusion that Adair, too, was guilty, Hemingway had set out to get him into his power as well, presumably so that he could force Mary Adair to marry him.

His method had been simple. Remembering Lowestoft and the effect Freest's whistling had had on Adair he had sent Cunliffe to Étaples to threaten old Craig in the guise of The Whistling Man. And what resulted has been told.

Craig, at this point, looked up suddenly.

"Wait!" he interrupted. "Do you mean to say Hemingway told all this to a servant?—told Cunliffe of Gawtry's theft?—his own uncle? Why, it's incredible!"

Madame blandly smiled.

"No, M'sieu; it was not Hemingway that told Cunliffe. Instead, it was Cunliffe that told M'sieu Hemingway!"

Then in explanation Madame gave something else she had learned from the rascally manservant—another new and surprising detail of Hemingway's curious activities.

For, as it appeared, Hemingway's Wall Street enterprises had not been his only means of livelihood. Like many other penniless hangers-on in society, Hemingway for years had made a substantial income by peddling to a certain class of publications—Gaines' among them—first news of scandals in high life. It was by this means, in fact, that he had first come to the attention of Gaines and Pelton. Cunliffe revealed to Madame where the man got the news he peddled. Hemingway for years had been buying it from servants—tittle-tattle overheard at doors and through keyholes, the scandalous gossip of belowstairs.

Craig turned quite white. "Gad! I see it all now!" he exclaimed. "It must have been Mrs. Belden's maid that told Hemingway I'd been there!"

There seemed no reason to doubt it. Craig recalled, too, what he'd seen the day Mrs. Belden boarded the Amsterdam—the moment, that is, when her woman had flashed a look at Hemingway.

Nor was that all. Hemingway not only had told the newspapers of Craig's call on Mrs. Belden but, having learned from the servants all else that had happened at Gawtry's, he had told that as well.

Then and there another flash of light burst upon Craig's comprehension.

"I have it now!" he cried, his voice tense with wonder. "The fellow who whistled last night—the man in evening clothes! It was that rascal Barr, of course—Gawtry's valet! Hemingway must have paid Barr, too, to do that!"

It was little wonder that Gawtry had wrung his hands when he heard The Whistling Man. He must have been beside himself with terror and fright at what his accomplished nephew had let him in for.

"Oh, well," sighed Craig, "tell the rest, Madame!"

It appeared, however, that there was little more to tell. Having learned all from Cunliffe, Madame had instantly wired Étaples, only to find that Craig had already sailed for America. Then, before she set sail in pursuit, she had sent him that message, putting him on his guard.

"Yes, but why didn't you sign it, Madame?" Craig inquired grumpily. "I wish you knew how much sleep you have cost me!"

Madame, it appeared, had been afraid to sign the message. Wise enough to realize Leonard did not trust her, she had feared if she signed it that he would think it was a trick.

"*Hush! Be Still! Do You Want to Ruin Everything?*"

"M'sieu, I was desolate!" said Madame, and she sniffed. "I feared for you, alone and far from your friends—*moi*, that is, I mean!"

Craig gave her hand a reassuring pat.

"Don't worry, Madame," he smiled; "it's all over now and everything is all right!"

Madame, however, still seemed unconvinced.

"*Peste!* I am not so sure!" she said. "The fat droll one, he and that young girl, did they not threaten something for tomorrow? *Mon dieu*, my little one!"—Craig was six feet tall, it may be remarked—"until then it will not be for us to boast."

Mary Adair seemed to agree with her. Still silent and absorbed she sat back against the cushions; and in the light of the street lamps Craig saw her press her lips together, her mouth quivering sensitively.

They were well down into the city now; and turning off the avenue into a side street the limousine came to a halt

(Continued on Page 39)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1913

How to Know a Panic

FOR the National Monetary Commission Professor Sprague, of Harvard, wrote a History of Crises Under the National Banking System, in which the approach and development of four panics are lucidly described. It is all comparatively simple—after the event! If you are sitting in a theater and the audience abruptly rises as one man and begins trampling you into the floor, you know there is a panic. Likewise, if stocks abruptly break twenty points, the banks suspend cash payments and the sheriff steps in to take possession of your plant, you need have no doubt that there is a panic. But in each case you had no satisfactory means of foretelling the event five minutes beforehand.

In 1908 more than nine and a half per cent of the resources of national banks were in cash. The figure has gradually shrunk to only eight per cent in this spring's report. Is that a danger sign? In 1897, with panic a million miles off, it was less than six and a half per cent; in 1904 it was but little over seven per cent. Speculation? The panic of 1907 was preceded by a long period of liquidation and decline in stocks. So you can go over the ground; and every single condition that attends a panic you will find in some period when no panic happened.

The condition of the banks is a most important point, but it is only once in a long while that we know in this country what the condition of the banks is—and then the information is several months old. Five times a year the national banks report, and a return is published a month or so after the reports are made; but the national institutions do only a third of the country's total banking.

Once a year the comptroller publishes a consolidated return of all banks; but the figures are six months old when made public. We have no such compendious indication of the banking situation as the weekly reports of the Bank of England or the Bank of France afford. With the coördination of the banking system that we hope the Democratic currency bill will achieve, this need may be supplied.

More Inspectors Needed

DURING March and April four to five thousand immigrants passed through our ports every day. Landing from the barges at Ellis Island, they form in long queues and file past the medical inspectors, who measure them by a swift glance, turn up their eyelids and push them along. Here are father, mother, two small restless children and a babe in arms. One child drifts past uninspected. Upstairs the fluttered foreign folks march by other inspectors, who ask how much money they have and where they are going.

This hasty inspection at the island, the record on the ship's manifest and the report of the ship's surgeon are what we rely upon to keep out diseased or otherwise ineligible aliens; but the ship, being a foreign boat, is interested in getting immigrants here—not in keeping them out. The Commissioner of Immigration has repeatedly pointed out that his inspecting force was insufficient. The head tax at Ellis Island brings in three million dollars a year, but part of the money is spent elsewhere.

Immigration in this fiscal year will evidently come well up to the high-water mark of 1907 and exceed that in all other years. A bill for a much more drastic immigration law is before this special session of Congress. We suggest the experiment of adequately enforcing the law we already have by increasing the force of medical inspectors at Ellis Island.

The first thing we want to know about immigrants is that they are healthy. To suppose that point can be determined by a momentary inspection is absurd. Nor can the surgeons of foreign vessels that make a living by fetching immigrants here, and are virtually fined for every one that is not admitted, be relied upon.

Mythical Tariff Blessings

MOST of the laborers engaged in steelmaking work twelve hours a day. A committee appointed by the stockholders of the Steel Corporation, headed by Stuyvesant Fish, pointed out the exhausting effects of twelve hours' daily labor in a steel mill, but at the recent annual meeting a resolution looking to the elimination of the twelve-hour day was tabled.

The average earnings of laborers engaged in producing iron and steel are twenty-two and a third cents an hour, or about sixteen dollars a week when fully employed for twelve hours a day. At the same rate for an eight-hour day the men would earn only ten dollars and seventy-two cents a week—and they could not live on that. On the other hand, the Steel Corporation says it cannot pay the same daily wage for eight hours of work, or even for ten, as it now pays for twelve.

Volume three of the Government's investigation of the steel industry was recently published. It shows that in the production of pig iron labor constitutes only six and four-tenths per cent of the total cost; for the principal products of the steel mills it constitutes only seventeen and one-tenth per cent of the total cost. Consequently if labor were paid the same amount for an eight-hour day that it now receives for a twelve-hour day the total cost of producing pig iron would be increased only two and six-tenths per cent, and the total cost of producing the principal steel products would be increased only six per cent.

Moreover, in English blast furnaces, under absolute free trade, the eight-hour day has been generally introduced; and employers find that it increases the efficiency of labor sufficiently to overcome the increased labor cost.

What benefit do our iron and steel workers actually get from a protective tariff?

Crime and Punishment

LEGAL punishments are still mainly a form of revenge. If an enterprising footpad held you up you would naturally be angry and want to hurt the footpad. If he holds up some one else you sympathetically put yourself in that person's place and want to hurt him just the same. Formerly society frankly acknowledged this—and went to see criminals hanged, in order both to gratify its curiosity and to sate its vengeance.

Nowadays, with a tenderer conscience, we pretend that we punish only in order to deter other persons from committing the same crime or to reform the criminal. But Westermarck has pointed out that if prevention of crime were the real object of punishment we should, for example, punish matricide very lightly—if at all—because filial affection is so strong and well-nigh universal a sentiment that almost nobody does kill his mother; and society need take very little—if any—pains to prevent so rare and extraordinary a crime.

On the other hand, crimes to which there is a great and constant temptation, such as swindling, should be punished with the utmost severity. On the preventive theory a mother who poisoned her child should be let off with a reprimand, while a man who set fire to his store in order to collect the insurance should be sent up for life. But the poisoning mother provokes emotions of horror and resentment that demand satisfaction. We take revenge upon her—and at the same time pretend to regard vengeance as immoral.

The whole criminal code presents a fine contrast between the practice of vengeance and the modern theory that punishments should be preventive or reformatory only. This contrast ought to be a point of departure for the new science of criminology.

Gun-Point Collections

IF YOU lend money to a gentleman in Arizona and he refuses to pay, you do not expect Uncle Sam to dispatch a company of infantry thither for the purpose of prodding the gentleman into the paths of commercial rectitude at the point of the bayonet; but if anybody in Honduras owes you money and will not pay, you do expect the Government to send a gunboat there and shoot up the coast until the cash is forthcoming. A powerful nation that permits its citizens' debts in a weak nation to go uncollected is held to act in a disgraceful and dishonorable manner, which is one of the most mystifying points in the code of national honor.

Once upon a time Guatemala issued some bonds that were sold to British investors, who unquestionably bought them as a speculation, with full knowledge of the general instability of political affairs in that country. Interest having fallen into arrears, England sent a warship to Puerto Barrios the other day with a polite notice to pay up or digest a few twelve-inch shells. With those guns at its head, Guatemala hastily signed over a portion of its customs receipts and British national honor was duly vindicated.

The Confederate States issued some bonds that were sold to British investors. Neither interest nor principal was paid, but England was under no honorable compulsion to send warships to Charleston and Mobile, because there was a chance she might have been whipped if she had; and the first clause in the code of national honor provides that, though strong nations must always bully weak ones, no nation is in honor bound to bully another that is of its own size. It follows from this clause that, though a nation is bound to send warships to protect its citizens' speculations in small countries, the citizens must speculate in large countries at their own risk.

The Joys of Gossip

WISCONSIN has done many notable things in the legislative way, but it will not succeed in suppressing malicious gossip by law. Even if it were possible it would be a pity to do it. Malicious gossip is the chief mental resource of a great many people whose intellectual balance sheet consists mainly of liabilities. Taking gossip away from them would be like taking away the crutch of a one-legged man who has forty miles to go uphill. It lightens the gloom and relieves the bile of the envious and inefficient. The man or woman who edges into the twilight with a gnawing sense that he or she is of no particular account, and that everybody knows it, can still catch a little burst of sunshine by repeating a neighbor's foibles.

Due Process of Law

"NOR [shall any person] be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," says the Fifth Amendment. If you turn to an annotated copy of the Constitution you will see that few clauses have been the basis of so much litigation as this one. It is practically impossible to touch a corporation without having to prove that you are doing it by due process of law.

Now the Sixth Amendment says: "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed."

A troublesome coal strike existed in West Virginia for several months. The governor called out the militia and the militia set up some drumhead military courts, before which a number of strikers were tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for extended terms—at a time when the regular civil courts were open for business as usual and there was no intimation that they were unable to enforce the laws. The highest court of West Virginia has declared that this was due process of law.

Under the Supreme Court the Senate is the great guardian of the Constitution. We have seen it engaged in impassioned constitutional debate for days together when a bill to regulate railroads was before it.

There is comfort in knowing that the Senate can also be exercised about the Constitution when the rights of private citizens are involved. Senator Kern introduced and Senator Borah eloquently seconded a resolution to investigate these proceedings in West Virginia.

This Happened in Georgia

THE Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology reports this case: A Georgia boy ten years of age stole a bottle of pop, of the commercial value of five cents. Being apprehended and arraigned, he confessed himself guilty of this shocking offense, and was thereupon sentenced to the state reformatory for eleven years. After the criminal had served two or three years his father instituted habeas-corpus proceedings to procure his release. The case was carried to the Supreme Court and that tribunal recently decided that conviction and sentence were legally quite flawless. Georgia, it appears, has a law providing that a minor under sixteen who is convicted of a five-cent theft may be sent to the chain-gang or to the reformatory; but if he is sent to the reformatory he must remain there until he is twenty-one. The court has no discretion to impose a lighter sentence.

Of course Georgia never really intended to have such a law. If the state, upon due reflection and in cold blood, were so brutal and stupid as to send a ten-year-old boy to the chain-gang for stealing a nickel bottle of pop it would never have established a reformatory at all. It would have ordered that the infant be hanged forthwith, and so have saved itself all further bother and expense on his account. Undoubtedly the legislature passed the act in one of those troubled, sleep-walking dreams to which all legislatures are more or less subject. Representing the people of Georgia as savages is no further, however, than other legislatures have gone in misrepresenting their states.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He Runs True to Type Except as to Teeth

Roosevelt II

APPARENTLY it is quite impossible to keep Administration house without a Roosevelt, and this new Administration of ours prudently laid one in. Mr. Taft did not have a Roosevelt to his name—and look what happened to him!

Oh, yes, it is quite certain we must have an executive Roosevelt somewhere round the place. And isn't it a tribute to the versatility—to say nothing of the forehandedness—of that great family to find, no matter what the emergency may be, there is a Roosevelt for the job? No sooner comes along a Democratic Administration than gallantly steps forward a Democratic Roosevelt and offers himself generously for the duties entailed! A versatile family, as I have remarked.

Likely as not there is a Woman-Suffrage Roosevelt, a Socialist Roosevelt and a Prohibition Roosevelt concealed in the high grass awaiting the call and the opportunity. This present Roosevelt, who is keeping the record straight and preserving the precedent for Mr. Wilson, is by name Franklin D.; and at the present time he occupies the post once held by the illustrious Theodore—that is to say, he is assistant secretary of the navy. Theodore, as may be recalled, was assistant secretary of the navy just previously, prior to and before the war with Spain. That isn't so long ago, but there are many legends connected with Theodore's occupancy of the post. Indeed, as assistant secretary of the navy T. Roosevelt is the hero of many thrilling tales now embodied in the folklore of the nation.

If Hawaii Joins Switzerland

THERE is this much about it though: He—Theodore—certainly set a mark as assistant secretary of the navy for all future assistants on the same job to shoot at; and it will be a long time before one of them hits it, so far as that goes. Still, we have hopes. Here, for example, is Franklin D. Roosevelt—he'll shed that middle D. before long—no Roosevelt should have more than one given name; albeit many standpat Republicans call Theodore an extra name beginning with D. However, here, as has been observed, is Franklin Roosevelt in the same chair from which that other Roosevelt emerged to become soldier, statesman, and whatever else your political beliefs compel you to dub him—ranging from best to among the worst. And think this over: Suppose we should have a war with Japan!

Hadn't considered that, had you? Slipped your memory entirely! Well, here it is, staring you in the face: Suppose we have war with Japan! Or suppose California secedes; or Hawaii joins Switzerland because the Democrats are going to put sugar on the free list; or suppose any old warscare you like—if you can't think up a warscare the general staffs of the army and navy will supply one for you; they keep a stock of them on hand to use when they want increased appropriations—but, suppose we have a war!

There is nothing into it, as Marmaduke McLeister used to say—pos-i-tively nothing into it! It will then be a case, as one Pusey Grey declaimed rushing down the center aisle in the hall at Indianapolis, where they were nominating Palmer and Buckner, mainly to give the Democrats an excuse to vote against Mr. Bryan—a case where the hour and the man "has came"; for there is a Roosevelt as assistant secretary of the navy, and the country will be safe—snug as a bug in a rug; albeit not all the bugs in Washington are in rugs, by a good many—a great many, in fact.

Should there be a war Franklin Roosevelt will simply resign as assistant secretary of the navy, simply organize a regiment, simply take command, and simply knock the spots off the invading foe. After that the world will be his. It is foreordained, prearranged—provided some one will kindly supply the war. Hey, boy, bring on a war! Fetch a war, I tell you, and be quick about it! Will that boy never come with that war?

So far as can be learned, this particular Roosevelt—he is a cousin or something—maybe a nephew; anyhow he is kin of T. R.—this particular Roosevelt early consecrated himself to public service. He had himself elected to the legislature in the state of New York, where he lives upcountry and not far from the metropolis. He was and is a Democrat. It so fell out that the particular legislature to which Mr. Roosevelt had himself elected had in hand the task of selecting a successor to Chauncey M. Depew for United States senator to represent the Empire State with E. Root, in that distinguished and greatest deliberative—three cheers!—forum in the world! The Democrats were in the ascendancy and it had been decreed that William F. Sheehan was to replace Mr. Depew. The decree that was decreed was a fine, definite decree; but it wasn't inclusive. Though the decreer, by name Charles F. Murphy of Tammany Hall, so called, had earnestly striven to include all Democrats within the boundaries of his decree, he failed.

A little gathering of legislators, led by this same Franklin Roosevelt, refused to be decreed at by Mr. Murphy. As you might say, they decried his decree.

Grizzled Material for Demonstration

STEPPING four paces to the front they announced in clarion tones that Charles F. Murphy might decree until he was purple as far down as his third chin for all they cared—and not a whit whitted they. In parliamentary language they didn't give a hoot how much he decreed or whom he decreed about. They told him—Mr. Murphy—he couldn't press down William F. Sheehan on their independent brows; and the chief teller was this same Roosevelt. The consequence was that the person who is now sharing the honor of upholding the dignity of the Empire State in the Senate is by name O'Gorman—not Sheehan; and thus was the Democratic branch of the Roosevelt family exalted into fame.

He is a young man, this Democratic Roosevelt, and he seems to have a modicum at least of the family nerve and verve. He is taller north and south than his kinsman and not so tall east and west. He wears the family eyeglasses; but dentally he is quite inferior—that is to say, though he may have as many teeth as Theodore, he refrains from odontologic publicity. A clean-cut, good-looking, alert young fellow, his associates speak well of him; and his friends say he has ability and only needs a chance to demonstrate. He can demonstrate until further orders right where he is; for any young man who is assistant secretary of the navy has tons of demonstrating material close to his hand in the persons of those grizzled old seadogs who have grown grizzled while enduring the dangers of running the navy from their swivel chairs, and have fought nobly for years and years at every tea, reception, dinner and dance in the fashionable section of the Capital. If he can get a few of these grizzled old seadogs out on salt water he will be a Roosevelt indeed! That was more than his relative could do, notwithstanding his prowess.

And, with all due respect, there will undoubtedly come times in his fair young life when he will wish that his name was William Quintus Jones—with which thought we, speaking inclusively, wave at him an aggregated and friendly hand, and wish him a collective well!

Accidents Will Happen

REPRESENTATIVE PADGETT, of Tennessee, was the ranking Democrat on the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives when the Republicans were in the majority, and succeeded Representative Foss, of Illinois, a Republican, as chairman of the committee when the Democrats got control of the House.

Foss and Padgett were guests of honor at a dinner of the Naval Militia in Washington. Foss spoke first and joshed Padgett. Foss said he hated to give up the very comfortable naval committee room, but so long as by a political accident the Democrats had a majority, there was no member of the committee he would rather give it to than to Padgett.

Of course, he continued, the Democratic victory was purely an accident, and Padgett was an accidental chairman for that reason; but as accidents go Padgett was a good one, and so on, and so forth.

Padgett came next. He said: "The remarks of my esteemed colleague, Mr. Foss, bring to my mind a story I heard about a lynching down South. A mob took a negro from a jail and proceeded with him to the public square, where it was proposed to hang him. Naturally the townspeople turned out to see the show, and among them a lot of local negroes.

"Before the lynching several of the leading citizens of the town made speeches, commenting on the horrible crime of the negro and the punishment that was to be meted out to him. Then they called on an old and much respected negro resident to say a few words. This old man got up on a box, and addressing himself to the people of his race, said: 'I want all you colored people to take good heed and learn the lesson of the accident that is about to happen here.'"

A Close Buyer

A NEW YORK theatrical man was appointed receiver for a small opera house in an upstate town in New York. He was anxious to sell it and so was willing to take the first offer made.

He advertised the place; and after waiting a week he was delighted when an inquiry came in.

"Say, mister," the prospect asked, "how much do you want for the theater?"

"My friend," the receiver replied, "I am extremely anxious to make a sale, and I'll let you have it for your own price."

"Please, mister," said the inquirer, "can't you do a little better than that?"

The More the Merrier

UNCLE JOE CANNON met a friend to whom he had prophesied Republican defeat some time before the election. The friend reminded him of the prophecy.

"Well," said the former speaker, "it wasn't hard to figure out. It reminded me of an old Whig who was elected because three Democrats ran against him. After his election he boasted: 'I beat three of them pesky Democrats that was runnin' against me; and, by heck, I could have won if half a dozen more had run!'"

Uncle Chet's Advice

UNCLE CHET THOMAS was a famous Kansas politician of the early days. Once, when he was in the Kansas legislature, a man interested in a certain bill offered Uncle Chet one hundred dollars to help the bill along.

"Never you mind about that!" said Uncle Chet. "I don't want your money; and, besides, don't you never try to buy a politician. When you want to buy anybody buy an honest man—he'll stay bought; but a politician has a record to maintain!"

Partisan Providence

ON THE day Thomas J. Walsh was elected United States senator by the Montana legislature the chaplain of the Montana State Senate thought the situation demanded a Democratic prayer.

The prayer was extremely partisan as well as long, and Divine Providence was given a good deal of credit for the recent Democratic victories.

As the chaplain finished a Republican legislator said: "Seems to me that Heaven has gone Democratic too!"

Not That Kind of Touch

CARDINAL GIBBONS made the opening prayer at the last Democratic National Convention in Baltimore.

There were two doorkeepers on the main door. One was a very devout Catholic and the other was not.

As the cardinal came down the aisle to go to his home the Catholic doorkeeper leaned across to the other and said:

"Hey, Jim, be sure to touch the cardinal when he goes out!"

"What pocket has he got it in?" asked Jim hoarsely.

An Efficiency Fiend

THE general manager of an Eastern railroad had a dreaded reputation for laying off men whenever he found the slightest excuse.

He appeared in the yards one day and two switchmen discussed him.

"He don't look like the man we hear he is," said one.

"What do you hear?" the other asked.

"Why, they say when he was at the funeral of Flannery's wife and the six pallbearers came out carrying the coffin he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on, boys! You can get along without two of them!'"

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TOKYO BOND

Look For This (McE) Water Mark

THE BUSINESS-MAN FARMER

(Continued from Page 7)

of hogs than theirs, and they are going to change to his breed. A few of them, however, are beginning to admit that maybe the straw-stack brood house is not all they have thought it to be, and are building fancy hog houses after the Honeycutt pattern.

Now how did the business-man farmer's plan to hit the high spots of the market work out in actual practice? He found that he was able to put his pigs born in midwinter up to the ideal weight of two hundred and fifty pounds in July and August. The market was hungry for hogs then and paid him nine dollars and forty-five cents a hundred. Of course he kept a keen eye on the market and rushed his hogs in over night at the opportune moment. His neighbors, who had followed the old line of spring farrowing, sold their hogs in December and January at from six dollars and eighty cents to seven dollars.

"There is no getting round the fact," declares Mr. Honeycutt, "that my little scheme of having hogs ready to market in July and August instead of in December and January means a premium of from two to three dollars a hundred. It was only a business man's notion and contrary to the traditions of hog farming, but it won out big. Of course it's a little more bother to raise winter pigs; but when you once fix your plant for it the difference in expense is small. I've come to the conclusion that there's no business in the world where just plain business management pays so high and so sure a premium as it does on the farm. I don't claim to be anything brilliant as a business man—if I had been I'd be worth a lot more money today than I am; but I've had a schooling in a business where practically all my competitors were keen, pushing men, who used their heads every minute of the day and were living definitions of the word management. So I had to learn management or go under in short order.

"In farming, competition on the management basis is not so keen; there are more opportunities to get ahead of the general run of competitors, because they are running in well-worn ruts, following traditions and doing the same thing at the same time. If I'd been raised on a farm and had followed farming all my life I should undoubtedly be running in the same rut as my neighbors and doing as they do. In a word I regard my experience as a city business man as the biggest asset I have in my new calling. That sounds like saying that I consider myself a better farmer because I had never had any practical experience in farming until I was considerably over forty. I'm not sure that this isn't true. But what I do say is that the business experience a man gets in the keen struggle of city competition is the biggest asset any man on a farm can have."

Figuring Up the Profits

"It has paid dividends for me in every branch of farming that I have undertaken. Take the matter of cattle feeding for another case in point. To cut without waste is the first principle of the job-printing business. Almost every hour of my business life had been a fight to prevent waste. Well, when I came out here the first spring I saw acres of cornshocks standing in the fields. The farmers said they couldn't haul them because they had become frozen down. This looked to me like criminal waste, like the rankest kind of plain business mismanagement—something that I couldn't afford. So I put in a gasoline engine and a shredder. My shocks of cornfodder were not left in the field. A small barn will store a big lot of shredded corn.

"You will remember how suddenly the winter of 1911–12 came on. It caught most of my neighbors with their stalks unhauled, and a large part of the fodder left out rotted in the field. My stalks were shredded and tucked away snug and dry under cover. I was carrying a hundred head of feeding cattle, and if I had not taken early precautions against this possible form of waste I should not have had feed enough to last half through the winter. My business training as a fighter against waste was what moved me to do this."

Mr. Honeycutt bought his farm in 1909 and has had three crops. He paid about fifty dollars an acre for it. About two hundred acres—or less than half the total—are now under cultivation. It is now paying him in net profits better than ten per cent on a valuation of two hundred dollars an acre. These are his own figures and he keeps a careful set of accounts.

Remember, too, that this transplanted business man expected to take all the profits of his first two seasons in the form of increased soil fertility. He has had that profit besides the direct money profit; and the fertility profit is a large one, too, because he seldom carries fewer than a hundred cattle, and his hogs number from two hundred to four hundred. This means that fertility building is going forward on a wholesale scale.

His farm could not be bought at one hundred dollars an acre today. Why should he sell when it is paying ten per cent on a valuation of two hundred dollars and is "not half developed, either as to acreage or production possibilities"? He had found the kind of manufacturing business that he was looking for and believes that he can sell its output at a good profit in even a panic year.

Mr. Honeycutt represents a very large class of business men. Probably his city printing plant was capitalized for about twenty thousand dollars. There are hundreds of thousands who would be grouped in his class. They have made good, but they are not called rich—except, perhaps, in a small country town.

The Farms of Capitalists

Now turn to the business man who belongs to the capitalistic class. Men of this group are much more likely to own farms than men who have all their capital tied up in the one business enterprise that gives them a livelihood. The number of farms owned by men who are capitalists—in a small way at least—would undoubtedly be astonishing if the figures could be given. It is certain, however, that the proportion of men of this class who are becoming farm-owners is on the increase every year. They excuse this tendency on the ground that farmland is a good investment. So it is; but beyond this lies the fact of human nature that almost every normal man has a hunger for land-producing land, and that he is bound to indulge this appetite as soon as he can afford it.

Do the men of this class make good as active farm operators? Let this question be answered by the experience of a man who is thoroughly representative of that class—a man who is typical in every essential of the moneyed men who are by no means millionaires, but who live on the income from their investments instead of from their labor.

This young man was graduated from Columbia and came home to a lively little provincial city of the Corn Belt, where his father and brothers were in the banking business. The grandfather had been a pioneer settler in that locality and had left a big fortune—for that community—in the form of fat farmlands, solid stocks and bonds, and considerable ready cash. His son had held fast to the farmlands, but had gone into the banking business. Under his skillful hands the fortune had greatly increased—not to say multiplied. His sons became the busy young capitalists of the little city, with ample capital and the precedent of two generations of solid family success behind them.

The graduate from Columbia was expected to maintain these traditions and to add something to their luster. With the ancestral bank in the near background, he felt that it would be his fault if he failed to develop a fair showing of capitalistic mettle. Electricity was then becoming the magic word in the world of industry and it fascinated him. He took a hand in an electric-lighting enterprise and in a trolley line, and demonstrated to the family that he was something of a live wire. Eventually he was given an official place in the bank roster.

"Let me look after the farmlands," was his request. "I think I'd like that. Besides I have a notion that you aren't getting anything like what you should out of such fat land."

"Well," said the father after consultation with his other son, "if you think you can do better than we've done just go ahead. We'll stand for it. But if you make a showing it'll be because you're the grandson of your grandfather, and not because

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you know anything about practical farming at first hand."

"No," came the quick answer. "It will be because I'll apply the same degree of business sense to farming that I'd apply to banking or the electric-light business. Anyhow I'm going to try out some notions I've formed. It appeals to me!"

What this young man did with the farm—some twenty thousand acres—is no part of this story. He had only started their administration when he decided that he wanted to operate one good big farm independently and do with it as he pleased; so he cut out from the family partnership half a section of land, with its old-fashioned buildings and equipment, and began farming on his own hook. It had been continuously farmed ever since it was vacated by the Indians.

His father and brother were progressive men, but still a trifle gunshy when it came to book farming. This, however, only acted as a spur to the young man's ambition.

His first move was to hire a surveyor to go over the land, lay out the main arteries of a drainage system, and make contour and surface maps of the whole place, so that the tiling system could be extended at any future time without calling in another surveyor.

Grain farming, then greatly in vogue in his locality, was undeniably profitable; but this progressive business farmer felt that the fattest land could be exhausted by continuous cropping and that even a young banker ought to know better than to draw on his principal, make no deposits, and expect to have funds to honor his demands year after year. And this was about what nearly all the farmers of that community had been doing for years. Then, too, he felt that stock farming was a little higher in the scale than mere grain cropping—and he wanted to be at the top of the farming scale. So he determined that cattle, hogs and sheep should be the main output of his farm.

One of the first radical changes he made in line with this decision was in the barnyard. He had watched the cattle and hogs eating sixty-cent corn out of barnyard mud. This looked to him like organized waste on a wholesale scale. Therefore he paved the entire barnyard with vitrified brick, the joints being slushed with cement. At one end of this paved lot was a barn filled with clover hay; at the other end a well-filled cornbarn. A long concrete drinking trough ran along one side, while at the other side of the quadrangle was a smaller paved yard in which the hogs could be fed corn separately in addition to following the steers.

Mares Make the Money Come

This yard was paved not only to prevent the waste of corn and roughage, but as a fertilizer factory. From this yard and the connecting stables are drawn six hundred loads of fertilizer every year. After the clover is threshed the straw is pitched into this yard as a combined roughage and bedding. The oat straw is handled in the same way. As the paving is watertight the liquid manure is absorbed by the bedding, which is promptly spread upon the fields.

At the horse stable he built a concrete manure pit three feet deep, thirty feet long and twelve feet wide. He considers that the paved cattleyard has paid for itself in the saving of corn, and that this yard and the pit at the horsebarn are perhaps the most highly profitable plants in his entire factory.

The farm already had quite a stock of workhorses. Being a business man, he took a look into the future so far as this feature of farm equipment was concerned. As each animal in stock had cost from two hundred to three hundred dollars, he decided that he could raise his horses much cheaper than he could buy them—particularly as the maternal duties of the mothers would not interfere greatly with their service in harness. Again, he believed that he could breed and raise better horses than he could afford to buy on the market. But in order to put this plan in operation he had to make a change in his stock.

"I found," he says, "that practically all the working animals on the farm were horses instead of mares, and a little investigation disclosed the fact that this is a common farm condition. Then I began to understand why draft animals were so expensive. I lost no time in changing most of my horses for mares, with the result that every year I have a nice little bunch of colts to sell. My neighbors used to lean over the fence and say there was no money in raising colts; but since they have been paying me from two hundred to three hundred dollars apiece for two-year-olds they have said less on that score—particularly at the time of buying. Of course I keep most of the choice mare colts and let the horses go—for the other farmers still demand horses in preference to mares. Only a town man—a misguided capitalist—handles his stock of draft animals so as to get several hundred dollars a year from the colt crop in addition to the work done in the harness."

His first change in the general geography of his farm was to divide his tillage land into four fields of equal size and start a system of crop rotation—two years of corn, one of oats and one of clover using one thousand pounds of phosphate on the clover before turning it under. To the regular farmers, who cropped their land in corn continuously year after year, this seemed a wasteful sacrifice of good corn money. But the transplanted business man knows he is building up a surplus and an undivided profit in the bank of his soil reserve, while his neighbors are exhausting their capital. His results show this conclusively.

Six years ago he put in the first alfalfa on his farm. It was then considered quite a daring experiment. The field contained just ten acres. When it was three years old he divided it in the middle, pastured half of it during the summer and plowed it in the fall. Having demonstrated that he could raise alfalfa and get splendid results, he revised his crop rotation scheme to admit this important crop. This time his tillage land was divided into five equal fields and his fences changed accordingly. A five-year stand of alfalfa is now a permanent part of his crop rotation.

Business Sense on the Farm

His attitude toward his farm plant was that of a progressive manufacturer; he was not trying to dodge investment—he was looking for a chance to invest in anything that would cut costs or increase production and show a profit on the transaction. But he insisted that any improvement of this character must be practically permanent in its returns. The initial expense was not the problem with this transplanted business man. Will the investment pay a good interest in profits and keep on paying it year after year?—that was the question! At the outset he made up his mind that good drainage on the entire farm would pay as surely and as heavily on the investment required to establish it as any form of equipment that could possibly be installed. So he put in a system of about thirty thousand feet of drain-tile. He did this on the basis that land put into right physical condition to perform its functions and equalize the extremes of rainfall is the kind of crop insurance no farmer can afford to neglect. He admits, however, that it is generally neglected by the average farmer who is not hunting for a chance to invest more money in his plant. In the opinion of this financial farmer he has no investment that returns a better interest than the drain-tile on his farm.

Every building on his farm was originally designed by himself. He brought to bear upon the problem of its construction the same business faculties he would have focused upon the problem of building an electric-light plant.

"When I first began," says this business farmer, "to reconstruct my farm buildings, most of my neighbors were amused at every change and had a quiet laugh together whenever they met; I was regarded as a town chap having more money than farm experience; and it was freely prophesied that, after I had finished with my fool stunts on the farm, I should have less money and sufficient experience to go back to banking and other business—and stay where I belonged. The care and expense with which I constructed my buildings for stock made my good neighbors feel certain that their prophecies would be speedily realized. The laugh, however, has been on my side—for the carpenter who did my work has, with my permission, sold more than thirty-five sets of the building plans I designed. He has received two dollars and a half for every set of plans reproduced; and I have had many times that value in personal satisfaction in seeing the farmers who had ridiculed those same plans adopt them.

"Nothing that I did created more neighborhood comment than the construction

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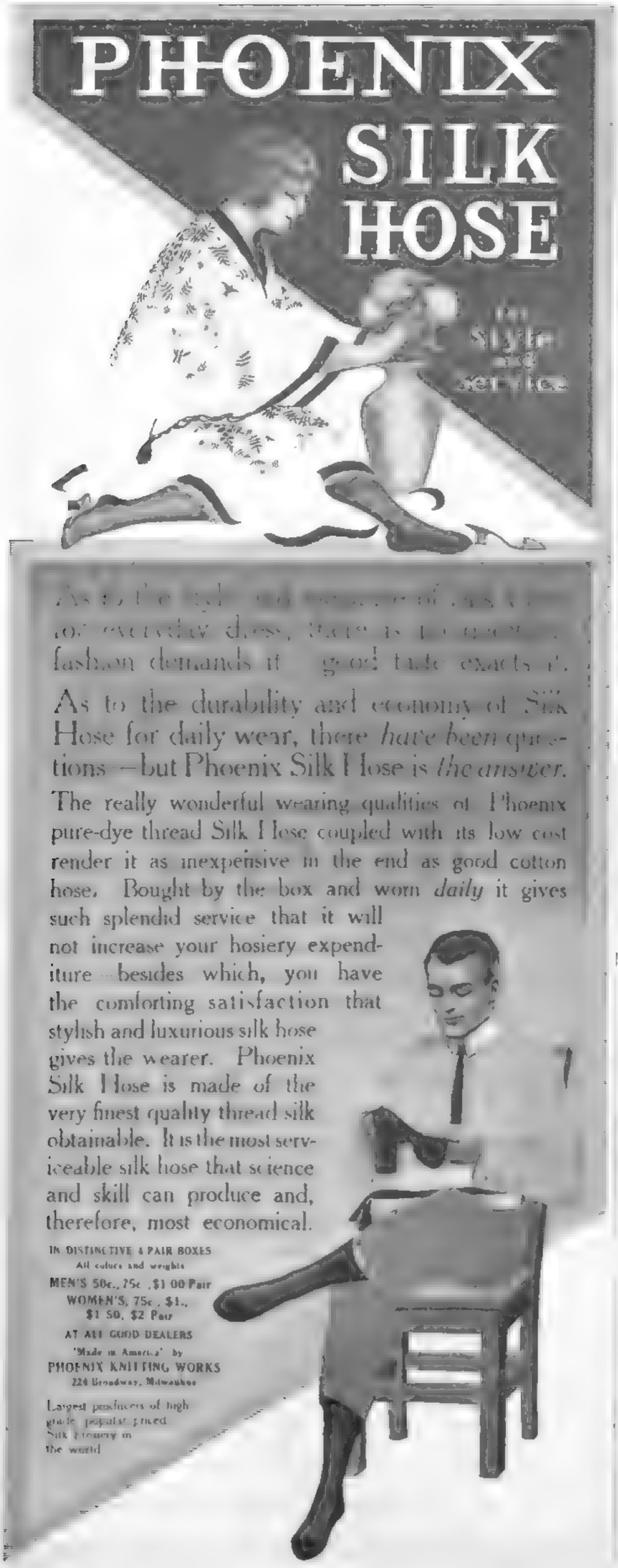
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of a nine-hundred-dollar hog house. This represented to my farmer neighbors, at that stage of their development, the very pinnacle of folly and extravagance. Now, as I have intimated, many of them have come round to constructing hog houses according to the identical specifications I used—and at a somewhat higher expense, because the cost of building has increased somewhat. This much-ridiculed hog house may be used as a type of what I have been trying to do all along the line on the farm. There was not a farmer anywhere in our whole region with whom I had talked who had not told me that it was impossible to raise more than one litter of pigs a year.

"As a business man that sounded rather absurd to me; so I determined to start a pig factory that would not confine its production to the months of April and May. Not only was I determined to double the output of pigs, but a little study of the hog market showed me that if I were able to do this my pigs would inevitably develop and be ready for sale at a time when prices were at a higher point than when the one-litter-a-year hogs would hit the market. In other words I was playing for the double stake of twofold production and increased price. My hog house was designed to give cold-weather pigs the right kind of a start—it has a solid concrete wall foundation so tight that no cold air can come up through the floor; it has a double set of windows to the south to admit the warm sunshine, and its every appointment has been made to protect the delicate young pigs from cold, from drafts and from unsanitary conditions of every sort. This much-abused hog house has been an unqualified success."

Sows on a Two-Litter Basis

"In Central Illinois, for example, there is not one man in fifty who raises more than one litter of pigs a year. In the last five years livestock shipments from there have decreased thirty-two per cent. From my thirty-five to forty-two sows I raise two litters of pigs a year and average eleven pigs to a sow each year. My spring pigs are farrowed the last of February and the first of March; my fall pigs come about the first of September. It is true I have found my fall pigs to be the more profitable, but that is not because I have any trouble in raising those that arrive in cold weather.

"Of course my hog house is so arranged that we can easily have a little artificial heat at farrowing time—and this is often necessary; but then the perfect protection against drafts, the sanitary cleanliness of the place, and the natural warmth of the house make artificial heat of secondary consideration. If every hog raiser in Illinois, for example, had a hog house constructed and operated as mine is, followed the same course of breeding for two litters a year, and took as good care of those litters as we do on this farm, the result would be literally millions of dollars in added income to Illinois farmers every year. This may sound like a rather immodest statement; but we are talking about facts and I have the figures to prove that this statement is correct.

"Farmers all over the country are failing to raise two litters of pigs a year simply because they have been told that it cannot be done—and told so by men who have failed for the simple reason that they have not applied just plain practical common sense to the problem and furnished the physical plant necessary to make twice-a-year production successful.

"Look at it in this way: A good brood sow is a rather expensive machine; she can produce two litters a year just as well as one; and when the owner of this machine does his part, and becomes able to take care of the raw product the brood sow delivers, he can not only double his swine profits but do better than that, because of the better prices obtained. What owner of a city factory would allow a valuable machine to lie idle half the time, or produce half of its normal capacity, when there is a keen demand for its output?"

This business farmer is always on the lookout to get something from his stock besides added weight and enrichment for his fields. For example early each summer—before he cuts his oats—he ships in several hundred Western sheep. He calls them his vacuum cleaner; for, besides getting fat and fertilizing the soil, they clean up the farm and make the land on which they are quartered look as if it had been shaved by a lawnmower.

He has always managed to make a little direct profit on his sheep.

What has been the net result of the farming efforts of this transplanted business man—this capitalist who has strayed from the beaten path of commerce into the back pasture of the farm?

He has focused his results into certain illuminating summaries, which follow:

RECEIPTS

53 native Missouri cattle, weighing from 1000 to 1100 pounds when bought; gross profit averaged for 7 years—1905–12	$2,731.09
Double-deck car Western sheep, [illegible] December, to clean up and fertilize	150.00

AVERAGE OF 4 YEARS SINCE TWO-LITTER PLAN STARTED

400 hogs sold in Indianapolis, from 35 to 42 sows—net	7,300.01
Oats	561.00
4 young horses—colts 7 mares among 14 workhorses	1,000.00
Total	$11,442.09

PAID OUT

Labor and superintendence—highest ever	$1,200.00
Taxes, Insurance and General Expense—all fully insured	450.00
[illegible]e, Buildings and Machinery	525.00
[illegible] Items	100.00
Fertilizer—Phosphate and Lime	300.00
Feed—Corn, Tankage, Oilmeal	1,500.00
Total	[illegible]

[illegible]

Receipts	$11,[illegible]
Paid out	[illegible]
Net	$6,007.09 = $20.65 per acre
Sold 100 tons alfalfa and clover for seed	1,500.00
[illegible]	[illegible]
$20 an acre	[illegible]
Leeway	$1,727.09 = $5.40 per acre

NOTE

All fertilizer is unfairly charged to expense.

Alfalfa rotation will soon show, at 5 tons per acre	200
Clover rotation will soon show, at 3 tons per acre	60
Seed 160 and sell 100 tons.	200

As farm yields increase and silo results show up—silo first used, fall, 1912—more profit. If pedigreed stags, colts and seed sold, more profit.

If owner operated, larger resulting profit, and he gets salary and perquisites.

DATA

FROM 1905 TO 1912, 7 YEARS, AVERAGE 53 ACRES A YEAR

Average cost per hundredweight	$4.93
Average selling price per hundredweight	7.47
Average net advance per hundredweight	2.77
Average net gain per steer	377 pounds
Average profit per steer	$10.53
Average profit per steer, 1910	66.78
Average profit per steer, 1912	77.87

CATTLE DATA

YEAR	COST	SOLD	GROSS PROFIT	HEAD GAIN IN POUNDS
1905–6	$4.30	$8.05	$40.30	379
1906–7	4.25	7.35	79.85	387
1907–8	4.75	7.25	45.64	315
1908–9	4.[illegible]	6.80	37.14	291
1909–10	4.[illegible]	8.15	66.78	415
1910–11	5.25	6.35	33.23	391
1911–12	4.90	9.25	77.80	458
Average	$4.69	$7.31	$51.53	377
Average hundredweight advance				$2.77

However, let this man give his results in his own words:

"For one thing I have demonstrated that I can make twenty to thirty dollars an acre a year on my old farm, of which eighty-five acres is still in timber pasture and is just beginning to grow bluegrass. I have made this profit year after year; and I can easily hold that profit up to thirty dollars an acre when all my crop yields are put up to where they belong and where they are going to be.

"When I speak of profit I should explain that I have first deducted from the income of the farm not only every actual expense but an allowance of six per cent on the money invested in personal property. It should also be remembered that I am not able to operate this farm personally, but am obliged to pay out of my profits the salary and perquisites of a somewhat expensive superintendent. Most of my farming is done by telephone, and sometimes several weeks pass between personal visits to the farm. If I were actively on the job the profit-showing would certainly be much larger—and this is no reflection on my superintendent either. As a resident farmer I could increase my profits twenty-five to thirty per cent.

"The profits I have spoken of so far are current profits only. If these were all I ought perhaps to be fairly well satisfied; but they are not all. The land right across the road from my farm was lately offered to me at one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. It is just about as good as my own land was when I started my farming experiment. I could sell my farm for three hundred and fifty dollars an acre, on which the improvements have cost me fifty dollars an acre. It seems fair, then, to figure the actual cost of my farm at one hundred and fifty dollars for the raw land and fifty dollars for improvements—or a total of two hundred dollars an acre. I can sell for three hundred and fifty dollars an acre. To a business man it would, therefore, look as if I had a profit of one hundred and fifty dollars an acre on the land itself, aside from the current profits I have taken each year from the farm. On three hundred and twenty acres this land profit amounts to $48,000 dollars. Naturally I am well satisfied with my farming experiment in a direct financial way, but I have taken much more than mere money profits out of this farm. It has given me the most stimulating and vital experience of my whole business career; and I would not exchange that experience and its results for many times the money profits that the farm has given me."

The truth of this closing assertion may be more readily realized when it is understood that this particular transplanted business man is Mr. B. F. Harris, of Champaign, Illinois, who, as president of the Illinois Bankers' Association, saw the tremendous possibilities of better agriculture, and roused the bankers of America to a vigorous and well-organized campaign for the increase of soil fertility and the improvement of farming methods—a movement that has become nation-wide in its scope and has made the name of this adventurous young capitalist known not only throughout America but Europe as well.

Farming on a Shoestring

How about the poor man whose business experience has been limited to narrow lines and to the position of a subordinate? Is this kind of commercial training available on the soil?

In California there is a man who thinks it is. He insists that he is just a fair representative of a rather large class. Undoubtedly this is true. Here is George Yarborough's story in his own words:

"Starting at seventeen I worked twenty-five years behind a counter in a drygoods store. Fifteen years of this time I was with one firm. At the end of that period my only assets were an invalid wife and a little home worth about three thousand dollars. I left the store because the doctors decreed that if I wished to save the life of my wife I must take her to Southern California. We went to Los Angeles and I found a job selling real estate. In the course of the panic of 1907 I read an interview with John W. Gates in which he was quoted as saying: 'The panic will be over when the city men put on overalls and go back to the farm.' That jolted my eyes open, and in ten minutes I had made up my mind to go to the land.

"Meanwhile I had made a little money in real estate. At once I cleaned up all my holdings and found myself with a total fortune of sixty-three hundred dollars in cash. Then I put out for the frostless belt to find an orange grove that could be bought cheap because of being in poor condition. I wanted to be paid—in the increase of value—for bringing it up to condition. Well, I found what I was looking for—a ten-acre grove—and took it over at a price of thirteen thousand five hundred dollars, paying six thousand down. The balance was to be paid within five years, interest at seven per cent.

"This left me only three hundred dollars with which to begin business. Talk about doing business on a shoestring! To make a living, maintain a ten-acre orange grove, and pay seven per cent interest on seventy-five hundred dollars—to say nothing of meeting deferred payments—is working on a basis much more slender than a shoestring.

"There was just one thing that made me feel I could win out—my wife's health was greatly improved. We bought thirty hens, a cow and some tools, and then I started in to work as I never had worked in all my life before. But I didn't go at it with my hands alone. If I had, failure would have been the end of the venture. I used all the business sense I had been able to pick up during my twenty-five years in the store and in my real-estate experience—and I worked it overtime.

"The first year we raised two hundred and fifty chickens and twenty-five turkeys. These furnished us all the eggs and fowls we wanted for our own use, paid our grocery and market bills, and furnished us about two dollars a week in cash besides. The cow gave us our milk and butter

"Now as to the orange grove: The year before I bought the grove it paid about sixteen hundred dollars gross. With hard work and close study of orange culture, my first year's crop brought thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars. With more hard work and many Turkish baths in the grove, my second crop brought forty-five hundred dollars. The next season was not quite so hard. By consistent fertilization, fumigating, pruning and cultivating, my third year's crop yielded me fifty-two hundred dollars. I then found myself out of debt, with my grove in the very best condition and my wife in good health; I was the owner of a piece of property for which I refused twenty-five thousand dollars—and I would as readily have refused thirty-five thousand!

"Here is my retrospect in a nutshell. I had worked about thirty years in the city, saving about six thousand dollars. I have worked three years on my orange grove and have made at least twenty thousand dollars. Could I have done better if I had started with twenty-five years of straight farming experience behind me and the same capital? No. My business experience was worth more. I knew I must learn everything from the ground up. I was unhampered with fossilized traditions. How I studied those trees! I have eight hundred and seventy-five trees and I know each one of them as a man knows his own children. You can't raise oranges and lemons successfully and leave the knowledge of your trees to others. You must make it a business and run it systematically, as you would any other manufacturing proposition—and see to it yourself. 'He that would plow and thrive must himself hold the handles and drive.'"

These experiences are typical of thousands of others. They all point to the fact that business experience is a big asset on the farm. It is a bigger asset than an equipment of outlived and exploded farming traditions, mixed with much "practical" manual labor on the soil, and a mind impervious to modern ideas and modern methods. The city man—the business man—has no need to be afraid of the farm because his hands have not been calloused on the plow-handles. It is a matter of plain business brains, coupled with hard work and the ability to master new problems.

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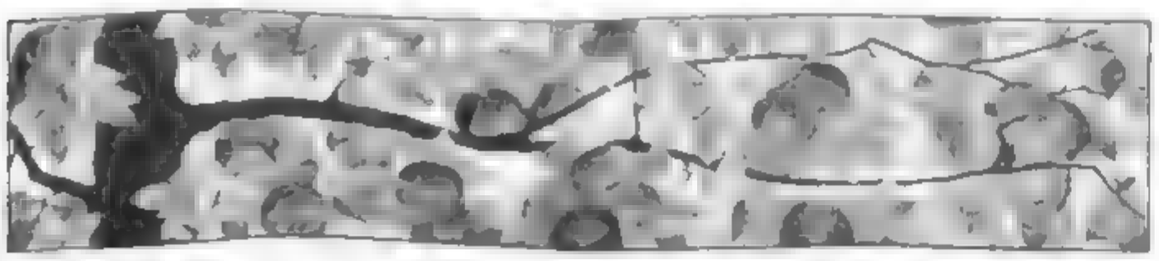

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Superb tone quality marks all the work of **MARIA GAY,** the Spanish contralto. Her record from "Samson and Delilah", "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix" is famous—there is faultless vocalism and the tone is sensuously seductive—the tone of Delilah.

ORVILLE HARROLD was discovered by Hammerstein; the young tenor made good; triumphed in New York and London, and he is just as good on Columbia records as he is on the stage. For instance, hear his "Ah! So Pure" from "Martha"—an old favorite beautifully sung

Among **JOSEF HOFMANN'S** records are the Rachmaninoff Prelude, the Chopin Polonaise Militaire and the Mendelssohn Spring Song. Each has the value of a whole series of personal lessons by Hofmann for the piano student.

NIELSEN is one of the few opera stars who can sing the old ballads with all their humanness; and if there is one of them that she sings better than the rest it is "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River", Columbia Record A-5299.

NORDICA, the greatest artist this country ever produced, is an exclusive Columbia artist: she has made records not only from the operas, but also of typically American songs. Hear her sing "Mighty Lak' a Rose": you will enjoy the treat.

All the dignity and dainty grace that the word "minuet" implies are embodied in the record made by **KATHLEEN PARLOW,** of the Beethoven Minuet for violin: distinctly a record worth hearing.

For sheer sparkle and bravure we want you to hear the great Arditi Waltz Song—we have it recorded by **PASQUALI,** the New York Metropolitan's famous coloratura soprano

SCHARWENKA S record of the Chopin A-Flat waltz (A-5260) is the record which convinced Josef Hofmann that a piano could be recorded. If you have not heard Columbia piano records, listen to this one: it will convince you, also.

SEGUROLA has been doing great work at the New York Metropolitan this year; but you needn't go to New York to hear him. Last Fall he signed a Columbia contract and a fine series of records is already issued.

SLEZAK'S record from "Otello" is just the triumph of vocalism that you would expect from the man who is declared to be the greatest Otello since Tamagno.

CAROLINA WHITE says that the exquisite aria from "Louise" is the best record she has made: as a matter of fact, for loveliness of melody and beauty of orchestration, it is one of the best in the whole Columbia catalog

YSAYE'S record of the Brahms Hungarian Dance is sheer magnificence of tone and a vast surging rhythm; the most sensational violin record ever issued.

"Di quella pira" from "Trovatore" has been a favorite of tenors for sixty years; it is a sparkling gem of brilliancy and finishes up with a high C. Hear **ZENATELLO** sing it—Columbia record A-1142.

Zenatello *Nordica* *Carolina White*
Destinn *Orville Harrold* *Bispham* *Cavalieri*

Parlow *Ysaye* *Bon*

IMPORTANT: These and all other Columbia records will play on any "talking machine," of any manufacture.

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The highest-priced instrument—and the best low-priced instrument—are *both* Columbias:

The Columbia
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$25

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Segurola *Pasquali* *Fremstad* *Slezak*
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Lead roofs, like that on Westminster Abbey, last for centuries *without repairs.*

Lead pipe has lain under Roman streets *2000 years* unrusted.

Lead paint is a lead sheath on your house. It won't last for centuries (it's only 1 200 inch thick), but it outwears any other paint.

Try Dutch Boy White Lead mixed with Dutch Boy Linseed Oil for your next painting.

Dutch Boy White Lead—white in the keg—any color you want to make it on the house.

Dutch Boy White Lead in steel kegs, 12½, 25, 50 and 100 lbs. Dutch Boy Linseed Oil, 1 and 5 gallon sealed cans. Ask your paint dealer.

Let us send you "Painting Helps 13," full of paint facts. Includes catalog of 150 beautiful stencils for walls. We have retained a competent decorator to give advice. Free to you. Send us description of house or rooms to be decorated.

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The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

SO MANY states have enacted inheritance tax laws of late years that whenever a very rich man dies nowadays we can all have the pleasure of looking through his strong box and seeing just what he possessed. The three largest estates that have ever been inventoried in this country, I believe, are those of Marshall Field, Colonel John Jacob Astor and E. H. Harriman. Mr. Field had many stocks and bonds and a great mercantile business, but the larger part of his big fortune came from Chicago real estate, while three-quarters of Colonel Astor's eighty-five million dollars was in New York realty.

Only three million dollars of Mr. Harriman's wealth was in land, but his estate was less than half that of Mr. Field and only two-thirds that of Colonel Astor. Moreover, between the time of his death and the time when the inventory of his estate was filed, the market value of his stocks and bonds had shrunk eleven million dollars; so, though the estate was inventoried at sixty-nine millions, it was worth only fifty-eight millions when the inventory was filed. On the other hand, Colonel Astor's wealth at the time of his death was unofficially computed on the basis of the assessed value of his realty; but when the official appraisers looked it over they found that nearly all of his land was worth decidedly more than the assessed value. The Knickerbocker Hotel, for example, assessed at three million six hundred thousand dollars, was appraised by them at four million eight hundred thousand; the St. Regis Hotel, assessed at two million seven hundred thousand, was appraised at three million nine hundred thousand; the Waldorf-Astoria, assessed at eight million eight hundred thousand, was appraised at ten million four hundred thousand.

The big fortune in stocks contracted, but the big fortune in land expanded. Indeed it is calculated that the value of the Harriman estate at the time the inventory was filed showed a shrinkage of almost one-third from what it would have been if appraised when the stocks were at their highest.

The Harriman Cats and Dogs

Incidentally it may be remarked that, though Mr. Harriman was one of the ablest and most successful speculators in stocks who ever lived, he was stung many times. Against more than thirty different parcels of securities, comprising many thousands of shares, the appraisers make the notation: "No value." This list includes mining ventures in gold, silver, coal, and various development enterprises.

All of which brings us round to the old conclusion that no way of making money has yet been invented that will beat a fortunate investment in real estate; but in no other field is there greater opportunity for misrepresentation. And the only advice of a general nature that any one can safely give about it is to keep out unless you really know what you are buying. The enterprising persons who some years ago sold land located in Lake Michigan were unnecessarily reckless. They might just as well have sold land that had a tangible existence but no value, and thereby taken fewer chances with the criminal law.

Every one knows of the steady advance in city real estate, taken in the bulk, and of the fortunes made by lucky investors in it—which gives the city and suburban-lot shark a good basis to work upon. On the other hand, the city dweller's yearning for a farm is water to the agricultural land-shark's mill. Of all ways of separating suckers from their money none has enjoyed greater vogue than selling worthless real estate—or real estate that has some value at three or four times its worth.

They have been notably busy in this line in the last decade. Within the year the following headline appeared in the newspapers: "Robbed of her fortune, she ends her life! Once wealthy widow found dead in her home!" The story was that the widow had been led into some wildcat city real-estate speculations, had lost all her money and taken her life. As I am writing this another victim unbosoms himself to a city newspaper thus:

Glove Ventilation

Think of it!

Among the many unusual original Grinnell improvements in gloves we are especially proud of this particular one—glove ventilation. You who wear gloves in hot weather will [illegible] a blessed relief from hot, perspiring hands to wear **Grinnell Ventilated Backs,** with tiny holes punched in the backs that admit cooling air but exclude dirt.

Grinnell Gloves

Sold with a Bond

Whether you motor, golf, [illegible] street gloves, or gloves for heavy [illegible] will find there is a **Grinnell Glove** made especially for your purpose, and made with [illegible].

Grinnell Gloves are made from specially tanned cowhide, soft as velvet, tough as rawhide, washable in soap and water or gasoline, and guaranteed not to crack, peel, shrink or harden.

The **Grinnell Glove Bond** binds us to [illegible].

Original Grinnell Leatherex Grinnell "Rest Fit" [illegible]

Grinnell Grip Fits [illegible]

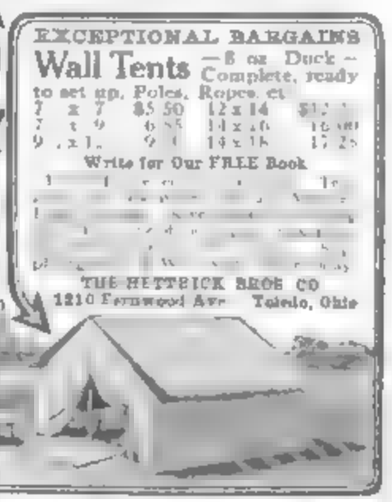
Special Offer and Free Glove Book

Most good dealers sell Grinnell Gloves. If yours does [illegible].

Morrison Ricker Mfg Co

25 Broad St
Grinnell, Iowa
Style V 4400

FREE TENT BOOK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Wall Tents —8 oz. Duck— Complete, ready to set up. Poles, Ropes, etc.
7 x 7 $5.50 12 x 14
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9 x 12 9.00 14 x 18
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SUNSHINE OR RAIN?

White's Weather Prophet will tell you 24 hours in advance what kind of Weather you will have. This Prophet is a very useful and ornamental little Instrument and no Home should be without one. The figures which prophesy the Weather are Hansel and Gretel and the Witch [illegible]. Sent prepaid to any address in U. S. or Canada on receipt of $1.00.

DAVID WHITE, Dept. S, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices *direct from factory to you.*

Detroit Boat Co., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

We will pay your college bills

in whatever institution you choose to attend. Write us a letter of inquiry; we will explain.

Educational Division, Box 59

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

That's all we want to know

Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this [illegible] rich in a week [illegible] make money [illegible] portfolio [illegible] cartoons [illegible] sample lesson plate [illegible]

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
815 Leader Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Ball-cup Nipple FREE

Mothers, [illegible] tom—will not collapse, keeps regularly. Up lasts ordinary nipples. Only one to a family.

State baby's age, kind and quantity of food.

Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., 1342 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Half section.

Gauze weight with good wear!

Note the complete re-inforcement—beginning over and back of the toes and extending through the sole to a point an inch above the heel line of a low shoe.

That is what makes this cool, sheer sock so *durable!* This sock weighs only one ounce per pair; yet, because of its complete re-inforcement, it wears as long as a much heavier sock.

[illegible] gauze weight with good wear [illegible] just the combination you want in *your* summer socks.

Iron Clad No. 599 has a soft and lustrous finish; it is seamless and elastic—fitting snug around ankles and comfortable on the foot.

Four favorite colors: Black, Navy Blue, Golden Tan and Dark Grey. Sizes 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11 and 11½.

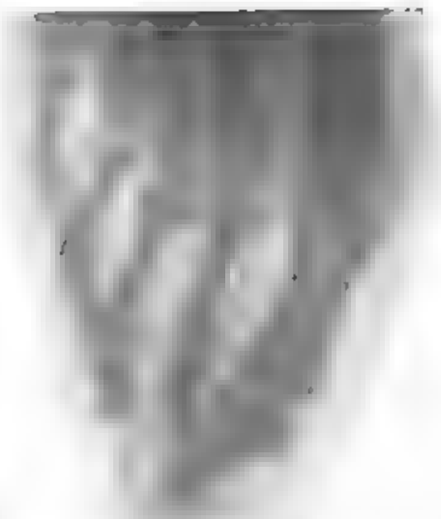
Order some 599's today from your dealer. If he [illegible] we [illegible] and [illegible] age to get them to you. State size and colors wanted. (If remitting stamps, send Parcel Post kind.)

Get Our Handsome Catalog

Iron Clad

Printed in colors, showing Iron Clads for the whole family. Sent free—write!

COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan



Bent Bones

Do You "Feel Your Feet?"

THIS X-Ray photo shows the foot of a man who is *conscious of his feet* nearly every hour of the day.

He *knows he has feet*, because the corns or bunions or calluses or ingrowing nails or fallen arch, caused by that narrow unnatural shoe, are almost constant reminders of the way his foot bones are bound, bent and twisted.

Give your good, honest feet a chance! Give yourself the chance to forget to feel them! Put them into handsome Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes—shoes built for *real* feet. They conform scientifically to the outline of the natural foot. They have room for all five toes to flex and straighten out as they carry your body's weight. Yet there isn't a bit of extra loose space.

For men, women, children. Always the same shape, year in, year out—always the same handsome, comfortable, durable shoe. Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $3.50 for men's specials.

Put your children's feet into Rice & Hutchins Educators and give them a sure heritage of healthy, "feelingless" feet.

Accept no Educator Shoes which are not branded EDUCATOR on the sole. If your dealer doesn't sell genuine Rice & Hutchins Educators send us his name. We'll mail you catalog and help you find a pair.

Why have tired, aching, painful feet; why be conscious of corns, bunions or other ills; why "feel your feet"—when you can get rid of all that trouble by getting a pair of Educators *today*?

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

"Comfortable as an Old Shoe Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All American and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

"In 1903 I purchased on easy payments four lots on the south shore of Long Island, forty miles out—after reading the land-shark's flaming advertisements of the wonderful future, great improvements to be made, cheap fare to come, and so on. I was told a street-car line was to be built that would run past my door, and I fell for four hundred and twenty-five dollars, with interest at six per cent and taxes. It has cost me at least seven hundred dollars; and today, after holding the lots ten years, I could not sell for two hundred.

"When I purchased these lots there were four maple trees in front of them. Since then these trees have been removed and probably placed in front of other lots to catch another victim. The streets that were then plowed up and that were going to be improved at once have been overgrown and cannot be seen. The stakes have also been pulled up, making it hard to locate the lots. The railroad instead of reducing fares has increased them."

Long Island lies at the door of the city of New York, with quick and rather cheap transportation between the eastern portions and the city. Upon it are many beautiful estates and a number of fine suburban towns. It long has been and always will be an attractive residential region for city people. Nearly everybody in the country knows this; but Long Island is a tolerably extensive affair. Its interior contains thousands of acres of sand and scrub-oak not readily accessible.

During the last ten years literally hundreds of thousands of lots in this sand-and-scrub-oak waste have been unloaded on innocent purchasers in all parts of the country.

The sharks buy a tract of this land, paying perhaps forty or fifty dollars an acre for it. They then duly subdivide it into lots and select an alluring title. Gorgeous prospectuses are then prepared. The tract may be sixty or seventy miles from New York, with only one train a day and a five-mile walk from the nearest railroad station; but the prospectus describes it as "almost within sight of Wall Street's skyscrapers!" The prospectus is adorned with photographs of buildings really half a day's journey from the tract, and the lots are offered on easy monthly payments. They are sold by newspaper advertisements and through persuasive agents who have as little conscience as the newspapers that print the advertisements.

A Trip to Bunco Manor

You can see how tempting the bait may be made to look—an investment in something next door to New York city real estate at only five or ten dollars a month! Who would not be an Astor on such terms? In fact, the bait is so strong that the sharks sometimes take prospective victims right out to look at the lots. They have cleared away the scrub-oak; plowed up strips where the streets are to be; planted stakes to mark the lot lines, and possibly erected a cheap building to give the wilderness a more human aspect. They figure out the quickest train schedule and put the prospects in charge of practiced agents, who keep their minds occupied, on the way from the city, with stories of fortunes made in Long Island realty. At the railroad station automobiles are waiting and the party, still under the spell of the agents' eloquence, is whirled out to Bunco Manor. True, the road is a bit rough just now, but an appropriation to macadamize it has already been voted; the street railroad's construction gang will be there next week. When the party is unloaded at Bunco Manor it has not a very clear idea whether it is seven miles from the Battery or seventy.

Until a couple of years ago, when Kansas set a new fashion with her famous Blue Sky Law, this sort of swindling went on practically unhampered by the law. A man might be indicted for using the mails to defraud. Otherwise he might defraud by selling fake stocks and fake lots as much as he pleased. Everybody knew the swindling was going on, but the Government took no interest in it.

Now this kind of swindling has brought a retribution to government on Long Island that must appeal to all persons with a sense of poetic justice. It appears from a report by the Board of Supervisors of Suffolk County, recently published at length in the New York Times, that these fake-lot swindlers are in a fair way to bankrupt the county. In that one county three hundred thousand sand-and-scrub-oak lots have

Honest workmanship has become a habit in the Kodak factories.

Encouragement of those men who show a capacity for taking infinite pains, the most rigid inspection of the goods at every stage of production and a final working test—it is this policy that has built the reputation for

Kodak Quality

Whether it be a Special Kodak of the most expensive type or simply a dollar Brownie our workmen are not permitted to forget that the Kodak reputation must be maintained.

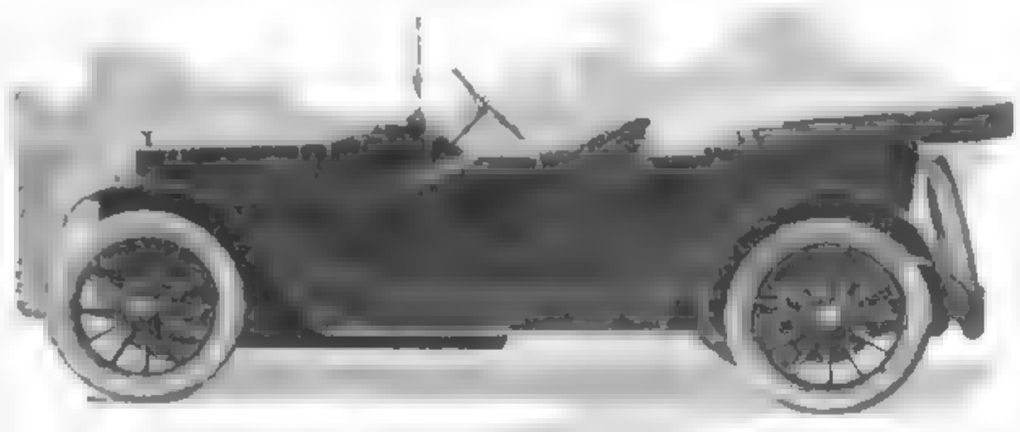
Kodak goods are the dependable goods because our experience has made them correct in design and our workmen have made them right in quality. Let your dealer show you.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Catalog free at the dealers or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Mitchell



YOUR first inspection of the 1913 Mitchell will show you a combination of improvements and conveniences that you haven't found in other cars of the moderate-price class.

An investigation will prove to you that the Mitchell is built properly for strength, power, long life and beauty of line; French design adapted to American conditions.

All 1913 Mitchell cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank showing amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels

	Motor	Wheel Base	Prices F. O. B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P. 4¾x7 in	144-in	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P. 4 x6 in	132	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P. 4¼x7 in.	120	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

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Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

Residence of Mr. J. B. Thomas, Elyria, Ohio. John Henry Newton, Cleveland, Architect. A Pierce-American Hot Water Boiler provides ample heat with the minimum of attendance and expense.

The modern house is steam or hot water heated. No other method is so healthful, so easily cared for, so dependable or so economical. Before you plan the heating equipment for your new home or change the equipment you have, see the steam-fitter who handles

Pierce Boilers and Radiators

Have him explain the construction of a Pierce Boiler — its durability, simplicity, fuel economy, and its wonderful steam or hot water producing ability. These advantages are well worth your consideration because they have placed Pierce Boilers in 300,000 homes.

PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE MFG. CO.

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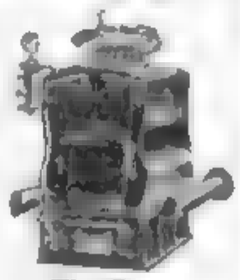


The Pierce American

An efficient hot water boiler of the horizontal type. Also built for steam.

This Heat Primer

takes all the mystery out of the subject of heating tells what heat is good, what bad, and why—and it is free. Write us for it.

been sold to confiding purchasers during the last ten years. When a tract is subdivided and the plot duly recorded every lot, of course, must be taxed separately. The situation that has arisen is thus described by the supervisors:

"Thousands of acres of scrub-oak land not adapted to habitation have been purchased by speculators; and, though miles away from railroads, villages and sources of supply, have been cut up into paper streets and lots twenty feet by one hundred, and sold broadcast throughout the whole United States. . . . The fact that ninety-five per cent at least of the purchasers reside in other states and are unfamiliar with the method of paying taxes here, and the further fact that many discover shortly after their purchases that they have been defrauded, result in the inevitable consequence that taxes on such lots are not paid; and the law renders it incumbent upon the county treasurer, within the same year, to advertise and sell such properties for unpaid taxes. . . . A twenty-foot lot set in the midst of a scrub-oak wilderness as the subject of such a tax sale has substantially no value whatever. The result is that the county must buy in the property and hold it indefinitely."

The lots are assessed at ten dollars each, which the supervisors frankly admit is probably more than three times as much as they are worth. That makes the tax about eight and a half cents a lot, but the county must go through as many motions as though it were eight dollars and a half. Then, when the tax is not paid, the county must advertise and sell the lots and bid them in.

An elaborate computation by the supervisors shows that the assessing, advertising and selling of these lots in a single year will cost two hundred and eleven thousand dollars, "for which enormous and unreasonable expenditure the county would hold a vast number of worthless certificates, a few of which would be redeemed each year for an indefinite period. Allowing for such redeemed certificates, the final loss to the taxpayers would be two hundred thousand dollars. Had the lots in the other towns been included in the proposed sale, this astonishing total would have been increased by one-third."

Kansas People Protected

All of which, though rather rough on the taxpayers, finely illustrates the point that swindling is not a good industry to have in your community. Suffolk County would have done better if it had tried to stop the swindling some years ago; but until recently it has been a generally accepted idea that robbery by fake investments was something that did not concern the public. I have mentioned Long Island particularly because the facts happen to be nearest at hand; but wildcat real-estate selling flourishes in a hundred places.

People in the vicinity of such operations generally know about them—and pass them by with the familiar observation that a sucker is born every minute.

Kansas, by the way, has amended her Blue Sky Law so as to cover the selling of real estate located outside that state. In brief, before a concern offers such realty for sale by advertisement or agents, it must submit its proposition to the state bank superintendent and get a permit from him. Nebraska's Blue Sky Law contains a similar provision, and probably it is now to be found in like laws in other states.

Some people no law can protect. Their credulity is so ready and incurable that one can understand how a thrifty thief regards it as a crime not to take their money away from them. Take, for example, one device used in this Long Island lot swindle: Highly respectable and responsible concerns in New York make a business of insuring the titles to real estate, and it is an almost universal practice to show the purchaser a policy insuring his title.

The fakers used to show their dupes a policy of title insurance, issued by a company of good standing, and pretend that it insured the value of the land instead of merely insuring that the title was good. But a great deal of the swindling can be prevented, and should be.

Hawaiian Pineapple

Advertises Itself

In 1903 Hawaiian Pineapple first appeared upon the market in commercial quantities, a paltry hundred thousand cans—barely one can for every nine hundred people in the United States.

In 1907, only four years later, the output and sales were fifty times as great, an increase of 5000%. Up to this time, not one dollar had been spent for advertising. *The quality of the product has advertised itself.*

In 1908 the output was again doubled. Hawaiian Pineapple was advertised in some of the magazines for seventeen months (you may remember), and the demand was quadrupled in twenty months. Can you think of any other food product the demand for which could have thus increased more than three hundred times in ten years with so little advertising?

Yet this 31,000,000 cans is still scarcely enough to give each person in the United States one third of a can once a year. If you know Hawaiian Pineapple, you will want more than this eight times a month.

We begin packing again in July, but it will be well into the fall before future packing will reach your grocers' shelves.

Have you had your share this year?

Have you cans enough in your pantry to keep you going?

Has your grocer enough to see him through?

Always ask for Hawaiian Pineapple, no matter what brand. So long as it comes from Hawaii it is "Picked Ripe" and "Canned Right." Sold everywhere. Sliced, Grated or Crushed.

Hawaiian Pineapple Packers' Association

Honolulu, Hawaii

Electric Fans Made by Westinghouse

ELECTRIC fans in the office keep up the efficiency of all employees.

The progressive type of employer who realizes this has an equally good reason for installing Westinghouse fans.

Westinghouse fans take rank with such permanent investments as your modern safe, your well-built desks, your steel filing devices—things you expect to use for many years to come.

The pressed steel frame, which was perfected in the Westinghouse works, is a special feature of the Westinghouse fan. It is lighter and stronger than the old-fashioned type cast iron frame. It takes a smoother, handsomer finish.

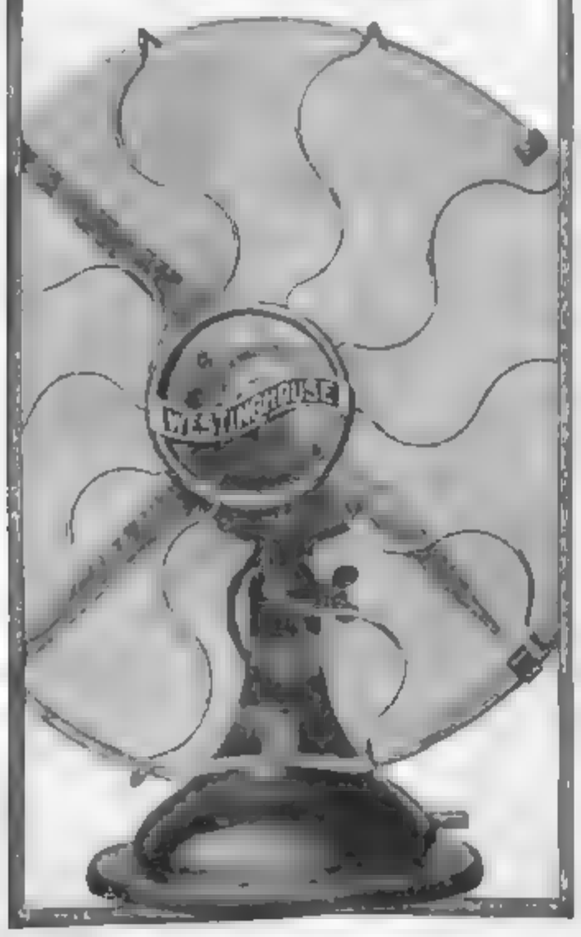
All fans fitted with heavy felt base, giving full protection to fine desk tops.

You should have at least one of the silent fans made by Westinghouse in your home this summer.

Purchase from any good electrical dealer or your lighting company. But be sure you get the genuine Westinghouse.

Send for booklet showing various types of Westinghouse fans for all purposes.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
East Pittsburgh, Penna.



THE IMMORTAL MILLIONS

(Concluded from Page 15)

that Lee had in his army—in the advance from the Rapidan to Appomattox, to the end, as we are told in patriotic addresses, that a man should not be bought like a chattel?

And yet within the lifetime of the survivors of that hideous barbarity did we not complacently purchase whole islands, full of men, women and children, and pay twenty million dollars in cash for them?

Are we certain, though, even if there were no other difficulties, that a great system of benefactions would be of advantage to the citizens of a democracy? Would it not be better for the states to increase the compensation of their teachers and other employees, even to the extent of what might be apparently an unreasonable compensation, rather than take the chance of a doubtful pension system? Is it not the object of a representative government to create an independent, self-reliant individual? Its policies are not paternal. They are all directed toward the development of the individual himself. It is conceived that our highest state under a republic would be one of the freest and widest opportunities to the individual, leaving him to rise or fall by his own efforts.

The scheme of the universe is such that one can be developed only by making the effort himself. It is a law that can neither be obscured nor evaded.

If, then, it be doubtful whether a race of sturdy, self-reliant men can be grown under a system of national benefactions, is it not more doubtful when these benefactions are to be received from private individuals or certain large dominating industries?

The great doubt in all these foundations, however, lies in the tendencies of those who control them or who furnish the revenues for them to exercise a discretion in the object of the benefactions.

Meantime what shall we do with Mr. Rockefeller's Foundation which, having been passed by the lower house of Congress, is half through the door?

It is true that one cannot put this question to the average member of our electorate because he will at once begin to talk about considerations that are irrelevant to the issue. He will say:

"Where did Mr. Rockefeller get a hundred million dollars? What kind of economic conditions do we live under that permit him to get them?"—and the like; and he will add: "Why don't you do things directly instead of in a roundabout way? Why didn't you leave the hundred millions in the people's pockets in the beginning? It came out of the people's pockets, didn't it? You could not create a hundred million dollars by incantations, could you? Well, why not leave it where it was, instead of bothering about distributing it by a device that wrecks our fundamental law and outrages a basic condition of our Government?" It is clear that we cannot argue with people whose minds wander like that.

We would know what to do with the great buccaneer who offered us the accumulated gains of his buccaneering; but do we know what to do with the great financier who offers us the accumulated gains of his financiering? What is the relation between these two sample cases that so doggedly persist in coming up together? It cannot lie in any association of mere alliterative syllables.

Perhaps it goes deeper—to the fundamental fact that the Anglo-Saxon does dearly love an adventurer in great affairs, as evidenced by that early English rime remembered by Mr. Chesterton:

You prosecute the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common—
But leave the larger felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose.

However, these latter remarks of mine are a digression; and does not the ancient proverb say: "God keep us from the scrivener's et cetera"?

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YOUR boots—your corsets—your gloves—they *must* fit perfectly.

Near fit will not answer.

Queen Quality Shoes are noted for many excellent features—but the most famous undoubtedly is the *flexible sole*.

This means a shoe that fits properly, that retains its shape and style—that never needs "breaking-in."

Four of the newest and most popular styles are illustrated herewith.

4819— Newest English Flat-tread, Slope-toe Model. Ribbed Silk Bow.

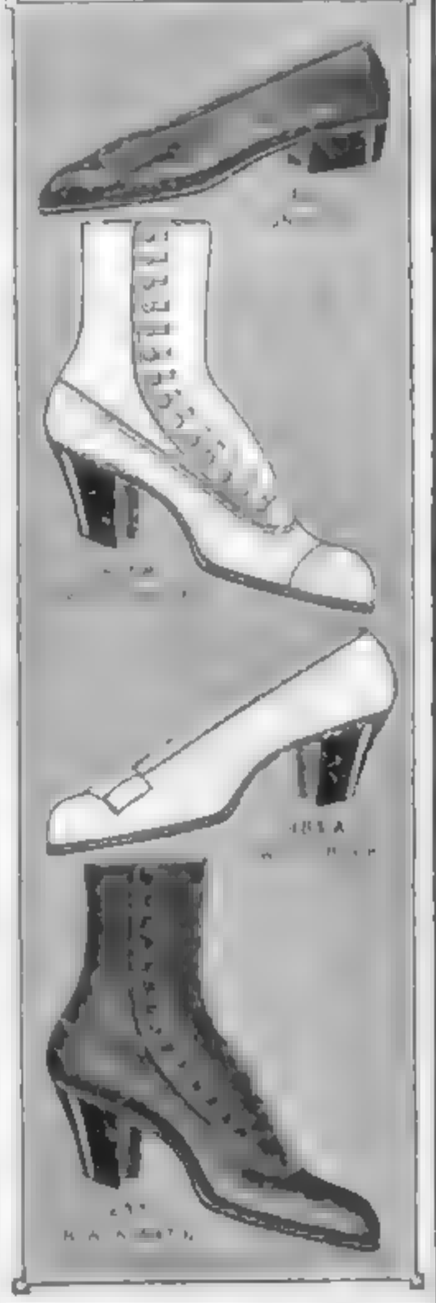
4116A— Correct White Button Boot for Mid-Summer. Semi-narrow Toe.

4831A— July and August Fashion in White Leather Pump. Leather Bow.

2333— Smart Plain-toe Satin Boot for Summer Gowns of Dark Fabrics.

$3.50, $3.75, $4.00, $4.25, $4.50 and $5.00

A Few Unusual Styles $5.50 and $6.00



You can order your shoes from any Queen Quality Dealer through Parcel Post System.

See that the Queen Quality trade mark is stamped on every pair.

Thirty-eight hundred dealers handle "Queen Quality" shoes. Below we give you the names of a few in the leading cities for your convenience.

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[illegible]
Kansas City, Mo.—Holland Shoe Company
Los Angeles, Cal.—Paul Maher
Louisville, Ky.—Kaufman-Straus Co., Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.—Caroline Shoe Company
Mexico City, Mexico—Lucas Llanos
[illegible]
—David Spencer, Ltd.
Washington, D. C.—The Palais Royal

THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

The Accounting Department Must Justify Motor-Haulage

THE record will go down, black on white, in your books—day by day, week by week, year by year.

Will the balance be on the right side?

That depends on three things: No. 1—Does your business fit the truck? No. 2—Does the type of truck fit your business? No. 3—Will the truck stand up to the job after you get it? *Don't neglect No. 3.*

The first two have been studied and investigated, from every angle, put down in exact figures, settled definitely. *What's the answer to No. 3?*

Look to the parts that carry the load

When the giant truck rumbles past you over the cobblestones, don't look merely at the body, *look beneath.* That's where the load comes—on the axles and their bearings.

Take a five-ton truck, for example, it weighs about 8,000 pounds, its load, 10,000 more. *Nine tons supported by the four axle* spindles!

Only long years of experience and the devotion of an entire great organization to axle-building can safely determine the size and design of those spindles, the selection and heat treatment of the steel.

It is because Timken-Detroit Axles are made by such an organization that they are standing up under so many thousands of motor trucks today, both electric and gasoline driven.

750 lbs. on a ⅝-inch roller

The nine tons rest also on the ⅝-inch rollers in the eight Timken Bearings on the four axle spindles.

And not on all of the rollers at that, because only one-fifth of the 120 rollers in the eight bearings, or 24 rollers, are actually under the load at any one time.

Think of it, nine tons on 24 rollers, 750 lbs. on each!

But Timken Tapered Roller Bearings carry this load—what's more they take the tremendous side-pressure when corners are turned, the pound and jolt of the rough roads, the extra stresses due to careless driving.

All the conditions have been foreseen by Timken Engineers—and they have established a factor of safety far enough above the 750 lbs. to *make sure of emergencies.*

Building truck axles and bearings that stand up to the work

Timken Engineers have built on the experience of all motor-truck designers and builders, domestic and foreign.

They have minutely tabulated records of their own experience going back before the first practical conception of motor haulage.

Timken Engineers have at their service two great organizations whose only occupations and ideals are to build the best possible axles and bearings for pleasure and commercial cars.

They can help you answer that third question with a Yes.

You will find the whole story of axle and bearing importance—for pleasure cars as well as motor trucks—in the Timken Primers No. A-1 "On the Care and Character of Bearings." No. A-2 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles." Sent, free, post-paid, from either address below.

The Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
Detroit, Mich.
The Timken Roller Bearing Co.
Canton, Ohio

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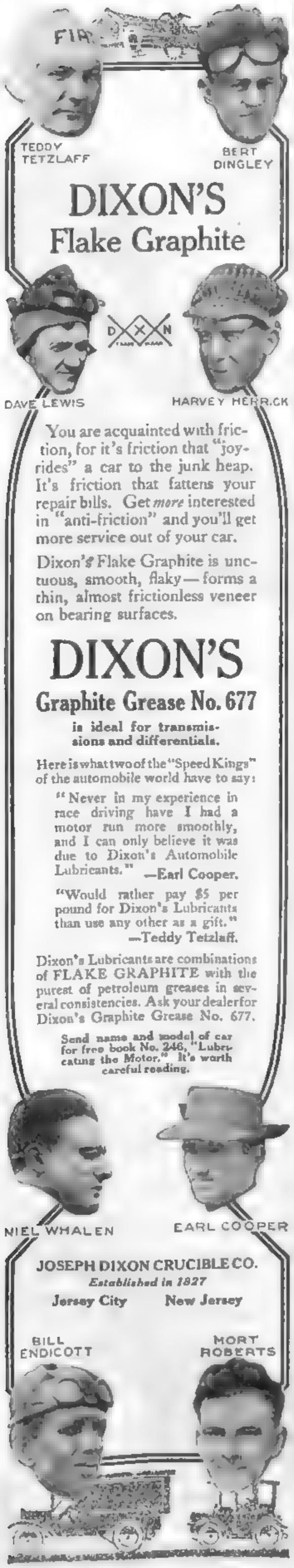


BACK-FIRE

(Continued from Page 5)

while the brightness of her gray eyes was not that which comes of a temperature. Mrs. Duane's manner also gave evidence of a vivacity that suggested repressed excitement of an agreeable character, and after she and Lucia had greeted Malcolm Gillespie and Edna and gone up to bathe and rest, Edna looked meditatively at her father.

"I wonder what's happened to Aunt Nelly?" said she speculatively.

Gillespie glanced at her inquiringly. He was a handsome man in the prime of life; tall, well made, with the trim figure of a captain of dragoons; broad of shoulder, lean of face, with clean-cut, aristocratic features and a fresh, weather-hardened skin suggestive of open air, cold water and a certain indulgence in stimulants. His brows were straight and dominant, his eyes a steely gray but saved from coldness by a certain hint of mirthfulness, and his crisp mustache, slightly sandy, for he was blond of coloring, gave him the brisk "you-be-damned" air one associates with a certain class of gentleman sportsmen.

"Well, then, what's happened to her, Eddie?" he asked. "She's certainly looking jolly fit."

"She looks like a bride-elect," said the girl demurely.

Gillespie threw her a startled look. "What's that?" he asked sharply.

"She has the general air of a woman who's been made love to," observed Edna thoughtfully.

Gillespie stared, then fended off a basset that was demanding affectionate recognition by pawing his cream-colored khaki riding breeches.

"Huh," he growled; "you ought to know what that looks like. And in that connection, Eddie, while I don't want to interfere with your innocent pastimes, I wish you'd tie a can to that Latimer pup. He's not our kind."

"He hasn't much money, it's true," said Edna composedly. "Look here, dad; what have these two females been up to? I thought that Lucia had rather a pick-me-up-and-carry-me expression too."

"Maybe they've been eatin' out of the hand of a swami, or attendin' lectures on cubism. Or maybe Lucia's got a beau."

"Maybe Aunt Nelly's got a beau," retorted Edna.

Gillespie looked disturbed. He twisted his mustache and kicked at the basset. The dog did not appear intimidated.

"Nonsense," said Gillespie. "Nelly ain't that kind."

"She's a pretty woman," Edna answered, "and pretty women are all that kind. Besides, she's rich. I'm going up to pump Lucia."

"You won't get anything out of Lucia. She's a close-mouthed little titmouse."

"At any rate she and Aunt Nelly have been up to something, I know."

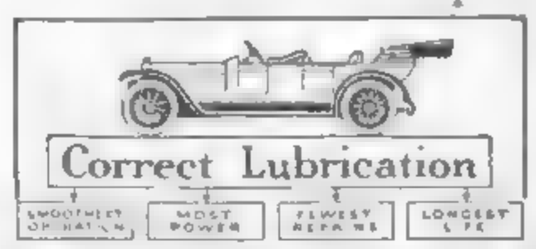
Gillespie leaned down to remove the stains left by the basset. "You're worse than a jigger, Eddie," he complained. "What could they have been up to?"

"That's what I want to find out." She gave him a curious look in which were mingled admiration, affection and a sort of feminine contempt for the obtuse male. Father and daughter were devoted to each other. Both were extremes of their sex, full-natured and efficient. Gillespie was intensely masculine, authoritative, masterful and self-indulged. Yet his life of luxury could not prevent his being very much of a man.

Edna's love for her father had in it something almost maternal. She had seen him act like a silly little boy, and loved him for it, because she knew that when occasion arose he could act like a very strong man. Gillespie had been a sweet and devoted father to his motherless children and from their infancy had loved to have them with him, though it must be said that his part in their education had been much that of one who trains pups. Yet he had never been selfish or severe, and his children adored him. Edna set him up secretly as her standard for a husband, and was thus, at twenty-three, still heart-whole, because she had not yet found a man who could support her comparison of him with her father. But for this father the girl had already formed very distinct plans.

Gillespie strode into the billiard room and, picking up a cue, began to practice

Correct automobile lubrication is a serious problem. But its fundamentals are simple. We will cover them in a plain question-and-answer form.



Question: What moves your car?

Answer: Power.

Question: What determines your power?

Answer: Your motor, your fuel and your lubricant. If any one of these factors falls short in full efficiency, you receive less than full power. The greater part of the power lost is taken up by friction—wear on the moving parts.

Question: What will give you the most efficient lubrication?

Answer: An oil of the highest lubricating qualities whose "body," or thickness, is best suited to the feed requirements of your motor.

Question: Suppose you use oil of lower lubricating quality or of less correct "body." What are the penalties?

Answer: Many. Among them are:

(1) Escape of the explosion past the piston rings. (2) Unlubricated cylinder walls at the upper end of the piston stroke. (3) Imperfect lubrication of many of the bearings. (4) Excess carbon deposit. (Due to the oil working too freely past the piston rings and burning in the combustion chamber.) (5) Excessive oil and fuel consumption. (6) Worn wrist pins. (7) Rapid and unnecessary deterioration of your motor. (8) Loose bearings. (9) Noisy operation.

Question: How can you determine the correct oil for your car?

Answer: By consulting the lubricating chart—printed in part on the right.

Question: What assures the reliability of this chart?

Answer: The chart is the result of the most far-reaching and most thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been undertaken.

It was prepared by a company whose authority on scientific lubrication is recognized throughout the world—the Vacuum Oil Company.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the motor of each make and each model of American and foreign car.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

If you use oil of lower lubricating quality or of less-correct "body" than that specified for your car, your motor faces unnecessary friction, loss of power, and ultimate serious damage.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel, or a sealed five-gallon or one-gallon can.

Look for the name and the red Gargoyle on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart, together with points on lubrication, will be mailed on request

Explanation: In the schedule at the right opposite the car find under the grade [illegible] The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1909 Summer	1909 Winter	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	191- Summer	191- Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter
[illegible]			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
[illegible]										
[illegible]										
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To a shady arbor under the grape-vines, Sue comes on Summer afternoons—of course she does not expect Tom, but somehow he seems to like that same arbor He brings with him a heartful of earnest Love, and a big red box of

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A. G. MORSE CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

(12)

Smile And Feel "Life's Worth While" in B. V. D.

ENJOY the games of the summer and the game of life in B. V. D. In this "line-up," four men wear Loose Fitting B. V. D.—the fifth wears tight fitting underclothes and a *harassed look* He doesn't know the *coolness* and *comfort* of light-woven, skin-soft, air-free B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits.

To get *genuine* B V D. get a good look at the *label* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

Insist that your dealer sells you only underwear with the B.V.D. Label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A., 4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit

The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

cannons Edna followed him and stood for a moment watching him through half-veiled eyes. Gillespie grew nervous under her scrutiny and missed an easy draw shot. Edna laughed. Gillespie looked at his daughter, frowned, then grinned.

"You little cat," said he, "I thought you were going up to talk to Lucia."

"So I am. But first I want to talk to you."

"Fire away." Gillespie missed again. "You put me off," said he, and setting aside his cue lighted a cigarette.

"Well?" he growled.

"See here, dad." Edna seated herself on the edge of the table.

"Get off of that," growled Gillespie.

"I'm not on the cushion, you old dear. Why don't you ask Aunt Elinor to marry you?"

Gillespie stared for a moment, then shrugged.

"I have," he answered sulkily. "She won't have me."

"Why did you ask her? Do you love her?"

The blood rushed into Gillespie's face. "You clear out of here," said he gruffly; then went suddenly to his daughter, took her lovely face between his two strong hands, turned it up and kissed her.

"I adore her!" he answered huskily. "Now go up and talk to Lucia as you said you would. I've brought you up mighty badly. No respect for age. Clear out of here and forget it. I'm going out."

"No, you're not, dad. You are going to sit down and read the papers and see how much you've lost in the last slump in rubber. I'm going up to talk to Lucia and Aunt Nelly, and I'll come back afterward to talk to you. You make me tired, dad. Sometimes I'm not proud of you—not very often, but sometimes."

"If you weren't such a big girl I'd spank you!"

"You wouldn't know how. You never spanked any of us yet and now you're getting the reward. Look at Carl!"

Gillespie sat down in one of the tall billiard-room chairs, stretched out his legs and groaned.

"Confound him! Did he write you about it too?"

"Yes. It will cost you about half a year's income to get Carl out of that mess. Have you got it?"

Gillespie looked up miserably.

"Of course I haven't. Maybe Nell——"

Edna turned on him quickly. There was something almost catlike in the swing of her round, supple body.

"Always Aunt Nell!" she exclaimed. "Do you realize, dad, what Aunt Nell does for us? Summer at Aunt Nell's Newport house; autumn at Aunt Nell's camp in Maine; winter at Aunt Nell's house here in Florida. The only time that we are really on our own is in the late spring, when we are in our own house on Fifty-seventh Street, and that's never for more than about six weeks. The rest of the time we are living on Aunt Nelly."

Gillespie got out of his chair and walked toward the door. If he had been a mule instead of a man he would have walked with one ear cocked backward. As it was, he reached the door; then hearing nothing more from his daughter, hesitated for a moment, reached for his cigarette case, looked round in the air for a match, and not finding it walked back on the other side of the billiard table. Edna's eyes narrowed as she observed his maneuvers and her full lips twisted in a little smile.

Gillespie took a match from a table and lighted his cigarette impatiently.

"Oh, chuck it! You think we're sponging too much on Aunt Nelly? Hang it all, since she wants to keep up these places, why shouldn't her family make use of 'em? I try to look things over and see that she doesn't get too badly stung. Family aside, it seems to me we pay our way."

"I think so, too, daddy dear. The question is, what does Aunt Nelly think?"

Gillespie swung on his heel and looked at his daughter with an expression of surprise and injury. Edna licked her lips like a very demure and trustworthy pussy-cat.

"What are you driving at?" he demanded. "She wanted these places, didn't she?"

"Not very much," Edna answered. "Aunt Nelly didn't want these places kept up until you told her that she needed them. And who's got the benefit? We have. Don't interrupt me, please, dad. She, too, has enjoyed them in a way, and no doubt they've done her a certain amount of good. She's been much better off than if she had stuck to town and her settlement work and

Just dip and press -that's all.

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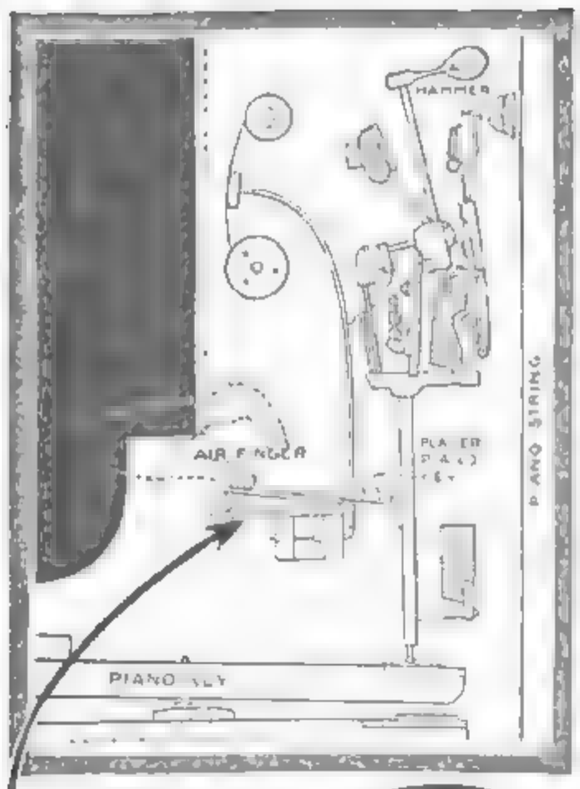
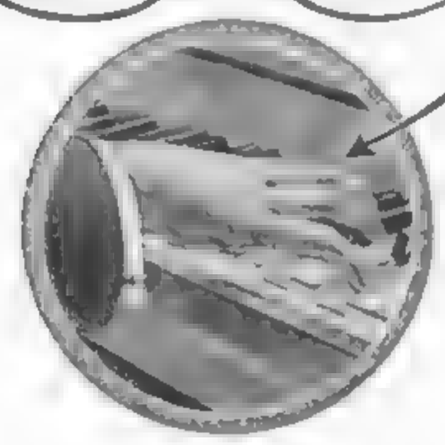


Cause and Effect



in playing the

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The Player-Piano that is all but human

WHEN you play a player-piano your pedaling makes little bellows or air fingers (one for each note) collapse. They, in turn, make the piano hammers strike the strings. In the Manualo the important thing about these air fingers is this:

1st. The Manualo air finger collapses *downward* just as the human finger presses down.

2nd. Its collapse downward raises a player-piano key *where the key is attached to the rod of the piano hammer* just as pressing down the piano key raises the key at the other end where it is attached to the same rod.

3rd. Raising the player-key works the piano action and makes the hammer strike the string as *directly* as the piano key makes the hammer strike.

4th. The Manualo air finger collapses with *varying* force according to your musical feeling instinctively expressed through the pedaling, just as the human finger strikes the piano key with varying force depending upon the musical feeling.

Therefore, since the Manualo air fingers have the same action on the piano hammers as the human fingers and since your musical feeling directs their working as intimately and absolutely as it directs the working of the human fingers, it stands to reason that the effects secured must be the same in both.

In other words, when you play the Manualo you secure all the effects of hand-playing; the instrument responds as nicely, instantly and completely to every instinctive movement as if you were playing by hand.

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all that. But they've done us a lot of good, too, and a lot of harm."

Gillespie looked at her angrily.

"Where's the harm?" he demanded.

"It's made us extravagant. If it weren't for Aunt Nelly we couldn't live this way, could we, dad? I know that you are generous. You have always given us kids all that you could, but I notice that lately Aunt Nelly has been paying all the bills for frocks and ponies and the rest. What's the matter, dad? Been playing the market?"

"Yes," he answered; "I've had rotten bad luck, Eddie." He set down an untasted whisky. "Guess I won't drink that. Whisky's all right in times of joy, but it makes me nasty when I'm sad. Come on; let's walk over in the woods and kill a rattlesnake."

Edna flew to him and flung her arms round his neck.

"You old dear," said she, "it's too early for rattlesnakes. Besides, they're all killed off. Go on, daddy, and take a little walk while I go up and interview these ladies. They ought to be in a confidential mood by this time. Walk down to the bay and take that snuffling little brute with you. Go on, daddy; clear out and look for rattlesnakes—only kiss me before you go."

Gillespie caught his daughter in his arms and kissed her as he had loved to do since she was a plump, wriggling baby; then loosed her and went out. The basset went with him, quite forgetting the mole which it had devoured in the excitement of putting a cat up a palmetto. Edna drew down her blouse and went up to see if Lucia had all that she needed. Lucia had, but that made no particular difference. From the depth of the easy chair in which she was blissfully reclining Lucia turned her rosy, laughing face toward her sister as she entered.

"What have you and Aunt Nelly been up to since we left?" asked Edna.

"Leading our usual quiet and virtuous lives," Lucia answered. "We've met a man—a real, live man."

"Really? Whose is he—yours or Aunt Nell's?"

"Hers. I'm too young to think about men—'a mee-ah child,' as old Peasely said when he kissed me under the mistletoe and I broke my fan on his beak." Lucia shook her head, and her chestnut hair tumbled in curls about her shoulders. "You'll like this man, Eddie."

"What are his age, rank and social condition?" Edna asked, dropping into a wicker chair; "and why shall I like him?"

"His name is Penfold, and he's a medical missionary who has just come back from Tin Can or Cow's Lung or some such place. He's very good-looking and quite unmarried. He's thirty-two and has a scar on his head where a Tartar hit him with a yataghan. Aunt Nelly has asked him down for a month. He's had fever."

"You'd better put on something besides that negligee or you'll catch something yourself," Edna answered. "Why has Aunt Nelly asked him down?"

"She wants you and dad to meet him."

"That sounds rather serious," Edna observed lightly.

"It is rather," Lucia admitted. "Aunt Nell's going to endow a big institution for poor children and Doctor Penfold is going to run it. He'll be running Aunt Nelly, too, if she doesn't watch out. My dear, he's absolutely fascinating. Don't say anything about it, though, as she wants to tell dad herself. She's planning to spend millions and millions on this charity."

"Really?" Edna slipped out of the chair and turned to the door. "So that's why she looked so bright and animated! When is Doctor Thing coming down?"

"In a couple of weeks. He's over on the Eastern Shore of Maryland now making arrangements to buy millions of acres for the wee-wee farm."

"Then he's going to let the mission at Chang-Chang go hang-hang?"

"I'm afraid so. Charity begins at home. Would you mind putting the tip of your dainty finger on that bell?"

Edna touched the bell and went out. Passing along a tiled terrace, she went down the steps and came on a colored gardener spading up a flower bed.

"Have you seen father, George?" she asked.

"Yas'm, Miss Edna. He done gone down past de Jap'nese house tow'd de pawn."

Edna, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the ground, went slowly down past the Japanese house toward the pond.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Triumphs in Three Continents!

The shooting-world never saw anything that approaches last Summer's record of

US AMMUNITION

We are proud of this record—wouldn't you be if you could tell a story like this,—not of unknown back-country events, but of the standard tournaments of the world?—Read—

In the Spring of 1912 US AMMUNITION won the Championship of the Western Hemisphere at the Pan-American Tournament in the Argentine.

In July 1912 US AMMUNITION won the World's Championship at the Olympic Games in Sweden.

In August 1912 US AMMUNITION took 112 prizes out of a total of 125 (90%) at Wakefield, Mass.—the big event in the Northeast.

In September 1912 US AMMUNITION took all the important events at Sea Girt (the big National event), winning 205 out of a total of 298 offered for rifle shooting. The only first prizes it lost were taken by professional shooters in the employ of other ammunition companies, while not one US AMMUNITION win was made by a professional.

Wouldn't you be proud of a record like that? *And* don't you think you had better give a trial to US AMMUNITION? You can get it everywhere, and it hits where you aim.

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too, because the same primer that is the chief factor in winning championships for US AMMUNITION makes better scores and bigger bags for shooters of THE BLACK SHELLS.

You're overlooking a bet, unless you experience the wonderful quickness of ignition of THE BLACK SHELLS non-mercuric primer. For, instead of the usual ground glass which absorbs 20% of the heat of the primer-flame, the materials of our primer—*being combustible*—actually increase the heat. And it's this *hotter*, larger flame, leaping into the powder through our *double-size* flash passage, that gives the instantaneous, even, complete combustion of THE BLACK SHELLS. With all that this means in doing away with time allowance between trigger-pull and explosion, in requiring less "lead" on your bird or target and in bettering your aim in every way.

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Drawn by "Penny" Ross

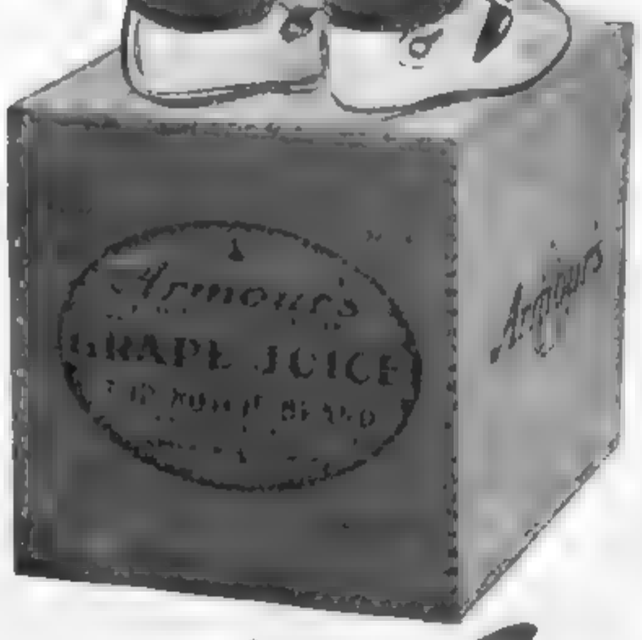
Come and Take A Drink With Me!

A cooling, refreshing, beneficial drink of pure, rich, undiluted, unsweetened juice of the finest Concord Grapes—the "Whole" grape juice made by Armour and Company down where the best Concords grow.

All the matchless flavor that Nature puts in this splendid fruit, and all the magic health chemistry with which she endows it, are retained by sterilization and air-tight bottling.

Make it your standard beverage during warm weather, for it helps you stand the heat better—is cooling as well as cool.

Give it to the children—all they want—and make them as sturdy and robust and high spirited as this little grape juice girl.



Armour's GRAPE JUICE

The Family Drink
Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

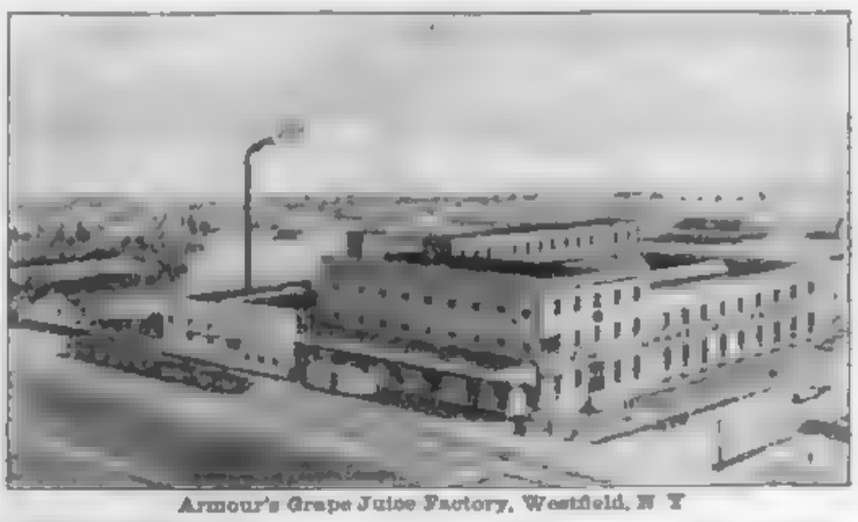
Grocers and druggists everywhere keep Armour's Grape Juice. They sell it by the case or by the bottle.

You will also find it at fountains, buffets and clubs.

Should your regular dealer still be unable to fill your order we will forward you, express prepaid, a trial dozen pints for $3, or a trial dozen quarts for $5.50. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 313, Chicago.

Extra—A collection of grape juice recipes—beverages, fruit cups, desserts, etc.—Free for a postal. Just ask for "Armour's Grape Juice Book."

Armour's Grape Juice Factory, Mattawan, Mich.



Armour's Grape Juice Factory, Westfield, N. Y.

99% Efficiency—Have You Got It?

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling,
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing

Over and over we turn again to Old Omar, who faced the inevitable with unquivering lip. And yet, at the last the Grape got the better of Omar, as it does of every one who insists on taking it in fermented form.

The "Grape-Cure" of Europe was no idle, iridescent dream, founded on moonshine, and fanned into being by a quackerino.

A famous physician of Denver even treats cases of appendicitis on a grape diet—and he finds it especially successful in restoring his patients to health.

Fresh-picked grapes, and grape juice made from fresh-picked grapes, are life-giving, coupling you up close with the sun, the wind and the gentle rain.

Grapes and grape juices, unfermented, are cooling, healing, mildly laxative. Grape juice neutralizes the toxins that the body is constantly throwing off, aids digestion, and thus gives Nature an opportunity to act normally.

For lack of proper elimination, the doctors come with serums, toxins, antitoxins, cultures, vaccines, hypodermic ministrations, and a fine kit of tools for stretching ligaments, cutting nerves, all to be followed—if the patient lives—with tonics, bracers, stimulants, and finally sedatives. And then, mayhap, the Southern Planter is at the door.

But the doctors are not to blame—we get what we ask for. As we grow better we get better doctors.

Armour's Grape Juice and right living will often tend to eliminate the doctor, except as a delightful social factor.

"Armour's" is made from carefully selected grapes, pressed right there on the hillside the same day the grapes are gathered, there where they are produced, kissed into color by the Summer sun.

Armour's Grape Juice causes no reaction, nor does a dark-brown taste follow its use. It invigorates, it satisfies, it tastes—and Horace Fletcher says that taste is the best.

When the children want Armour's Grape Juice, give it to them. Also, follow your own inclinations and drink it yourself.

Nature is on our side!

THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

at the door of a tall and imposing gray sandstone residence. It was the Adairs' city house. At their coming the grille at the doorway was flung back and a servant hurried out to help them with their things.

"Well, here we are, Hannah—all safe and sound!" Mary smiled, and the woman, an elderly, white-haired person with a wrinkled, smiling face, patted her affectionately on the arm. "Glory be, Miss Mary!" she exclaimed. "For an hour I've been wondering what you'd be up to now, running round this late!" Then her face grew serious. "Will this be Mr. Craig, sir?" she asked, turning to him. "There's been a man, sir, here three times already asking when you'd be here. It was only a while ago he left, sir."

A man? It seemed curious. Craig and Mary exchanged a glance; and then he asked: "What was his name? Did he tell you?"

"He didn't give it, sir. I asked him, but he wouldn't tell."

"Did he say whether he'd come back?" asked Craig.

The woman shook her head.

"No, sir; though I expect he will. He said his business was very urgent!"

"Urgent? H'm!" mused Craig; and then he inquired: "What did he look like, please?"

Then they had light on the matter.

"He was a small man, sir, with seedy clothes. If I may say so, Mr. Craig, his shoes were a sight!"

Craig knew him at once. It was Mr. Vilas; and with his eyes widening he looked at Mary Adair.

"Gawtry's clerk, Mary! I wonder what he wants!"

Mary Adair for a moment did not answer. Then she murmured thoughtfully; "I wonder!"

Both she and Craig were immersed silently in thought as they passed into the house.

Why had Vilas come?

The clocks were just striking half-past one as Craig and Mary entered the house; and half an hour later, intent and absorbed, a rising fire in her eyes, Mary Adair had set in motion all the complex, far-reaching machinery of her father's business organization.

Craig marveled as he watched her. Upstairs in her father's living room, a huge apartment, half office, half library, Mary went swiftly to work. There was a telephone on the table, and waiting only to fling off her hat, her cloak and her gloves, she snatched the receiver from the hook. Then, when the operator answered, she gave the number she wanted and sat waiting eagerly, her sensitive mouth trembling with suppressed emotion.

"It's Mr. Colfax," she explained, her eyes wandering to Craig who stood watching her from the table's end, his eyes troubled. "We've got to get him. He's father's head man!" Then with a little start she turned swiftly. "Hello, Mr. Colfax! Is that you? Oh, why, hello—yes! Oh, Mr. Colfax, this is Miss Adair—Mary Adair. Can you hear me? What—my father? No, nothing's happened to him; he's just the same. It's something else, Mr. Colfax! I want you to listen closely. Mr. Colfax, I've found out who's raiding father's properties, and —— What do you say? What? Why, yes; that's what I mean. I've found out who is doing it, and we haven't a moment to waste! You must get in touch with every one we'll need, and have them come here. Understand, don't you? As soon as you can, have them all hurry up to the house. As soon as they're told, you come here, too, and —— What? Attacking us? Yes, I'm sure who's doing it! If you don't mind, though, I'd rather not say over the telephone! Now hurry, won't you, please? Goodby!"

Hanging up the receiver she closed her eyes wearily and gave a little sigh. "Think of it!" she murmured, her tone deep with feeling. "Just think of it, Leonard! Picture to yourself to what depths greed can drive a man! My father was Gawtry's benefactor, he literally gave to him everything he has; and yet, now here we are fighting that man to save my father's honor, perhaps even his life!"

Craig moved uneasily. She had lowered her eyes again, and looking at her closely he saw in her white, tired face and the shadows under her eyes how the strain had begun to tell on her. "Mary," he said wistfully, "if I hadn't come home all this never would have happened to you! It would have been better, dear—for you!"

Then she raised her eyes to his.

"Would it?" she asked, smiling faintly. "Do you really think that, Leonard? Well, I don't!" she murmured.

His hand closed gently over hers then, and long afterward they were still sitting there, silent and absorbed, when they heard the bell ring below.

The first of Adair's men had arrived. The day had begun.

XXV

IN THE hours that followed, each vivid and each treading swiftly on the one before, Craig instinctively realized that the stage was set, that the play was running swiftly to its appointed end, the curtain to it all. His heart grew heavy at the thought.

It was not without a reason too! Through all that day, though he understood little of what went on round him, he had the feeling that somehow his future hung in the balance. Mary Adair, he of course knew, would marry no one she did not love; but, on the other hand, in the involved tangle that surrounded her who could tell what might or might not happen? It was perhaps as Hilda Gawtry had said—if ruin came it would come because of Craig; and then would Mary Adair care to have him with her, a constant reminder of it? He wondered.

There were, as well, many other things he thought about. His mind, running back, dwelt, for example, upon the years that he and his father had like Ishmael wandered homeless up and down the world. Would it be his fortune now to go wandering on again? More than that, would he wander discredited and friendless, still smirched by the shame of a crime neither he nor his father had committed? Then his mind, turning from the thought of the dead, passed on to still another victim of the conspiracy, a man who even now might be dying.

It was Adair. And there arose imaged in his mind a picture of him as he first had seen the man—stalwart, resolute, grim! It was pitiable to consider him as he was now, helpless and stricken, dying perhaps like a crippled lion while the jackals waited to get at his throat.

And Craig at the thought cursed his inability, the ignorance that tied his hands at the moment when most he wanted to help. What is more, as the day progressed the feeling grew bitterly upon him.

At ten the market opened. On the floor of the Exchange, as the gong struck, a roar burst from the throats of the assembled brokers and the battle was on. The day will be long remembered in the Street. There were some pretty fortunes won and lost in that one day; for, as it happened, when night fell upon the field in that war of the money gods victory and defeat had been decided. And from first to last the battle had been waged without mercy.

At the opening the first sale recorded on the tape showed 1000 Eastern Central at a price 2½ off from the night's close. A sale of H. N. & B. followed. Four thousand shares were flung into the market at a price 3¼ points under the close. Then bedlam broke loose upon the floor. It seemed to be a rout, a landslide, a slaughter. Every quotation on the tape showed the loss of a quarter, a half, a whole point at a time. Half an hour later word ran around the Street that big interests were gunning for Adair. It looked, moreover, as if they had him too. At eleven o'clock Eastern Central had sold down to 79, sixteen points under the opening; while H. N. & B., its weaker sister, was at 63, twenty-one points off. Together they were still falling rapidly.

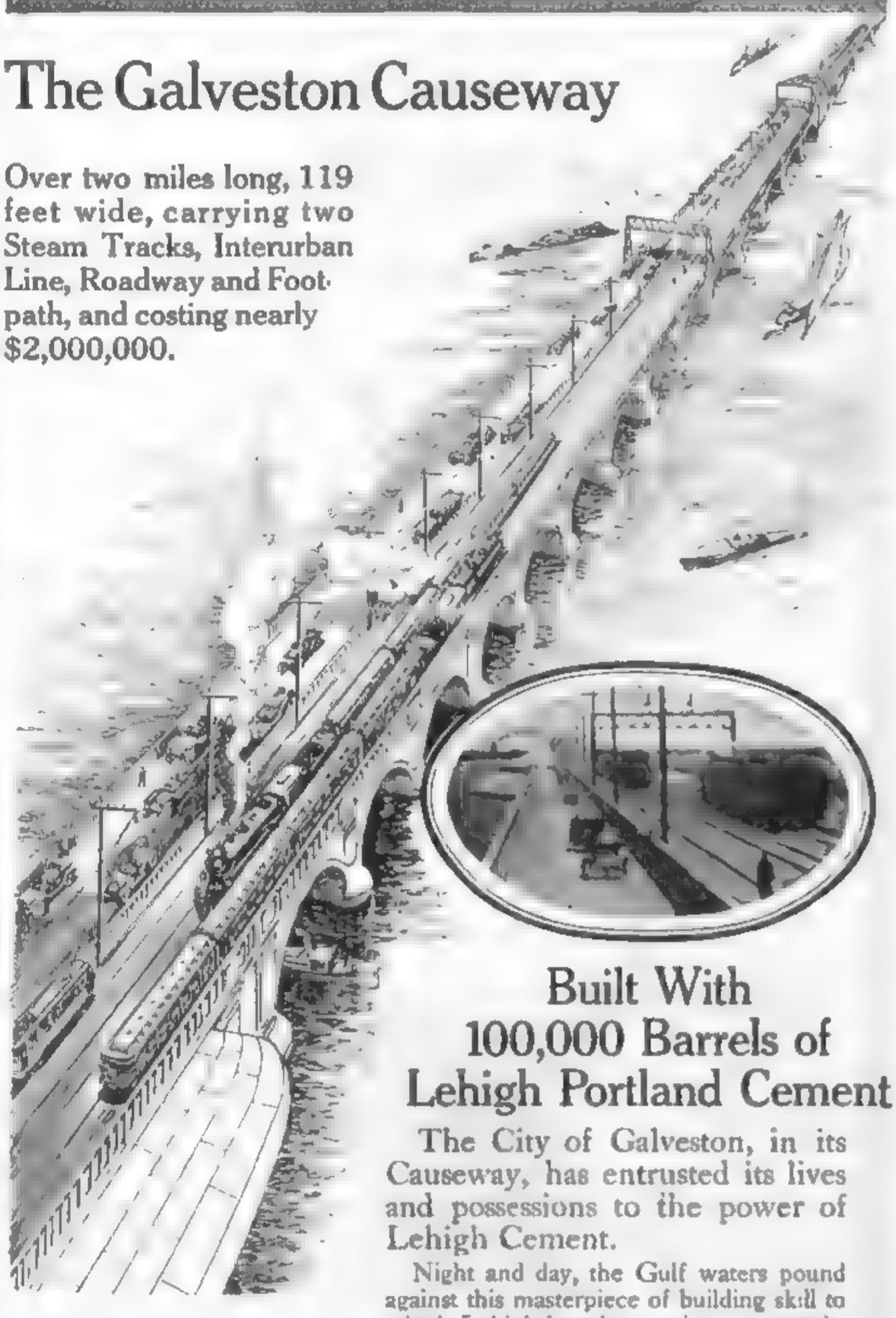
It meant one thing, and one thing only. Unless the raid halted or some one came to Adair's assistance, by nightfall his properties would be in the hands of the wreckers and he would be a ruined man.

There was a ticker in the room where Craig and Mary were—old Adair's private office in Wall Street. Early that morning they had come there, and ever since Mary had sat perched upon a stool beside the clacking, clattering machine, scanning the tape that flowed in a sinuous ribbon through her fingers. Long before silence had fallen upon them. Now, however, as Craig

(Continued on Page 41)

The Galveston Causeway

Over two miles long, 119 feet wide, carrying two Steam Tracks, Interurban Line, Roadway and Footpath, and costing nearly $2,000,000.



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Daily, the causeway sustains the weight of hundreds of thousands of tons passing over it. It is proof against the Sea and Time.

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Lehigh is the logical choice for building and construction work, where permanency and durability are required. It is the ideal building material when beauty is a vital element.

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Write today, telling us your building plans. We will give you definite information on Lehigh Cement for your requirements and have our engineering department assist you wherever possible.

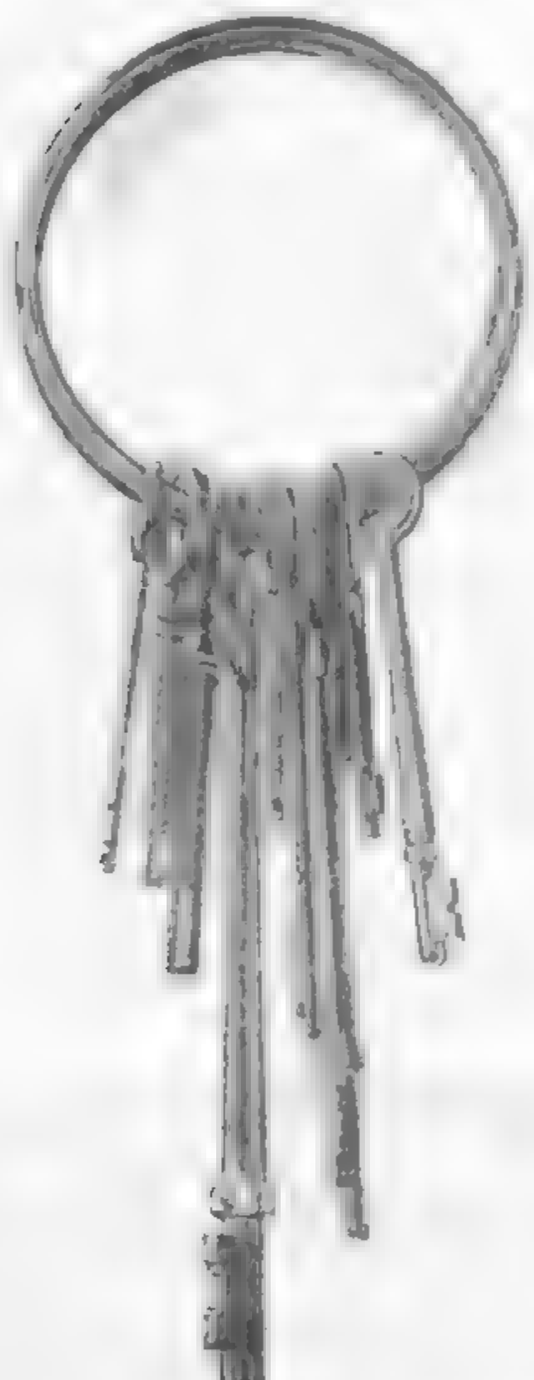
Lehigh Portland Cement Co.

191 Young Bldg., Allentown, Pa. 119 Consumers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

85 11 Mills, Over 12,000,000 Barrels Capacity.

The Old Keys

These were the keys upon which men had to rely to protect their money until the invention of the National Cash Register



These keys could be used or duplicated without detection because they left no record behind

The Modern Keys

Today over 1,200,000 merchants protect themselves, their customers and their employees with keys such as these

This is the key which safeguards cash sales

This is the key which safeguards credit sales

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These keys cannot be used without a duplicate unchangeable record being left inside of the National Cash Register of which they are a part

There is a kind and size of National Cash Register built to fit the requirements of every line of business

Write for more information

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

(Continued from Page 39)

watched her expressive face he was almost as well aware of what went on as if she had read him all the details. The only break in that tense and silent watchfulness of hers was when the door opened and some one of her father's men entered, grave of face and bearing to her fresh news from the street below. Then, when she had heard them, Mary would utter a few words of suggestion or inquiry, turning afterward back to the tape again. A spot of fire burned on each of her cheeks, her eyes glowed feverishly. Craig, watching her, again cursed himself for his ignorance, his inability to help.

For with all his ignorance there was still this that he knew definitely: Each and every point that Adair's securities dropped in value meant a loss to him of approximately half a million dollars. Mary Adair had told Craig that. There was also something else she had told him. It was that when Eastern Central touched 70 and H. N. & B. fell to 55 the banks in possession of Adair's collateral would dump all his holdings on the market. Then nothing could save him.

Craig arose and walked silently to the window. Far down below he had a glimpse of Wall Street and of the bustling throngs hurrying like ants up and down its narrow defile. There, too, below him he could see the front of the Island Trust Company's building, where in and out of its doors double streams of men flowed constantly, all as if spurred to a vital hurry. And Craig, as he peered down upon the place, pictured to himself Gawtry seated within, balefully attacking the good name and the fortune of a helpless, maybe dying, man.

The thought gave Craig a queer revulsion of feeling. It was in pity now, rather than in hatred and disgust, that he reflected on the man's treachery, that and the rapacious greed upon which his treachery had been bred. Craig sighed. It seemed inconceivable to him that merely for money, more wealth than any man possibly could need, one should sell his honor and his loyalty, his compassion and his happiness.

Mary's voice recalled Craig suddenly to the moment.

As he had stood looking down from the window she had left the room; and returning, she was now standing, her hand upon the doorknob. "Leonard," she said, her voice as low, as self-contained as ever, "it begins to look pretty desperate. I wonder what we can do?"

Craig went to her hurriedly. His alarm was showing in his eyes.

"What has happened?" he asked, his voice breaking in spite of himself, as Mary pressed her lips together.

"Colfax has just come in. He's been everywhere. With all the funds of the Island Trust behind Gawtry, I'm afraid we can't get money enough to fight off that man. That's not the worst of it though," she added, "we've got to fight on to the end, till we're ruined! We can't let go!"

Craig's voice broke hoarsely when he spoke.

"Can't those men do anything—Colfax, and the rest of them? There must be something they can do?"

It seemed not. Already Adair's brokers had begun to call for more money, the thews and sinews of war, and before long there would be no more money to give them. Then the end would come swiftly. Adair's securities, if no longer supported by him, must tumble precipitately to a point where the banks, too, would begin throwing overboard the blocks they held. It was exactly what Gawtry was savagely fighting for.

Craig dragged up a chair. He sat staring at the carpet, his chin in his hands. In the feverish tenseness of the moment he no longer thought of Gawtry as human, as a being with human traits. Instead, the man seemed to personify only evil, a spirit, a genius of ill maliciously bent on persecution. And in his evil he seemed inconquerable! Was there no way to stop him? Craig could have groaned aloud.

"Mary, we can't give in!" he protested. "I tell you, there surely must be some way to stop him! Think of what he's done—of how he ruined Tevis Adair, killed him too! Think how he wrecked my father's life as well. I tell you, it isn't right! It's abominable that a man like him should live—that men of his sort should go on ruining the men they set out to ruin. It's abominable!"

She waited till his transport of anger had ended, then she smiled.

"Gawtry is not the only one, Leonard. That's how most of the business is done down here in Wall Street."

It made little difference to Craig now. His whole mind had now focused itself on Gawtry.

"Listen, Mary," he growled; "you remember, don't you, the way he used to get Tevis Adair—ruin him, I mean? It was something about another bank, and starting a run on the Trust Company! Now tell me what it was!" Mary told him what it was. When Tevis Adair had involved the Trust Company in his speculations, the Borough National had been instructed to refuse to act for it at the Clearing House. Instantly the run had followed. "Well," demanded Craig, "why can't we start a run? If we did it would keep that man so busy that he'd have neither time nor inclination to fight us! Look here," he asked swiftly, "who clears now for the Island Trust, the Borough National?"

"No. It is a smaller bank, the Riverside National. Why?" asked Mary.

"I'll tell you," said Craig. "I know nothing about Wall Street business, about the way these things are run, but they all seem to be on the hair-trigger. If that plagued Riverside Bank doesn't cost too much why not buy it? Then, when we've bought the Riverside, what's to prevent our refusing to clear for the Island Trust? You needn't say why; you can just do it. As far as I can make out," added Craig. "your father still has a few millions left, and ——"

But the sentence was never finished.

"Mr. Colfax! Mr. Colfax!" cried Mary Adair as she sprang to the door. "Mr. Colfax!"

He appeared instantly, a small man with a grave face and a brusk, fussy manner, the usual precise and formal, timorous banking person.

"I beg pardon," he remarked tentatively.

Mary Adair wasted no time in formalities. Rapidly, in the briefest manner possible, she gave him the plan that Craig had suggested. Its morality she did not stop to question. Gawtry was attacking her father in any way he could, so why not use his own weapons against him? If they could only buy the Riverside National or, if not that, at least prevail upon its management ——

"H'm!" said Mr. Colfax, loudly clearing his throat. "It was Mr. Craig, you say, who suggested it? H'm, very ingenious, I would remark! Most ingenious!" Then he made a little deprecatory movement with his hands and shoulders. "Unfortunately," said Mr. Colfax, "I fear it's quite impossible!"

"Why?" demanded Mary, and Mr. Colfax nervously nibbled his fingers.

"Well," he answered, "in the first place, if we did it the Federal authorities might put us all in Atlanta jail. In the second place, I doubt whether we could buy the stock in time."

Then Craig spoke.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Colfax," he said quietly; "you find out whether you can buy the stock. If you can, buy it in my name! Get me control of that bank and I'll stop at nothing! If any one has to go to jail I'll go. Don't you worry; I'm not afraid. If it's to save the day I'll go to hell if necessary!"

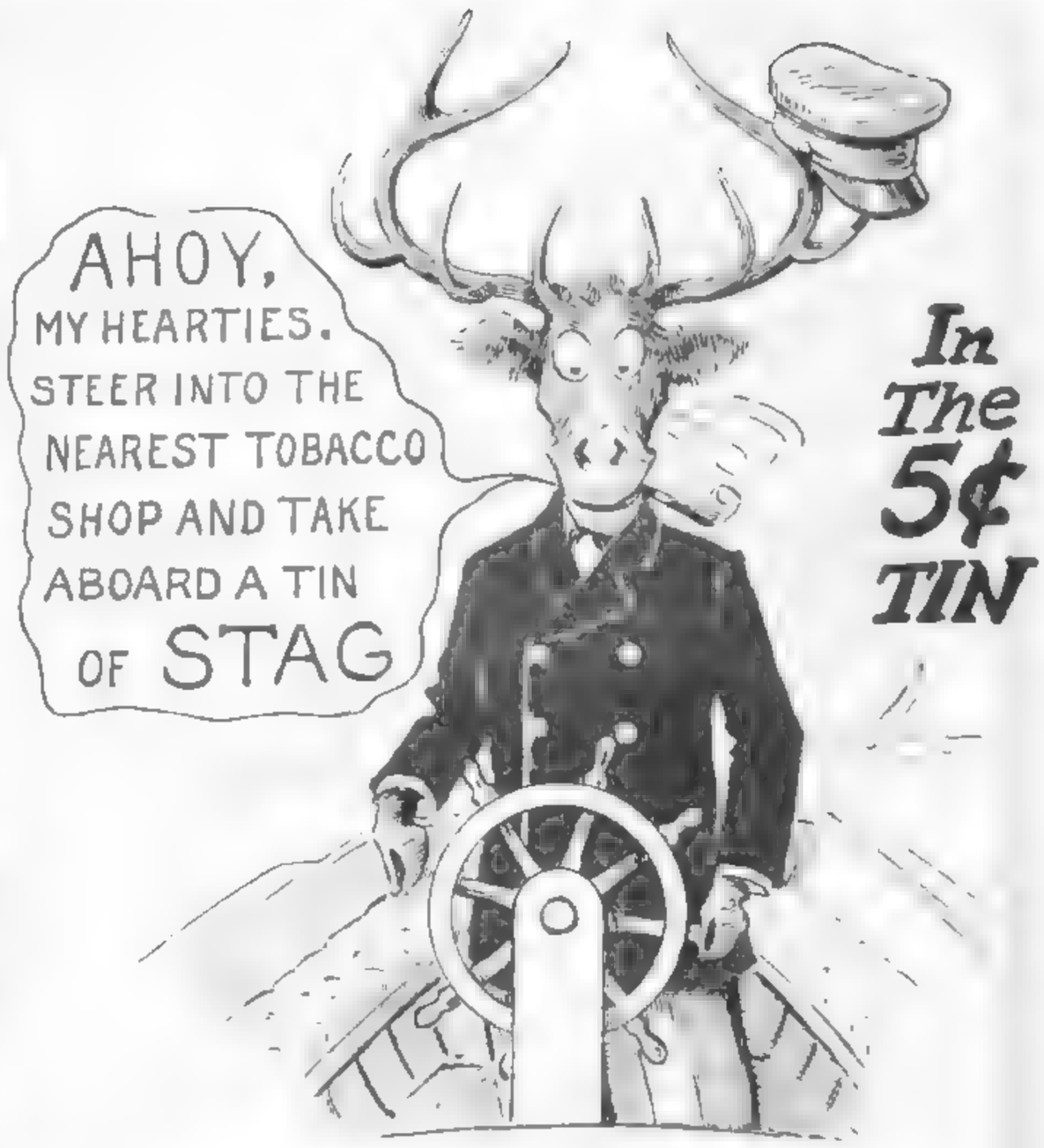
But it wasn't. Mr. Colfax was still exclaiming at Craig's intemperate language when a clerk opened the door and looked in on them.

"Mr. Vilas," he said. "He wishes to see Mr. Craig."

Then Mr. Vilas entered; and a few minutes later the whole room was whirling round Craig as if he walked in the delirium of a fever.

Entering timidly, his clothes seemingly more threadbare, more shiny then ever, his shoes squelching still more loudly upon the floor, the poor little fellow came cringing up to Craig.

"I was looking for you, sir," he quavered. "All last night I tried to get you." Then his voice broke and he gave a little sob. "Mr. Craig, your father was my friend. Had he lived I should not have been where I am, I think. He was very kind to me, sir, just as he was kind to many others. I have never forgotten it!" Then he cast a deprecatory glance about him. "Understand, sir, I do not mean that Mr. Gawtry has not been kind to me too. It is different though; I have learned from him—though indeed I've learned it too late—what has really been my trouble. Like your father, Mr. Craig, I have thought more of others than of myself! Had I thought more of myself, now I should not be where I am! I should be like Mr. Gawtry, a ——"



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The Stag 5c tin won't bulge or overload the pocket. Every smoker knows what that means.

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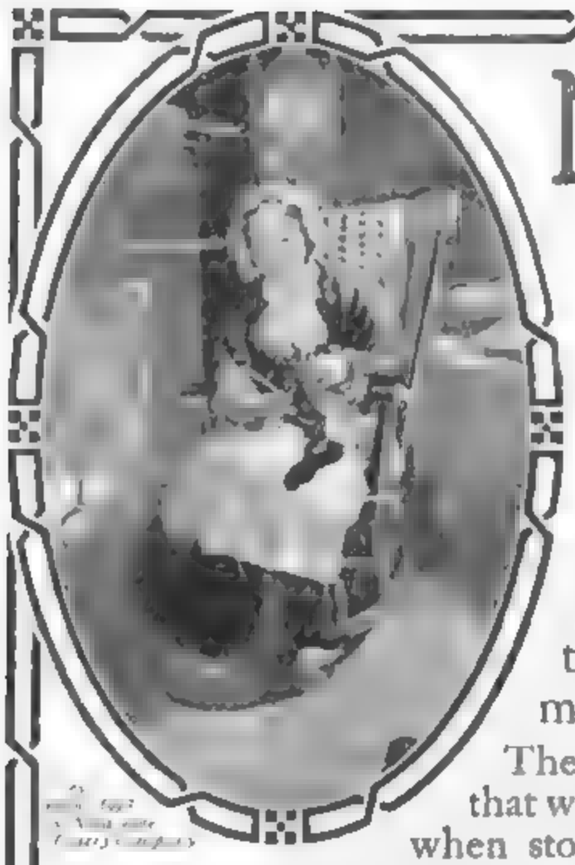
STAG



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"For God's sake, Mr. Vilas," Craig said suddenly, "you did not come here to tell me this! What do you want to say?"

Mr. Vilas cast a swift glance about him.

"I have not a cent in the world," he said, "but your father was my friend; he was kind to me! He did not steal anything from the Island Trust. Gawtry took it. And what is more," cried Mr. Vilas, his voice rising shrilly, "he is doing the same thing again! The Island Trust is already insolvent! He has wrecked it trying to ruin Adair!"

Then, flopping down into a chair beside the table, Mr. Vilas flung out his arms and buried his face upon them.

"I wish I was dead!" he said with earnest conviction. "I'm a traitor, but I did it for you!"

AT HALF-PAST two, half an hour before the close, Craig and Mary stood at the window of her father's office looking down into Wall Street.

"See!" she said, and pointed suddenly to the doors of the Island Trust. "Do you see that?"

Already an hour or more before, the attack on the Eastern Central and H. N. & B. had ceased. In the place of the stories affecting Adair a new rumor had gone out. It was in effect that he had come through the battle with flying colors, and that it was the men who had attacked him who were in trouble. Instantly Adair's chief stocks had begun to harden. No longer weak and toppling, they began presently to recover; and at half-past one, in an avalanche of buying orders, both securities began to soar as rapidly as they had fallen. Consternation followed upon the floor. The same traders who in the early morning had sold down the two securities with roars of delight now rushed panic-stricken to cover. Half-past two found Bedlam again breaking loose, but now it came from the other side of the fence.

In other words, it was already suspected in the Street that the Island Trust was in serious trouble. Briefly, rumor had it that the company's funds had been involved in the speculations of its president. It was confirmed presently, when the Riverside National gave the usual notice that it would no longer clear for it.

Craig looked to where Mary pointed. A man had run suddenly up the steps of the Island Trust and had tried to push in at its swinging door. Something stopped him, apparently a little congestion inside. Another man joined him then, and he, too, sought to get inside. A minute later there were a dozen pigmy figures elbowing one another upon the steps. All were struggling to get past. Then a man shouldered his way out upon the steps, and raising both his arms he seemed to shout something. Whatever it was, the whole street was arrested by it. It was only for a moment though. It seemed then, at any rate, that the whole street began running, every person in sight converging to that one point. The throng at the door became a mob. They were all fighting to get past one another, to crowd their way inside while yet there was time. A policeman appeared. From the height at which Craig and Mary looked down breathless, absorbed, they could see him shove and push, driving his way into the center of the press. Then other policemen appeared, a little squad of them. They, too, began to push and shove. Five minutes later a long queue of waiting men and boys stood strung out along the block, while from the street round them a roar of voices arose, crying in excitement.

"Leonard," said Mary quietly, "it's just as well, after all, that we haven't that on our conscience. There's the run we talked about starting a while ago."

Craig did not answer. A little pale, he walked across the room to where a figure sat abjectly huddled in a corner. Craig touched the man upon the shoulder.

"Mr. Vilas, you must not feel like that," he said quietly. "You have done nothing that is not right. Think what that man Gawtry has done to others—Tevis Adair; my father too!"

Then Mr. Vilas raised an agonized face to him.

"I have ruined my employer!" he said; and in both his voice and speech together cried out the soul of one inevitably ordained a clerk. "I have ruined my employer!" said he.

Craig did not attempt to comfort him. He knew that all he could do would be only wasted effort; and he was turning away when Colfax, white to the lips, opened the door and stepped in. Catching Craig's eye, his lips framed a single word.

"Gawtry!" he said.

Mary Adair still stood at the window. Craig heard her gasp once, and as he looked at her he saw her face turn deadly white. Then she clenched her hands at her sides. She did not speak however. When the door opened she gazed silently at the man who entered, her face like a mask. But Gawtry did not look at her. His rolling eyes found Craig and fastened themselves there. Then they heard the man's voice, and it came as if from far away.

"Say, you've got me," he wheezed. "A girl and a half-grown boy. Yes! you've got me! Well, what're you going to do?"

It was fated that the question was never to be answered. Craig looked at Gawtry, and there swept over him again the same pity he had felt before for the man. Away from Wall Street and Wall Street's fierce, ruthless enterprises Gawtry had appeared at times as human and as kindly a man as one had wished to meet.

"Say," he asked, "what're you going to do?"

Then the door was flung open and Craig heard Mary give a sudden startled gasp. He looked and then he, too, gasped.

Adair stood in the doorway, his face ablaze. He did not speak, but his eyes roaming about the room at length fixed themselves upon Gawtry with a prolonged and penetrating stare.

"Father!" cried Mary Adair, and ran toward him.

Raising his hand Adair stopped her. His eyes still were on Gawtry.

"Well, John?" he asked.

Gawtry did not answer. A sob, a half-strangled gasp, rattled in his throat; but he said nothing.

"John," said Adair, while the others looked on silent and appalled—"John, what have you got to say for yourself? Eh? Have you got anything? I want to know, John!"

Still Gawtry did not answer. His face was ghastly. He stood beside the long table that ran down the center of the room, his hand clutching its edge to support himself.

"John," said Adair, "aren't you going to answer me?"

But obviously Gawtry had nothing to say, and in the corner of the room little Mr. Vilas sobbed aloud.

"Father! Father!" Mary Adair implored, and she held out both her hands to him. Adair did not notice them.

"For years I've slaved and sweated down here," he said, "drudging, building, laying up! And for what?" he asked, his voice rising suddenly. "For what? Tell me. Millions I have now, but it was not for the money I slaved! No; it was to build, to construct—to leave behind me something worth while. I have millions now," cried Adair, and he threw up both his hands; "but where is my brother? Where is Tevis Adair? All my millions, my money and all else, I'd give to see him again, to hear him coming up the street! John Gawtry!" said Adair, and he fastened his eyes on the man who stood gazing at him breathless—"John Gawtry, where is my brother, Tevis Adair?"

A long, long while afterward Craig heard Mr. Vilas sob again, after which the little man arose and went creeping across the room toward Gawtry. Adair, his eyes widening to their whites, stood looking from one to the other. He spoke again then, and his voice was thick and stammering.

"John, you'd better go," he said. "John Gawtry, you'd better go!"

Mr. Vilas plucked his one-time employer by the sleeve. The tears now were running down Mr. Vilas' face.

"Come, sir," he said timidly; "come, we'd better be going, sir!"

Together they passed out through the doorway, and Adair, gazing after them, swayed a little. Colfax went hurriedly to him and Adair smiled at him.

"Colfax," he said soberly, "mebbe you won't believe it: that man though—John Gawtry, I mean—he was one of my best friends!" Still smiling he drew Colfax slowly toward the door. "Yes, Colfax; I tell you he was a fine fellow once! . . . Well, come along. I'll be going now."

They went out the door together, closing it behind them; and, crossing the room, Craig went swiftly to Mary. Then she was in his arms, the tears streaming down her cheeks, her lips on his, while in the corner the ticker, pounding out the prices at the close, clacked and clattered unheard.

(THE END)

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ACTING HONEST

(Continued from Page 14)

Both negroes turned toward the man whose deeds in life would make his rest uncertain, and both of them fixed their gaze upon that distorted green protector of the dead.

"So long, Sherman! I'll git back befo' you know it wid dat death claim. Gawd A'mighty! Look!"

Virgil's finger pointed rigidly—like the arm of a gibbet. The green cat began to move and kept moving; it tipped and grinned, balanced itself, and came wobbling along the table. For a minute Virgil got a cramp in his leg and could not run. The green cat came straight at him. He could hear it scraping on the table—could see its yellow eyes fixed full upon him.

Virgil had no breath to waste in yelling. His legs got limber—mighty limber; he reached up and grabbed his hat. That was when Virgil and Sherman jammed each other in the narrow door. Virgil tore loose and got out. Sherman fell across the threshold and turned in terror toward the green cat just as it toppled off the table. He saw a big beetle, released from underneath the cat, spread its wings and fly away.

Sherman rolled over on the floor and laughed. That beetle had persisted in crawling over his brother's face; so Sherman had set the green cat on it—and forgot. Sherman sprang up and ran out, calling aloud for Virgil. The crashing of underbrush never stopped; Virgil never heard or hesitated. Presently Sherman heard the slam of a far-off gate. "Huh! dat nigger's halfway to town!"

Virgil Custard got a mighty good start and promptly arrived. Under the electric lights his gait slackened and his wits went to work again. "I wuz in a hurry anyway!" he said to himself.

As he passed the front window of the Coffin Club, Virgil glanced in. The place was empty, locked, and Criddle had the key. Virgil carried a key to the back door, and he slipped round through the alley. At the first cold touch of the knob it fell in Virgil's mind that he ought to be careful. "I hates to go in dis place by myself; but Sherman is nacherly 'bleeged to have dat death claim befo' mornin'."

The knob never made a click, so softly Virgil turned it; and, like a shadow, he wafted himself inside. He was preparing to strike a match when a low, indefinable mutter floated from somewhere. Virgil stared at a formless blotch in the middle of the room—the new coffin on a black-draped table. He could see it plainly against the blur of the window beyond, and his imagination located the muttering. Then a distinct voice—Criddle's:

"I ain't goin' to give you nary cent. Crack yo' whip!"

"All right!" said another voice, without disguise or concealment. "All right! I'll tech de wire to Pensacola for Lawyer Henry King."

"Lawyer Henry King!" A gasp from Criddle.

"You knows Mr. King real good! He'll fix you up wid stripety clo'es."

"Sh-sh!" warned Criddle. "Somebody mought hear you!"

"I ain't carin'—anybody kin hear what I got to say."

The Criddle voice began to argue and plead—like any other negro begging to keep out of the pen.

"Dey put up a job on me. Ef dem niggers gits me back to Pensacola 'tain't no tellin' what dey'll do!"

"Den come across!" demanded the other negro.

"How much?"

"I wants a hundred dollars—cash down."

"I ain't got it," Criddle protested.

"No use lyin' to me. I know you! You rakes in dat much ev'y week, skinnin' dese fool niggers."

Virgil dared not stir; Criddle's tone fell lower and lower. The other man started out.

"I'm gwine to de telegraph office."

Criddle grabbed him by the arm.

"Here's de money!"

"Light a match." Criddle struck a match and shaded it with his palm. A tall, yellow negro, with a flare of light across his face, bent over and counted what Criddle gave him. The yellow negro laughed. "Dat's de way to give milk—nice an' pleasant."

Criddle lifted his other hand. "You got ten dollars too much!"

"Jes' fer good measure." And the stranger stuffed it into his pocket.

"Huh!" Virgil grunted. "Dat Lawyer Henry King must have de straight goods on Criddle!"

Their business was finished. Criddle opened the front door; the stranger went out first, without a word. In a few moments Criddle followed and locked the door. This left Virgil alone, with something to think about. Virgil wanted something to think about besides that coffin.

The Grand Treasurer's desk stood to the left; the death blanks were in the top drawer, where Virgil could lay hands on them. He moved swiftly, nervously, listening for a noise. The noise came—a noise such as the green cat had made tap-tap-tapping on the Racker's table—only louder. Again Virgil suspected the coffin. His heart thumped. Tap, tap, tap—this time he heard it distinctly on the back door. There was no way to get out except by the rear.

"Who—Who dat?" Virgil stammered.

The reply came—tomblike and clear:

"Radley—G. L. Radley!"

"De Racker!" Virgil's tongue swelled. He stood utterly still, while the back door opened slowly and a chilly draft blew in.

"Whar you, Virgil?"

"Uh-huh! Dat you, Siddy?"

"Yes; it's me."

Siddy blundered through the passage. Virgil upbraided him:

"What make you come sayin' you'se de Racker? Racker's dead!"

"You tole me to say I was G. L. Radley what was on dat paper."

Virgil would have forgiven any human being of real flesh and blood.

"Come wid me, Siddy; I wants to git a paper."

Siddy hung back.

"I ain't goin' in dere."

"You's a fool!" Virgil dragged Siddy to the treasurer's desk, got his blank and hurried out.

The door being well locked, Siddy demanded:

"Gimme three dollars to git home."

"What you done wid all dat money?"

"Dey winned it from me."

Virgil did not abuse Siddy; he wanted to use him.

"Come wid me and take a walk in de country. Den I'm gwine to set you on dat train, wid a ticket fer Natchez."

Except for the happy providence of Siddy's arrival, Sherman Radley would have gone without his death blank until daylight shone upon the roads.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Sherman Radley watched the first clods falling upon the Racker's ten-dollar coffin.

"Racker ain't gwine to res'—'ceptin' dat cat pacifies him."

At five o'clock Sherman hitched his mule in front of the Coffin Club and presented his death certificate, signed by Doctor Porterfield.

The Grand Treasurer scowled.

"Look at this, Criddle; here's another claim—G. L. Radley. Ain't had that policy more'n three days. Nigger, how come your brother to die?"

"Radley got shot."

It was so specified in the certificate—"gunshot wounds"—and a white doctor signed it. Virgil pottered about, rearranging the pallbearer's gloves and listening over his shoulder.

"When did dis feller git shot?" Criddle used a very different tone when money was going out.

"'Tain't been long," Sherman answered vaguely; "I forgits."

"Couldn't 'a' been no longer'n yistiddy, or de day befo'."

"Dat's right!"—the bereaved brother being anxious to please. "I wants my money."

Criddle consulted apart with the Grand Treasurer, then returned to Sherman.

"Jes' file yo' claim; de c'mittee is got to 'vestigate."

"'Vestigate?" Sherman glanced over at Virgil, as an uncertain mule looks for a cue from his driver. "I 'lowed you-all wuz payin' at de graveside."

"Maybe us do an' maybe us don't; it's all 'cordin' to how de case comes up."

The Grand Treasurer was busy comparing G. L. Radley's application with the death certificate.

"This tallies O. K. Beneficiary, Sherman Radley, brother. Policy on G. L. Radley; color, dark brown; age twenty-six. Residence, Warren County, near Bovina. Doctor Porterfield is on the square—ain't he, Criddle?"

"I'd be skeered to say he warn't."

"I needs my money," Sherman insisted.

"You'll git it ef everything turns out O. K. We got sixty days to pay."

"Sixty days? Dis oughter be cash!"

Sherman Radley was not much of an argufier. He needed to go outside and think; he needed Virgil to help him think. With an appealing glance at his coadjutor, Radley edged toward the door and Virgil trailed. Words, winks and nods were unnecessary. They knew where to meet: in that upper back room.

"Look here, Virgil, I don't like no sech doin's. Dem niggers is fixin' to humbug me."

Virgil sat down on a broken chair, with both hands deep in his pockets; his dinky straw hat had wilted of its perkiness. Virgil was pretty near the end of his row.

"I done spent good money gittin' dat policy ——"

"I ain't carin' how much you spent. When does I git mine? Virgil, you got plenty 'flooence—can't you 'swade dat fat nigger to pay up?"

The Pop-eyed Parson looked powerful dubious—Criddle being somewhat of a persuader himself. Virgil had never seen anybody run a bluff over him. Yes, he had! That strange nigger from Pensacola had bluffed Criddle out of a hundred dollars. Virgil sprang up and paced the room in a flurry of excitement.

"Radley, lissen to me! You go back an' tell Criddle all right—ef he wants to 'vestigate—you'll git yo' lawyer from Pensacola—git lawyer Henry King to plead yo' case."

This disgusted Sherman.

"Huh! I 'lowed you wuz gwine to say sumpin' atter all dat hoppin' roun'."

"Ain't I said sumpin'?"

"No; you's talkin' foolish! What I got to do wid Lawyer Henry King? He ain't nothin' to me."

"Do like I say! Dat lawyer is got some kind o' twist on Criddle. You'll see Criddle jump; then he pull de string."

"I don't want to see Criddle jump—I wants him to pay!"

Sherman gazed up stupidly while Virgil explained. "Dat's what I'm gittin' at. Dat lawyer kin put Criddle in de pen ——"

Sherman began to smell a rat. "What mought be his name?"

"Lawyer Henry King. Don't forgit. He lives in Pensacola. 'Tain't no harm tryin' a bluff on Criddle. Talk biggety!"

Sherman had a glimmer of how things went in this complicated world—a glimmer caught from his much-experienced brother. The Racker had told of men that "coughed up" because the other fellow knew something unpleasant.

"All right, Virgil—'twon't set us back none."

The bereaved beneficiary allowed scant time for Virgil Custard to get his dusting brush and set to work on the spears. Radley advanced upon Criddle and meant to act biggety, but Criddle beat him to it. Sherman tuned his voice to a whine, which pestered Virgil:

"Mr. Criddle, dis ain't treatin' me right—you-all paid Brudder Sias Skaggs at de graveside."

From serene unclouded heights Criddle gazed benignly upon the country nigger. "Be of good cheer, my brudder; we goin' to 'vestigate yo' case."

"Ef I got a case I needs a lawyer. You-all needn't do nothin' till Mister—Mister—Mister Henry King gits here from Pensacola."

Virgil Custard sat steadily in the boat and never looked round. He had hoped that Criddle would straighten up with a jerk. Criddle did so.

"What's dat you say?"

"I'm goin' to write a deespatch fer Mr. Henry King. Him an' me is jes' like brudders. He won't let nobody cheat Sherman Radley."

"You don't need no lawyer; 'twon't be more'n two or three days."

"I wants my money!"

Criddle knew every variety of negro, and then some that were not classified in the books. When a country nigger gets headed toward his white folks there's no use trying to argue with him. The Grand Organizer nodded to the Grand Treasurer; those two mighty men retired together. It was a brief conference and Virgil knew what had happened. He glanced triumphantly at Sherman Radley when Criddle's most ingratiating smile preceded the reëntrance of Criddle himself.

"Brudder Radley, de Grand Treasurer reports dat yo' papers is O. K. 'Twarn't nothin' wrong, 'ceptin' it's kinder sudden. Sometimes a feller do git shot kinder sudden. Dis lodge pays prompt."

Criddle talked on smoothly while the Grand Treasurer was getting out his cash-box. Sherman transferred interest from the conversation. The clink of silver and the crinkle of bills lured Virgil inch by inch. He dropped his feather duster and leaned with both hands on the treasurer's desk.

Neat little stacks grew up—dollars, halves, quarters; even dimes and nickles. First there were piles of tens; then fifties—ten piles—five hundred dollars! Sherman Radley wore a soft wool hat, conical, with flapping brim—a perfectly competent hat for carrying eggs or water or mulefeed. Radley swept the money into his hat and started out.

Virgil forgot everything except that Radley had the cash.

"Hold on, Brother Radley." The treasurer stopped him. "Wait an' sign this receipt."

Virgil fidgeted and sweated until Sherman had signed laboriously at the end of the treasurer's finger. Then Radley began to act as if Virgil were not there at all. Virgil did not like the way Radley crooked one arm round his hatful of money and shuffled out.

Time had passed for halfway doings. Virgil must keep one eye and both hands on this slippery proposition. He attached himself like a bur to Sherman Radley's side. Criddle's eyes narrowed at the sudden announcement of this suspicious partnership. He watched them through the door, then stepped out on the sidewalk.

Sherman Radley walked bareheaded, guarding his hat in the crotch of one arm. Virgil Custard hooked on to the other arm. They moved in silent harmony.

"I'm gwine to see what dem niggers is up to!" said Criddle to himself.

Arm in arm, they turned in at a doorway, leading upstairs from the street—Virgil could not risk an entrance by separate doors. Criddle reconnoitered at the foot of the stairs. The men climbed the steps without glancing back and disappeared along the rear hall. Criddle tiptoed cautiously. The entire upper floor was unoccupied. In a room at the far end of the hall Criddle heard the sound of silver coins being poured upon a table. Noiselessly, for a man of his weight, Criddle crept to the door. He need not have been so careful, Virgil and Radley having already begun their argument.

"All I wants is my hundred an' sixty-two dollars an' fo' bits. Dat's what Criddle beat me out of. I can't take no more an' ack honest."

Criddle's face went blank; then a curious smile overspread it. Virgil was sitting in a broken chair, Radley on a box; both negroes, with eager fingers, raked among the money, stacking small coins in piles as the Grand Treasurer had done.

"Now den!" Virgil announced. "Dis is mine," shoving some bills and silver to a corner of the table.

"An' de balance is mine?" From Radley the breathless.

"All 'ceptin' de 'spenses."

"'Spenses?"

"Ain't I had to pay out 'spenses to git dat policy?" Radley was no good at figuring, so Virgil demonstrated. "Dis three dollars is fer de 'nishiashun ——"

"Dat's right," Radley agreed, and Virgil added three dollars to his pile.

"Dis dollar is fer de Medical 'Viser."

Radley nodded—another dollar went to Virgil's corner.

"Dis three dollars an' thirty cents is fer de regalia, password, an' so fo'th."

"What's dat?"

"Criddle charges dat much to all new members."

Virgil poised the three-thirty in his hand while Sherman protested weakly:

"Look here, Virgil, quit nibblin' dat money! 'Twon't be none lef'."

Virgil took a bigger bite. "Dis ten-dollar bill is what I paid Siddy Winlock to git 'zamined."

"Dat ain't right! Dat ain't right!"

"Yes, 'tis; you know good an' well de Racker couldn't get 'zamined. How wuz he comin' to town, an' him shot plum' full of holes?" Virgil settled the dispute by

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slipping that ten to his corner. "Dis three dollars is what I paid for Siddy's ticket to Natchez."

Sherman kicked like a bay steer. "I ain't goin' to let dese triflin' niggers go travelin' on my money!"

Virgil laughed. "Better be glad he traveled. S'posin' Siddy war here—whar'd we be at?"

"Now den, dis ten-dollar bill is fer de Racker's coffin—you 'members de ten what I give you?"

"Dat's right; I admits dat."

Virgil paused, indicating that he temporarily failed to recall the next item. With one swoop Radley raked the balance into his hat. Then Radley smiled.

"Virgil, I come mighty nigh disrememberin' de name o' dat lawyer."

"Den you sho would 'a' disremembered gittin' dis money."

Radley looked thoughtful. "I reckon dat lawyer ain't no friend o' Criddle's."

Virgil soaked the collection in his jeans and perched that dinky hat on one corner of his head. "I don't know nothin' 'bout dat lawyer 'ceptin' what I heered a yaller feller 'spress hisself to Criddle."

Criddle itched to hear more, but he could not tarry. Those niggers were getting ready to come out and would catch him. They never caught Criddle. Few people did, white or black. Lawyer Henry King had made him cautious.

On his meandering return to the Coffin Club, Criddle scowled and grinned, and mused:

"Dat's all right, all right! Jes' so dey don't know nothin' 'bout Lawyer King! Virgil sho is one sharp little nigger. Huh! Dis ain't cost me nothin'! I ain't carin'."

The Salt Test

BY FINDING out from time to time how much salt there is in the Irish Sea it will be possible to predict the general weather conditions of England four or five months ahead, an English scientist—Prof. Henry Bassett—has told the Royal Meteorological Society. He did not claim that the method was perfected yet; but he insisted that the idea was sound, and gave figures on the amount of salt, or salinity, contained in Irish seawater, together with many weather records, partly to prove his argument.

A very plausible explanation he gave to the British weather experts! He called attention to the fact that the warm Gulf Stream turns east toward England in the North Atlantic Ocean, while the cold Labrador Stream also turns east—just north of the Gulf Stream. The two streams do not mix very much, he believes; but more or less of both currents comes to the Irish Sea.

The Gulf Stream water is saltier than the Labrador Stream water, so that if more than the usual amount of Gulf Stream drift came to the Irish Sea the water would be saltier than usual—and vice versa. England, the professor said, gets its weather changes from the sea—usually from the direction of the Irish Sea; and atmospheric disturbances are quite a little due to differences of temperature between the sea and land. His conclusion was that the amount of Gulf Stream drift in the Irish Sea, as indicated by the salinity of the water, directly affected the weather in England for months ahead.

Professor Bassett admitted some exceptional circumstances, which must be studied more to make the predictions sound; but he gave figures on the salinity of the sea in December of one year, followed by a weather record of a bright warm spring and summer in England, and definitely asserted the likelihood that English farmers will soon be able to plan for bright and warm or wet and cold summers months ahead.

Electric Directories

AN ELECTRIC directory that can be used in places where there are crowds and confusion was tried at the recent automobile show in Paris. Exhibits at this show were so scattered about that it was necessary to have some method of directing patrons to them. A big diagram of the hall was placed close to the entrance and near it was an alphabetical list of the exhibitors. Any one wishing to locate a booth pressed the button beside the exhibitor's name, flashing a light at the proper place on the diagram of the hall.

The Bottle That Keeps Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours, Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

Hot or cold drinks when needed while traveling, hunting, motoring, picnicking, etc.

Keep baby's milk at right temperature, or invalid's hot or cold drink by the bed, all night, without heat, ice or bother of preparation.

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The inner glass bottle is thoroughly protected against breakage—is easily removed, sterilized or cheaply replaced if broken. Perfectly sanitary [illegible] only glass. Handsome nickel plated or leather covered cases. Many new exclusive features. See at dealer's—look for the name ICY HOT on bottom.

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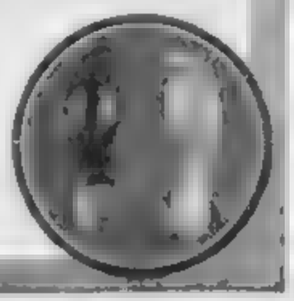

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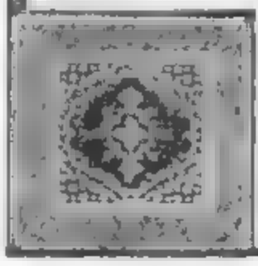

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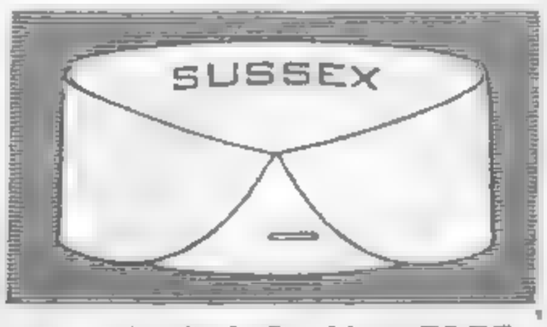

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A nationally advertised line doubles, trebles, quadruples the value of every dollar the retailer spends for local publicity.

Directly, because customers, first attracted by advertising in great periodicals, pick up their local paper and have the idea driven home by the announcement of the local merchant.

Indirectly, because consumers have learned that a merchant who links his name with those of great national producers is a progressive in *all* lines.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

How Electric Car Owners Are Doubling Their Pleasure

If your pleasure electric is equipped with pneumatic tires you are missing half the pleasure of motoring. And you are spending for tire upkeep far more than you should.

Why not say goodbye to those aggravating punctures and blow-outs and to those mountainous tire-repair bills?

That's what the majority of electric car owners have done, and thus doubled their motor pleasures. They did it by equipping with Motz Cushion Tires.

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Motz Cushion Tires are not hard-rubber tires—the kind that jolt and jar and injure the delicate mechanical parts of a car.

They are *lively, easy-riding, shock-absorbing, resilient*—as much so as any properly inflated pneumatic. All due to the double, notched treads (A in picture), which prevent skidding and distribute the weight to the sides. The sides are undercut (see B), which allows free action of slantwise bridges (see C). These bridges are elastic. They give and yield like the air in a pneumatic tire. Note D in the picture, showing shock-absorbing qualities when tire runs over a stone.

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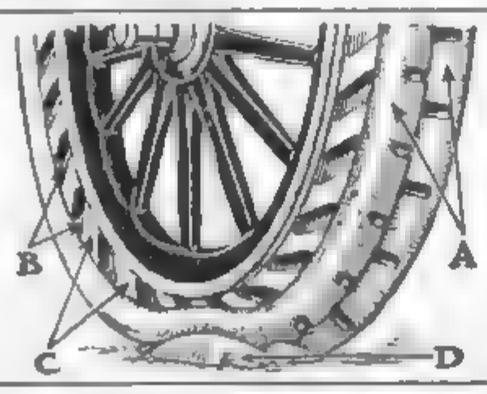
They fit any Standard Clincher, Universal Quick-Detachable or Demountable Rim



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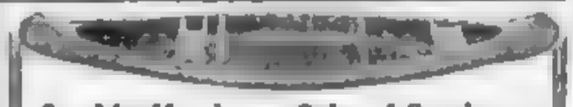

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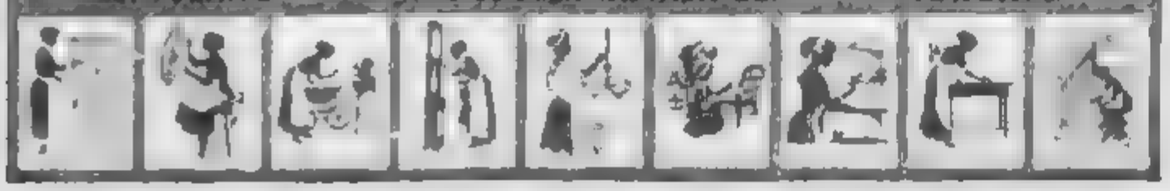


THE WOMAN WHO TRIED TO BE GOOD

(Concluded from Page 9)

The Young Wife came round to Blanche Devine's side of the bed and stood looking up at her.

"My baby died," said Blanche Devine simply. The Young Wife gave a little inarticulate cry, put her two hands on Blanche Devine's broad shoulders and laid her tired head on her breast.

"I guess I'd better be going," said Blanche Devine.

The Young Wife raised her head. Her eyes were round with fright.

"Going! Oh, please stay! I'm so afraid. Suppose she should take sick again! That awful —awful breathing ——"

"I'll stay if you want me to."

"Oh, please! I'll make up your bed and you can rest ——"

"I'm not sleepy. I'm not much of a hand to sleep anyway. I'll sit up here in the hall, where there's a light. You get to bed. I'll watch and see that everything's all right. Have you got something I can read out here—something kind of lively—with a love story in it?"

So the night went by. Snooky slept in her little white bed. The Very Young Wife half dozed in her bed, so near the little one. In the hall, her stout figure looming grotesque in wall-shadows, sat Blanche Devine pretending to read. Now and then she rose and tiptoed into the bedroom with miraculous quiet, and stooped over the little bed and listened and looked—and tiptoed away again, satisfied.

The Young Husband came home from his business trip next day with tales of snowdrifts and stalled engines. Blanche Devine breathed a sigh of relief when she saw him from her kitchen window. She watched the house now with a sort of proprietary eye. She wondered about Snooky; but she knew better than to ask. So she waited. The Young Wife next door had told her husband all about that awful night—had told him with tears and sobs. The Very Young Husband had been very, very angry with her—angry and hurt, he said, and astonished! Snooky could not have been so sick! Look at her now! As well as ever. And to have called such a woman! Well, really he did not want to be harsh; but she must understand that she must never speak to the woman again. Never!

So the next day the Very Young Wife happened to go by with the Young Husband. Blanche Devine spied them from her sitting-room window, and she made the excuse of looking in her mailbox in order to go to the door. She stood in the doorway and the Very Young Wife went by on the arm of her husband. She went by—rather whitefaced—without a look or a word or a sign!

And then this happened! There came into Blanche Devine's face a look that made slits of her eyes, and drew her mouth down into an ugly, narrow line, and that made the muscles of her jaw tense and hard. It was the ugliest look you can imagine. Then she smiled—if having one's lips curl away from one's teeth can be called smiling.

Two days later there was great news of the white cottage on the corner. The curtains were down; the furniture was packed; the rugs were rolled. The wagons came and backed up to the house and took those things that had made a home for Blanche Devine. And when we heard that she had bought back her interest in the House With the Closed Shutters, near the freight depot, we sniffed.

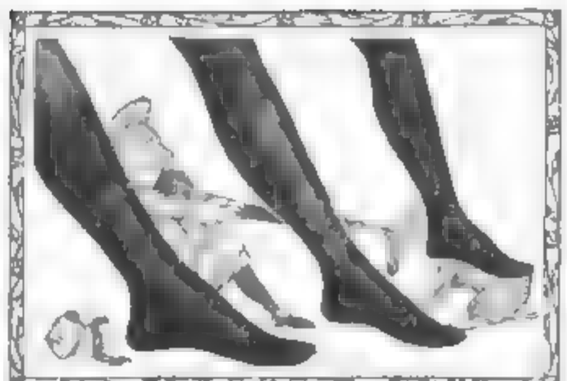
"I knew she wouldn't last!" we said.

"They never do!" said we.

Graphic Timecards

GRAPHIC timetables, a combination of maps and railroad timetables, have appeared in Europe as a solution of an old vexation. On the map each express train from city to city is indicated by a line—a thin line meaning daytime and a thick line meaning nighttime. Where the line leaves the city figures show the hour of departure, and at the other end figures give the time of arrival.

Its real value is in the ease with which one can see what connections to a side line are possible at some distant point, or which of two different routes can be made more quickly and with less trouble.



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All you need do is to demonstrate this wonderful labor saver—it sells itself.

Unless you find the *Duntley* Pneumatic Sweeper is the best sweeper you ever used, return it at our expense and we will refund your money without question.

A postal brings full particulars of our 5 DAY FREE TRIAL offer. Write today

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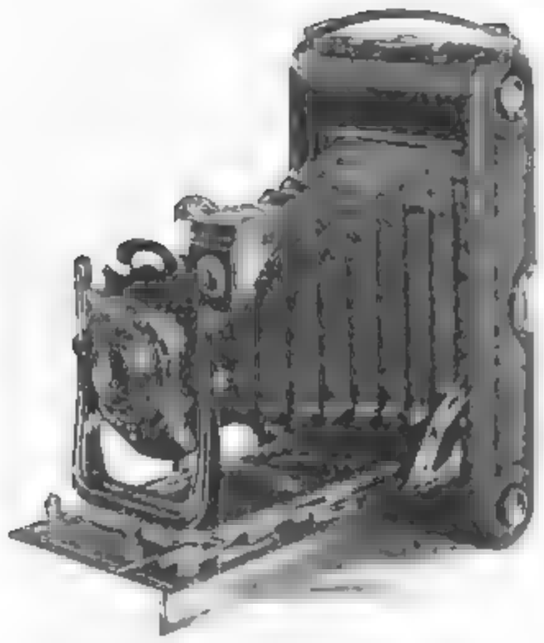

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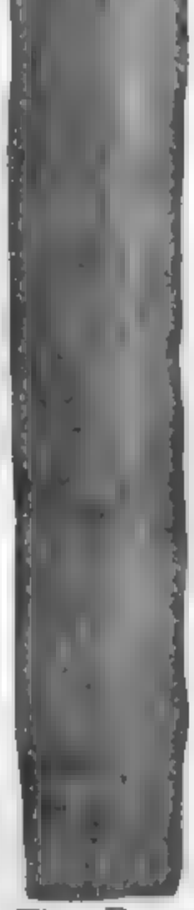

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Order Light, Medium or Dark.

The Pan-American Cigar Co.

809 Whitney Central Bldg., New Orleans, La.

THE TURKEY TROT

(Concluded from Page 11)

too much bondage of religion, and now we are taking too much license with Nature.

We are at the beginning of a reaction, and in women it takes the form of almost demoniacal possession. They have escaped from the ancient bondage of their sex. They are beginning to do everything they can do, right or wrong. This dance is simply the universal titter of femininity. It is a form of hysteria, slight, transient, and will be gone before the end of the year. But it is significant. It means in a ludicrous way the same thing that the English viragos mean when they throw bombs—merely an expression of license in action. The women are going back, dancing, fighting to where they were in the beginning. I do not say that it is right; it is not right, but it is the truth. People always start at the beginning when they start for themselves. If they have been forced to advance they will go back. This is the first time in the history of the world that women have started for themselves. Naturally the first thing they do is to react from the order of things for which they were not responsible. Every man, every priest, every doctor and wiseacre is standing with his hands lifted at the spectacle. Lloyd George does not know what to do with them. The mayor of New York can't keep them out of the trotteries. Formerly only bad women dressed a certain way, went to certain places and did certain things. Now the fashion of a woman's clothes and her freedom of action are no indication of her character.

There was another room in this hotel where the guests themselves danced the Turkey Trot. And no one could observe them there without realizing that, though the dance is innocent in itself, it is primitive in its tendencies and leads to sinister results, especially in women.

A Reaction Already at Hand

There were more dancers in this room than the space could accommodate. The women were younger and the men were older. The costumes of the former varied all the way from the shop girl's dingy coat suit to the fashionable woman's evening gown. Caste and class were wiped out. They appeared to be strangers drawn there by a common desire. What the desire was could not be easily inferred. My own impression is that it was the passion for adventure, latent in good women until this time. There was not a pair of lovers in the room, not a trace of that tender, ineffable passion on any face. The queerest thing about it was the apparent lack of emotion. The dance, utterly tame and innocuous, became a kind of hypnotic séance. They circled, trotted, wiggled and whirled dizzily round and round. But the result was at last forthcoming. Before half-past twelve o'clock many of the women were dancing with their skirts lifted to their knees.

I do not say that this is a feature of the Turkey Trot, but it leads in this direction, because it is primitive and hypnotic in effect upon consciousness. Undoubtedly thousands dance it modestly, but they cannot keep it up in a public place. The combined spell of the thing destroys the sense of propriety.

No other dance in the world has attracted so much attention or excited so much criticism. Last winter families sat in boxes at fashionable boarding schools to watch their children dance the Turkey Trot. This spring universities and schools are making rules forbidding the Turkey Trot.

The reaction is evidently at hand. And the women will lead that also, because they are still barometers of public opinion, never the creators of it. They cannot hold out against the gathering volume of criticism which the dance is exciting. Before the year is ended the Turkey Trot will have lost, first its name, then its character as a merely primitive dance. This is already beginning. There are politer names given to it, like the One Step, a way they have of distinguishing it from the Two Step without calling it what it really is. It will become rapidly a variation of ordinary dancing, more of an art, less natural, therefore appealing to fewer people. For whenever anything becomes an art, it is out of reach of both the classes and the masses. Comparatively few people can really dance. This has been the overwhelming attraction of the trot. It is not yet a dance; merely the simplified expression of natural muscular rhythm.

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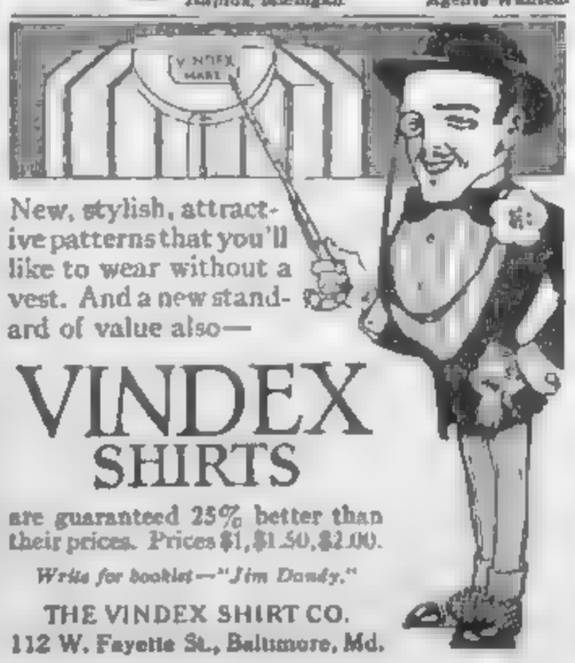

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THE BIRD IN HAND

(Continued from Page 18)

He read the will again before returning it to Abe. "I should have said," he concluded as he folded it up, "that Howard J. Magnis also takes the estate upon the widow's remarriage."

"Remarriage!" Abe exclaimed, and Mrs. Magnis shrugged and smiled.

"There ain't no danger of that," she declared—"an old woman like me!"

"Never mind," Abe said. "You ain't so old—or so homely, neither, for that matter." Mrs. Magnis saw the implied compliment and colored becomingly. "Which, if you would be homely," he continued, "you could bet your life Magnis wouldn't fix it so you couldn't get a cent if you are marrying again."

"Mrs. Magnis could get her dower interests in the real estate if she refused to accept the terms of the trust," Pulver replied. "She could elect to take her dower instead of the income of the trust estate; but, of course, she can't get her dower and the income of the trust estate too."

"I don't want it," Mrs. Magnis replied. "Once married is enough, Mr. Pulver; and besides, Mr. Pulver, my husband didn't leave no real estate. Feldman just stuck that thing in the will in case my husband should buy real estate before he died, which he didn't." She sighed tremulously. "So I must got to be an old woman at forty-two, Mr. Pulver," she said—"and let it go at that."

Pulver cleared his throat preparatory to launching a compliment; then he thought better of it and remained silent, while Abe attempted to hide his embarrassment in a fog of tobacco smoke.

"And now about that there eighty-thousand-dollar mortgage," said Abe at last; and forthwith he acquainted Pulver with Howard and Sam's plan.

"About that phase of the situation, it's a little early to worry much," Pulver replied. "Neither Sam Magnis nor you could do much about loaning the funds of the estate until a deposit has been made to cover the transfer tax, and so on; and that will take some time."

He looked at Mrs. Magnis, whose eyes had become bright with tears of self-pity that she was genuinely ashamed to shed, and the idea of promoting his own scheme for the Weldfisch & Lipp loan became at once distasteful.

"Let's all go out to lunch and talk this thing over later," he said.

Abe looked at his watch and, with a stifled exclamation, discovered that it was one o'clock.

"I says I would take Mrs. Magnis out to lunch," he explained; "but, if it's all the same to you, Mrs. Magnis, you and Mr. Pulver go and leave me get uptown. My partner will be crazy at me!"

Mrs. Magnis murmured assent while Pulver smiled his gratification.

"And when shall I see you again?" he asked.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," Abe said. "Come into the store if you got the time tomorrow afternoon, Mr. Pulver, and meantime I'll think the thing over."

III

WHEN Abe alighted from the subway at Eighteenth Street it had been his intention to proceed immediately to his place of business; but as he turned the corner of Fifth Avenue the sight of Hammersmith's restaurant so sharpened his appetite that his footsteps involuntarily lagged; and a moment later he found himself ordering *eingedämpftes Kalbfleisch mit Knockerl*, with cheesecake to follow. Then he plastered German mustard on a roll to stay his hunger pending the service of the *Kalbfleisch*, while his eyes roved about the restaurant until they rested on a group of four who were lunching at a corner table.

"Lowlifes!" he exclaimed as he noticed an ice-pail containing two bottles topped with bronze foil; and immediately afterward he choked on his bread and mustard, for in two of the convivial group he recognized Sam Magnis and Howard J. Magnis. He was still gazing open-mouthed when one of the two other diners turned and waved an airy salutation. It was Felix Geigermann, the Harlem retailer.

For more than a quarter of an hour Abe bent over his food; and when he again looked up the party was apparently over, for Sam and Howard J. Magnis were being helped into their coats by a waiter whose smile of satisfaction at the size of his tip had been materially broadened by the difficulty with which Sam Magnis negotiated the armhole of his overcoat. Once more Abe applied himself to his *Kalbfleisch*; and, though Sam and Howard were laughing immoderately as they passed his table, and the third guest bumped against a chair within a few inches of Abe's elbow, he did not again raise his eyes until Felix Geigermann slapped him jocularly on the shoulder and sat down at his table.

"Well, Abe," Felix said, "how do you like being an executor?"

Abe laid down his knife and fork and looked critically at Geigermann, but in that wily merchant's steady gaze he could detect nothing amiss.

"I ain't opening no wine over it, Felix," he said.

"Nor Sam Magnis neither," Felix replied. "Lubel opened the wine, Abe, and he and Sam finished it. Howard and I only had a glass apiece."

"Who's Lubel?" Abe asked.

"Lubel," Felix replied with a shrewd smile, "is in the candy business."

Abe nodded.

"That's what I got an idee he was," he commented; "and he's looking to make for eighty thousand dollars a loan on his factory—ain't it?"

"Who told you?" Geigermann blurted out.

"A widder," Abe replied. "A widder by the name Magnis, which her own son, understand me, is fixing to do her for the sake of getting a commission out of it—ain't it?"

"Howard ain't fixing to do nobody," Felix Geigermann declared. "All he's trying to do is to make a little money, Abe. Howard is the one that got done, Abe; because there's a young feller who I admit is a pretty fresh youngster, Abe, but his father didn't give him a show."

"No?" Abe asked. "Why not?"

"Because that boy has been working ever since he was fourteen," Geigermann explained. "He's been in five or six different jobs in the past few years, so he tells me, and he's always paid his own way. Naturally he thought when the old man dies he would leave him well fixed—and what happens? He'll have to wait till his mother dies before he gets a cent."

"She said she'd make him an allowance," Abe replied.

"The boy don't want an allowance, Abe. He wants to make his own way. He says to me that he could see openings in any one of four or five different businesses; and the way the boy talks, understand me, I think he'd make a success of it. Why, if he had fifty thousand dollars to invest, Abe—as I told the boy to his face, Abe—I'd take him into partnership myself."

Abe made a gesture of mock astonishment.

"Go 'way!" he exclaimed satirically. "You don't tell me!"

"Perhaps you think I'm short of money in my business, Abe, that I'm saying this about Howard; but it ain't so. I don't need the money, understand me; but Howard is a smart boy."

"And fifty thousand dollars ain't to be coughed at neither, Felix," Abe retorted. "Even picking up a little commission here and there outside the drygoods business, Felix, seems to be also worth your while. Ain't it?"

"In January, Abe, there's nothing doing in my store and I'm not apologizing to anybody for making a little money on the side to help pay my running expenses."

For more than five minutes Abe munched away in silence, while Felix ordered a cup of coffee.

"And how about Weldfisch & Lipp, Abe?" Felix said at last.

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"So you're in that too, Felix?" he commented.

"Certainly I'm in it," Felix replied. "Didn't I send Pulver round to see you?"

Abe nodded.

"It's a bad business all round, Felix," he said. "You've been good friends with Mawruss and me now for some years, Felix, and now with this here Magnis estate you're starting to play both ends against the middle; and I'll tell you, right now, I don't like it at all!" Felix made no reply and merely sipped at his coffee. "I'm sick and tired of this before I start in even,"

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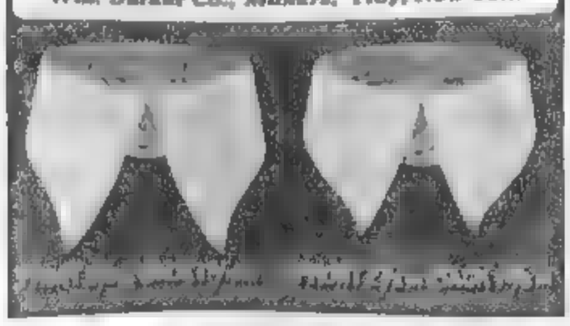

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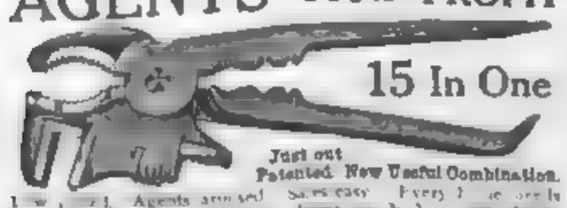

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Abe went on. "There's Sam Magnis, which he is an all-round no-good, understand me, trying to milk the estate; Howard is fixing to get in his hooks—and Feldman I don't trust at all." Felix nodded callously. "And I got to stick it all out for I don't know how long!" Abe concluded.

"Until the widder dies," Felix said. "I'll tell you the honest truth, Abe. As a friend of yours let me give you a piece of advice—resign!"

"Resign!" Abe cried; and then he looked shrewdly at Felix. "Tell me, Felix," he said, "do you give me this here advice because you are a friend of mine or are you acting this way because Sam and Howard put you up to it?"

Felix drew on all his powers of self-control, but he could not resist a blush, and Abe nodded slowly.

"I thought so!" he said.

"And what of it?" Felix retorted. "You're a business man, Abe, and a straight one too. You don't want to fool away your time over this estate. Why, it may take years to wind it up! Do you think that you—a man of fifty—will live to see a young woman like Mrs. Magnis in her grave?" Abe plunged his fork into the remainder of his cheesecake and played with it for several seconds. "If you stick it out you've got a long and troublesome time ahead of you, Abe," Felix said as he paid for his coffee and seized his hat. "So, if I were you, Abe," he concluded, "I'd think it over."

Abe did think it over. He finished three cups of coffee in the process before he went back to his office; and throughout the afternoon he continued to ponder the situation so earnestly that by closing time Morris began to suffer from clergyman's sore throat as a result of a monologue of advice that had been entirely uninterrupted by Abe.

Nevertheless Abe had arrived at no determination either to continue or to resign his duties as executor, and he was still cogitating the matter when Morris entered the firm's office the following morning.

"Well, Abe," he said, "I met Pulver on Lenox Avenue last night; and I guess you wouldn't got no difficulty making that loan to Weldfisch & Lipp in time for us to get rid of a couple thousand dollars of our spring line—ain't it?"

"No?" Abe replied hopelessly. "Why not?"

"Because he says he spoke to Mrs. Magnis about it yesterday," Morris went on, "and she's agreeable you should do so."

"Sure, I know," Abe retorted; "but what's she got to do *mit* it?"

"What's she got to do *mit* it?" Morris repeated. "Why, ain't she getting the whole income from the estate?"

"She is," Abe replied, "until she dies, Mawruss; and I guess I would got to worry about it till I die!"

"*Yow!* You should got to worry about it!" Morris declared. "She is the one which must worry, Abe. The poor woman is only forty-two, understand me, and she couldn't get married again. Pulver says there ought to be a law against making such a will."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"Pulver's a lawyer," Abe commented, "and he ought to know."

"I bet yer he ought to know!" Morris continued. "You should of heard the way the feller carries on! Honestly, I had to tell him he shouldn't ought to talk that way about the living even, let alone the dead. You would think the way he abuses that *Rosher*, Magnis—*olav hasholem!*—that he wanted to marry the widder himself."

"Sure, I know," Abe said. "Any one would want to marry a forty-two-year-old widder which is got the income for life from a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Never mind if she would got, we would say, for example, only twenty thousand or thirty thousand dollars, Abe," Morris rejoined; "the way that feller Pulver talks about Mrs. Magnis, understand me, I bet he would marry her anyhow!"

Abe sighed heavily.

"A feller is got to be awful crazy about a forty-two-year-old widder," he said, "to marry her for less than a rock-bottom figure of ten thousand dollars."

"And it's lucky for you he wouldn't," Morris commented; "otherwise that would let you out."

"You're dead right it would let me out!" Abe agreed. "And I'll tell you right now, Mawruss, if I would got some people's money—like, for instance, J. B. Morgan, understand me—I would make that woman

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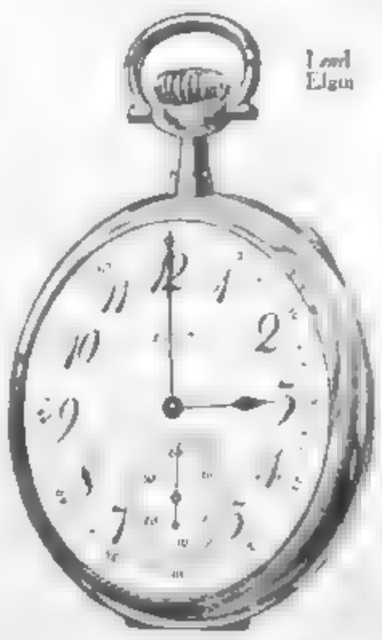

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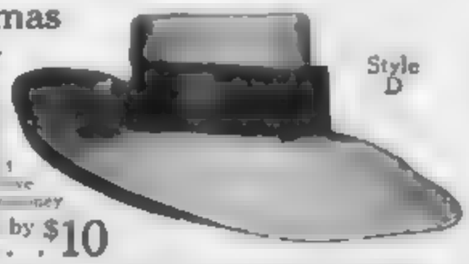

HOUSTON HAT COMPANY, Dept. A, HOUSTON, TEXAS

a present free for nothing of twenty thousand dollars, understand me, that she should marry Pulver *und fertig!*"

A look of disgust spread itself over Morris Perlmutter's face.

"You would think, the way you talk," he said as he started for the cutting room, "that it was you and not Howard Magnis which would got the estate if she would marry again."

And it was at this juncture that Abe received the germ of an idea; and he smoked one cigar and half of another over it before he finally seized the telephone book and looked up Felix Geigermann's number.

"Felix," he said after his usual altercation with the Central operator, "do me the favor and come down and eat lunch with me today."

"I can't," Felix replied. "I have a date with some people up here and I don't know how long they'll keep me."

"Now listen here to me, Felix!" Abe cried. "If you wasn't throwing no bluffs yesterday, understand me, you ain't got no date more important as eating lunch with me today."

"I ain't throwing any bluffs," Felix declared. "I'll tell you honestly, Abe, I've got a date here with Howard and Sam Magnis."

Abe scowled viciously and then his face grew suddenly brighter.

"All right, Felix," he said, "I'll tell you what you do: Leave Sam Magnis out of it, understand me, and you and Howard come and take lunch with me."

"What's the idee?" Felix asked.

"The idee is something you was talking about yesterday," Abe replied, "and there's a whole lot more in it for you as half commission on candy-factory loans, understand me."

There followed a silence of so long a duration that Abe became convinced Central had cut him off, and he began what to a critical observer would have seemed a systematic attempt to wreck the instrument, by way of getting Geigermann back on the wire.

At length, after he had received a severe electrical shock from having both hands on the instrument when Central rang his bell, a female voice said, "There's your party!" in tones that implied an addition of unspoken profanity; and a moment later he heard Felix' voice.

"Some one must of cut us off, Felix," he said.

"No, they didn't," Felix answered. "I was just thinking it over, and I guess me and Howard would be at Hammersmith's at one sharp."

Abe hung up the receiver and immediately took it off again for the purpose of calling up J. Charles Pulver, with the result that he was reconnected five successive times with Felix Geigermann's store; and when he finally got Pulver's number he was so hoarse he could barely enunciate.

"Mr. Pulver," he said, "do me the favor, instead of coming round to the store this afternoon, to eat lunch with me today. I want to ask you an advice in this here Magnis matter."

"You don't have to buy me a lunch to do that, Mr. Potash," Pulver answered; "and I'll be glad to give you any advice I can when I'm in your store this afternoon."

"Never mind, Mr. Pulver," Abe shouted. "I want you to come to lunch anyhow—at Hammersmith's at one o'clock sharp."

And thus, having completed his luncheon party, Abe strolled aimlessly about his place of business for the remainder of the forenoon, while his mind whirled with tentative plans for the consummation of a most audacious scheme. Up to a quarter to one, however, the only result was the provocation of much bitter comment from Morris who viewed his partner's abstraction as sheer laziness. And Abe departed for Hammersmith's under a running fire of sarcasm to which he was wholly incapable of retorting.

He arrived in time to greet Felix Geigermann and Howard Magnis, who came in together, and he was agreeably surprised to find that, without the encouragement of Sam's presence, Howard's manner had grown so subdued that he refused a cocktail with an almost bashful air.

"I don't touch 'em neither," Abe said, while Felix declared that they killed his appetite.

"So let's have some *Kreploch* soup, Abe," he added. "I'm pretty near starved."

"We're waiting for somebody," Abe said.

Just then Pulver entered the restaurant, and a few minutes later they had before

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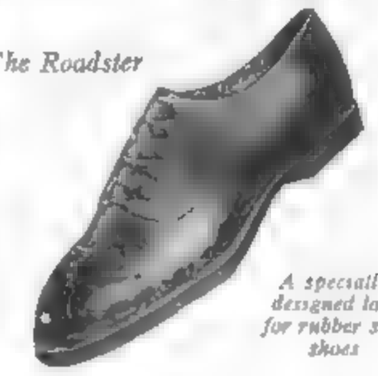
The Roadster



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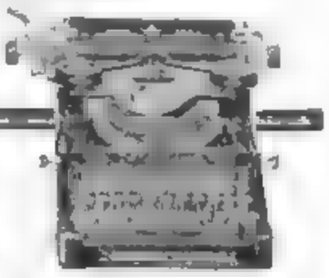


A Pittsburgh Visible at $65, we believe, is the greatest value ever offered. A highly efficient organization, together with small branch-office and low overhead expense, make possible this exceptional price. Our co-operative sales plan will interest you. It tells how you can save money and at the same time own this typewriter. Write for details.

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

A Standard Machine for Twenty Years

Has all the newest improvements. Removable keyboard for cleaning and repairing. Back spacer. Tabulator. Two-color ribbon. Perfect touch. Quick action. Absolute alignment. Universal keyboard.

PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 29, Smithfield and Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MOVING PICTURES

All the news from all the world, every week, in

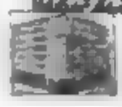
THE BILLBOARD

The Showman's Weekly

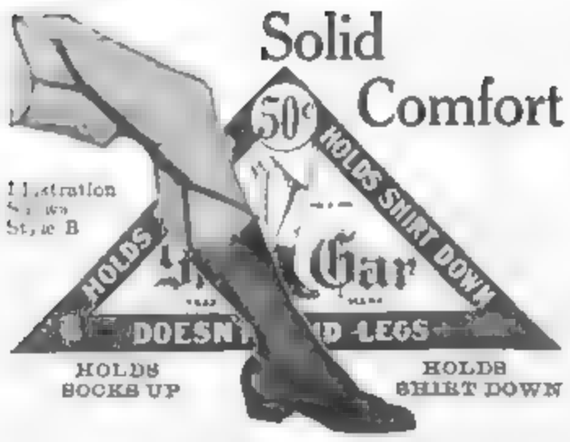
Cincinnati

10 cts. a copy, by mail or at news-stands; none free.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?



THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical, Suites of Parlor Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet C with fine map of city.



The "climbing" shirt and the wrinkly sock are impossibilities with Shir-Gar Garters—they hold the shirt down and the socks up—and as for comfort—you don't know you have them on; there's no strain, no rub and no pull. They accommodate themselves to every movement of your body and to every attitude you take. And they don't bind the leg—see the picture.

Shir Gar

TRADE MARK

(Pat. Feb. 15, 1910)

THE ONLY AND ORIGINAL SHIRT-GARTER

is the dressy man's garter—the business man's garter—every man's garter—*your* garter. Get a pair to-day and learn what garter comfort is.

Rubber button and loop clasps.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

Three Styles—
A and B in silk, 75c;
in hale, 50c;
and style C, 25c.

If Your Dealer Can't, We Will

SHIRT-GARTER CO.

920 Garden St., Columbia, Tenn.

Fill Out This Coupon

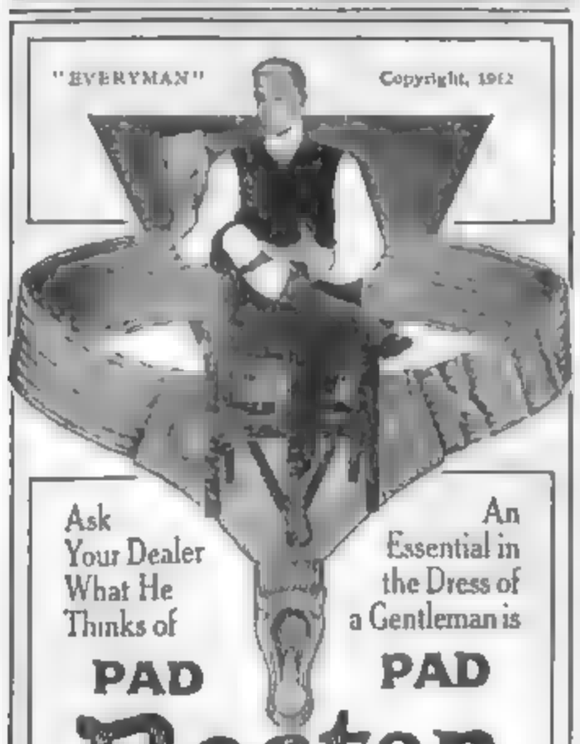
SHIRT-GARTER CO.,

Enclosed find _____ for pair of SHIR-GAR GARTERS, style ___

My Dealer's Name _____

My Name _____

Address _____



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

That's what counts with you. Next you want snug comfort, and finally, the service that only the best materials and making can give.

Lisle, 25c. Everywhere Silk, 50c.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON

PATENTS WORTH $50,000

or other large sums: the real rewards actually obtainable, and how. The patents wanted by capital. Send 6 cts. postg. for books of greatest interest and value to inventors.

E. G. & A. P. LACEY, Dep. E, Washington, D.C. Estab. 1869

Patents that COMPLETELY Protect.

them the first course of as appetizing a luncheon as Felix Geigermann had ever ordered at a manufacturer's expense.

"First thing," Abe said, "I want Howard to understand that he is the guest of honor, so to speak, because this lunch is especially about him."

"Go as far as you like," Howard replied.

"I will," Abe said. "I will even go further yet, Howard, before I get through, because nobody likes to give up commissions which I would be getting supposing that I would go on with this job of executioner."

"Do you mean you're going to resign?" Felix asked.

"I don't mean nothing of the kind," Abe declared. "I got a better scheme as that; and don't mix me up, Felix, because I want to get this thing straight. So I would like to ask Mr. Pulver something a question."

"Go right ahead," Pulver said.

"Is it a law that Howard could say to his mother: 'Mommer, you take fifty thousand dollars from the estate, and I would take a hundred thousand dollars from the estate, understand me—and we would call it all square'?" Abe inquired.

"He certainly could not," Pulver replied. "The terms of the trust are very plain."

Abe slapped the table with his hand.

"*Schon gut!*" he said. "Howard couldn't do that. *Aber*, supposing you could do it, Howard, understand me, would you be willing to accept a hundred thousand dollars now, without waiting till your mommer dies, *Gott soll hüten?*" Howard made no reply. "Which, please God, she would live to be eighty," Abe added—"and that ain't no dream neither, Howard."

"Putting it that way," Howard replied, "if I've got to wait until I'm sixty to get a hundred and fifty thousand, then I'd a whole lot sooner have a hundred thousand now."

"That's what I thought," Abe asserted.

"What's the use speculating about it?" Pulver asked. "It can't be done under the terms of the will, because it was the intention of the testator that his son should receive no part of the trust estate until the death or remarriage of his mother, Mr. Potash; and neither the trustees nor the beneficiary can go behind that."

Abe shrugged his shoulders with an elaborate show of regret.

"Then, Howard, I guess you must got to wait till you're over sixty before you get that money," he said; "because it's a sure thing your mommer won't get married again and sacrifice her income, understand me. While, even if she would be foolish enough to do so, y'understand—and your mommer is an elegant-looking woman, which you would think she is nearer thirty as forty, understand me—you wouldn't expect she would make any kind of a decent match when she ain't got a cent to her name. Am I right or wrong, Felix?" Felix elevated his eyebrows in a non-committal manner. "Unless," Abe nearly shouted as he reached the nub of his argument—"unless Howard here agrees that after she gets married he would pay her fifty thousand dollars out of the estate, understand me, which he says himself he would be glad to do so. Ain't that right, Howard?"

Howard nodded.

"Who's the feller?" he asked; and Felix Geigermann and J. Charles Pulver both gazed expectantly at Abe.

"What d'ye mean who's the feller?" Abe retorted. "I don't know no feller, Howard. What do you think I am—a *Schadchen?* I ain't said a word about it to your mommer neither, which if she wants to get married again, understand me, that's her business—not mine."

The quality of expectancy in Felix Geigermann's eyes gave place to a certain shrewdness.

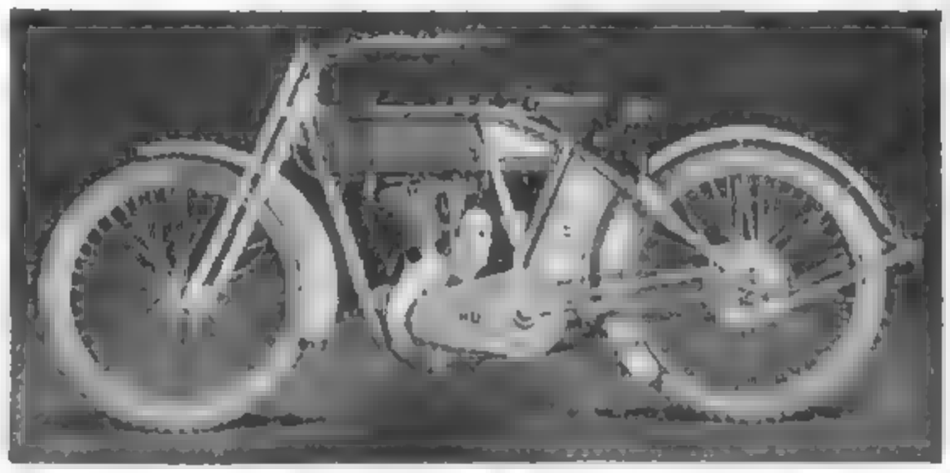
"What are you driving at, Abe?" he asked.

"I ain't driving nowheres, Felix," Abe replied. "Only I was thinking that, as you told me you would be willing to take Howard as a partner in your business supposing he would got fifty thousand dollars capital, understand me, I thought I would get you and him down here and tell you my idee."

"I did say so, and I mean it too," Felix rejoined; "but why is Mr. Pulver here?"

"Mr. Pulver I got here as a lawyer to tell us if such an agreement between Howard and his mommer could be made legally," Abe replied imperturbably. "And I now ask him that question."

Pulver cleared his throat and swallowed a whole glassful of water before replying, which was perhaps the reason for a slightly heightened color in his ruddy cheeks.



Most Powerful Single Cylinder Motorcycle Made

TESTS by dynamometer, the most accurate mechanical means of proving the horse-power of a gasoline engine, prove the five horse-power Harley-Davidson "5-35" the most powerful single cylinder motorcycle made.

We have reproduced one of these charts in our catalog which will be sent on request. It shows how the dynamometer proves that the

HARLEY-DAVIDSON "5-35"

develops 166 per cent. more power at five miles an hour, 145 per cent. more power at ten miles, 35 per cent. more power at forty miles an hour, than the former four horse-power Harley-Davidson which was universally conceded to be the most powerful single cylinder motorcycle ever built.

Forty Miles An Hour In 190 Feet From A Standing Start

The Harley-Davidson "5-35" will do this. The Harley-Davidson is unquestionably the most comfortable motorcycle ever built, for it embodies the two greatest comfort features known to motorcycling, the Ful-Floteing Seat and Free Wheel Control.

Call on our local dealer to-day for demonstration or write for catalog.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.

Producers of High-Grade Motorcycles for over Eleven Years

316 B STREET MILWAUKEE, WIS.

OLUS

Pat'd Jan. 5, 1909

COAT CUT—Opens all the way down the leg.

CLOSED CROTCH—No flaps, no binding, only one thickness of material.

OLUS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CLOSED BACK—Perfect fit from shoulder to crotch.

CAN'T WORK UP out of trousers. Can't bunch in seat.

OLUS comes in all shirt styles and in all shirt materials—madras, percales, silks, silk mixtures, mercerized fabrics, flannels.

Prices:
$1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5

Ask your dealer for OLUS. We will send prepaid if he cannot supply you. Write for Free Booklet.

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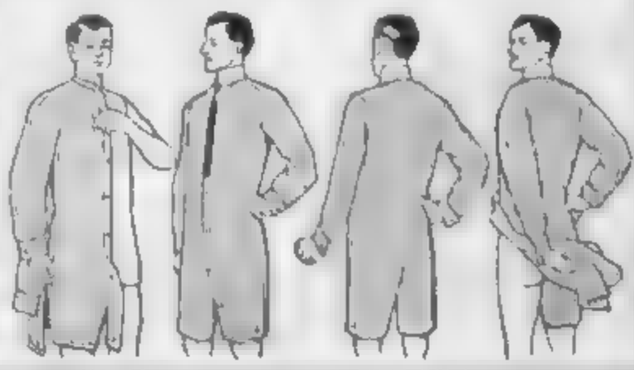


Have You Ever Wished For a Machine that Would Add Two Columns at Once?

A BURROUGHS DUPLEX will do it and also carry totals from one column to the other. For instance, it will give you separately each clerk's sales for the day (or week) and then automatically "re-cap" them, all in one operation. It will add debits and credits separately at same time and, in fact, carry on any two ordinary adding-machine operations at the same time. Today there are 160,000 people operating adding machines in this country who could save 20% more time than they are saving if they used the machine "that almost thinks"—

Burroughs Duplex Bookkeeping Machine

This "two-in-one" machine in a little more than a year has made a big "hit." 2,600 out of the 20,000 Burroughs machines sold last year were Burroughs Duplexes and we were behind on our orders nearly all of the last six months.

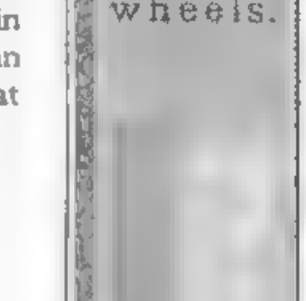
We are giving it more factory room now and can supply you more promptly.

This month we are making a special demonstration of the Duplex machine so that you may try it (gratis) in your business. Our representatives have machines for this purpose. We can't call on every one, but if *you* want to see if it will save you time, work and worry, write us so we may show you a Duplex. It will cost you nothing and put you under no obligation. Ask for Duplex Folder.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
European Office: 76 Cannon St. London, E. C., England

Makers of adding and listing machines: listing and non-listing calculating [illegible] keyboard, visible-printing adding machines—85 different [illegible] combinations of features—$150 to $650, easy payments, if desired

This lever operates the two sets of adding wheels.



A boy can learn to operate it in twenty minutes.

"I think I could draw such an agreement," he said.

Abe shrugged his shoulders and extended both his hands palms outward.

"Then there you got it!" he said; and he added to Pulver's discomfiture by kicking him under the table.

"But, speaking as a layman and as a man who has lost a wife that was very dear to him," Pulver said, "isn't it a trifle indecent to talk about Mrs. Magnis marrying again when she has been a widow so short a time?"

"Maybe!" Abe commented. "*Aber*, if you'll excuse my saying so, Howard, poor Philip Magnis—*olav hasholem!*—will never be no deader as he is now, understand me; whereas at forty-two, Mr. Pulver, a lady ain't got no time to lose." He reached for the bill-of-fare in an access of renewed hospitality. "And now let's see what we would got for dessert, Felix," he said; and Felix immediately suggested an *entremets* as expensive as it was highly indigestible. It was at this juncture that Howard roused himself from an attitude of profound cogitation and turned to J. Charles Pulver.

"How long have you been a widower, Mr. Pulver?" he asked.

IV

"WELL, Mawruss, for a quiet wedding on account of mourning on both sides, understand me, we had a pretty good time already!" Abe Potash said as he entered the firm's office one morning some six weeks later; and though it was nearly a quarter to ten Morris smiled amiably in reply.

"Did Mrs. Magnis—I mean Mrs. Pulver—like the silver Minnie picked out?" he asked.

"Like it!" Abe exclaimed. "Why shouldn't she like it, Mawruss? She *oser* got it for ninety-seven dollars and fifty cents silver when she married that *Rosher*, Magnis—*olav hasholem!*"

"I guess we could stand it," Morris commented.

"Sure we could stand it!" Abe retorted gleefully. "Weldfisch & Lipp was both of 'em talking to me after the *Chosnah;* and Lipp would be down here tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock."

"How did they manage about the loan?" Morris asked.

"Pulver gets 'em twenty-seven thousand from a title company," Abe replied; "and the other three thousand Geigermann advises Howard he should lend it to Weldfisch & Lipp and take back a second mortgage."

"That's a schemer—that feller Geigermann!" Morris exclaimed.

"A schemer he may be," Abe declared; "but he's a pretty straight schemer, Mawruss, and a good friend from ours also. I bet yer the least him and Howard buys from us this year alone is five thousand dollars!"

"*Aber* wouldn't you got a lot of trouble *mit* Sam Magnis before the whole thing is settled up?" Morris asked.

"Leave that to Pulver, Mawruss," Abe said. "Why, he was telling me yesterday the things they could do to an executioner when the executioner wouldn't act as the surrogate tells him to, Mawruss, which it sounds to me like I got a pretty narrow escape already!" He heaved a profound sigh. "That's a job—an executioner!" he exclaimed. "Some one should die and make me *wiedermal* an executioner, Mawruss—and, you could take it from me, Mawruss, I would never speak to the feller again so long as he lives!"

Curing Wood

WOOD has contagious diseases! A stick of wood in a lumber-yard may be sick and infect other timbers, which later may develop the disease when they are supporting great weights in a new building. Some of the diseases are so contagious that in a building they will jump several feet across masonry or brick to some stick of healthy wood. Cures were recently discussed by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Most of the diseases are varieties of dry rot caused by a fungus, and most of the varieties of the dry-rot fungi cannot stand heat much over one hundred degrees; so the most likely cure is to close a building up tight, if any beams are infected, and heat it up to one hundred and twenty or one hundred and forty degrees. Even this is not always successful, for ends of beams are buried in the outer brick walls and the heat may not reach them.

Just say, "Brighton Garters"

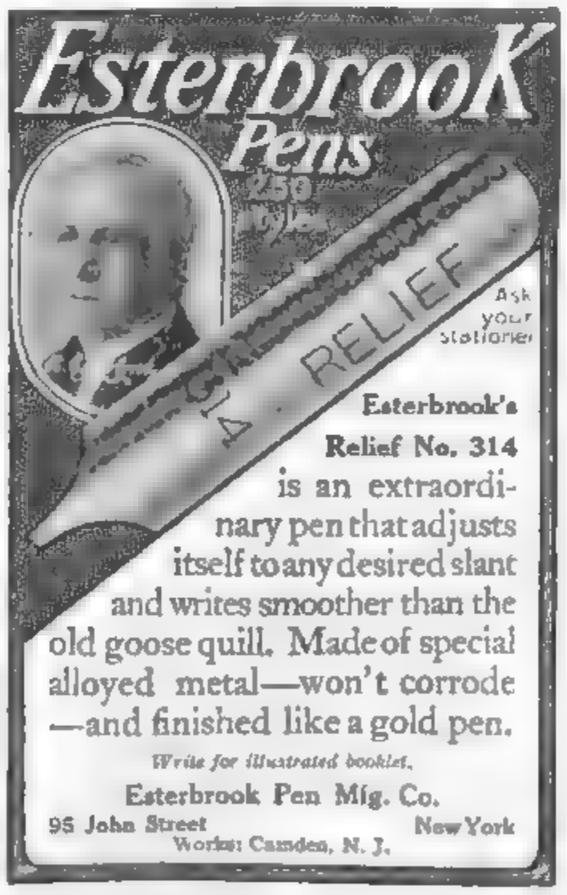
It means everything in garter comfort and service.

Pad with rubber button

25c and 50c

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia

Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of June 28



Esterbrook's Relief No. 314 is an extraordinary pen that adjusts itself to any desired slant and writes smoother than the old goose quill. Made of special alloyed metal—won't corrode—and finished like a gold pen.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street New York
Works: Camden, N. J.

Alpha ALCOHOL STOVE No. 1

You [illegible] alcohol stove ad. I [illegible] sold [illegible] cooking, heating, boiling [illegible] Weigh [illegible] Price [illegible] Send $1 today for this ever useful alcohol stove.

AGENTS—Write for information regarding the Alpha line of fast selling specialties.

ALPHA CO., 60 McWhorter St., Newark, N.J.

Be your own boss. Do as many others have—Operate a

Kingery Peanut Roaster And Corn Popper

Over 30 styles—liberal terms—profits liberal—Kingery's book of Possibilities and No. 41 catalog tell you all about it.

KINGERY MFG. CO., Pearl and Ludlow Sts., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED. Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Patents advertised free. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent FREE. Branch Offices, 625 Ninth St., New York, 1429 Chestnut St., Phila.
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STUDY ART with a great institution. Any one who can learn to write can learn to draw. Write for Catalogue S.
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF DRAWING, Washington, D. C.

$25.00 a Week to Students this Summer

We have 500 positions for students who can devote all or a part of their time this summer to representing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

What Others Did Last Summer

Last summer nearly seven hundred students—both young men and young women—took advantage of our scholarship and cash offers. Many earned from $50.00 to $100.00 a week; hundreds earned over $25.00 a week.

LLOYD G. HALL, of the University of Nebraska, now [illegible] of California, received $200 for fifteen weeks' work.

MERLE H. MOSSER, a young student in the University of Michigan, earned more than $1000 in the months of August and September alone.

MISS L. C. POWELL, of a well-known university, [illegible] the Northwest, and an eight-hundred mile cruise down the coast, at the same time netting enough money to meet her college expenses for the following Senior year.

ELMO E. SIMON, of Western Reserve University, earned $100 a month in addition to clerking in one of the busiest retail shoe stores in Cleveland.

MISS STELLA WILLIAMS, of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, earned $1900 during the summer, it being her first effort in Curtis work.

These are just a few examples. Hundreds of others made three or four dollars a day. If you are interested in making money this summer, let us hear from you. You can work in your own locality or elsewhere; alone or in company with other students.

Educational Division, Dept. M

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Portable Garage

$80.00 to $175.00

Direct to you from factory

Shipped in sections—All complete—easy to put together. Strong and Substantial—ample room for car, workbench, etc. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Save garage rent. Write for catalog today.

Going To Build? Ask for plan book of models and material catalog—will show how you can save money.

CHICAGO MILLWORK SUPPLY COMPANY
America's Greatest Sash and Door House
1471 W. 37th Street Chicago, Ill.

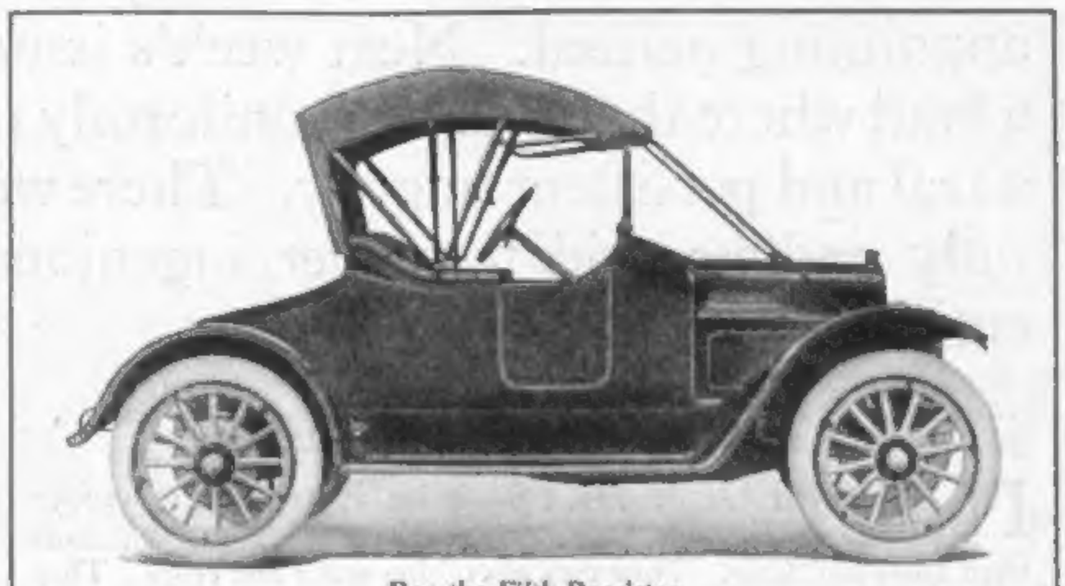
Always Up-to-Date

By R. E. Olds, Designer

In Reo the Fifth, new ideas are adopted as soon as the leaders accept them. The car is kept up-to-date.

Thus, at any time this car contains about every new feature in sight.

And some of the time one finds the car months in advance of its rivals.



Reo the Fifth Roadster

Next Year's Cars

The evidence is that most next year's cars will adopt the following features. The leading cars already have them.

Note that Reo the Fifth, as we build it today, embodies all these coming features.

Left-side drive
Center control
Electric lights
Set-in dash lights
Oversize tires

There is no need to argue these. Note the leaders of Motordom—how all of them have them.

One-Rod Control

Another feature bound to come is the Reo one-rod control.

Note what it means. No levers in the driver's way, either side or center. The driver's entrance on either side is absolutely clear. He never dismounts in the street.

All the gear shifting is done by one small center rod. It is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

No coming feature means as much to the driver as this simple rod control, this absence of levers, this clear entrance in front.

Things That Still Must Come

There are other features in Reo the Fifth to which cars of this class must come.

Men expect them in costly cars. But men are bound to demand them in any car when they know what their absence means. I refer to things like these:

Analyzed steel
Properly tested gears
15 roller bearings
190 drop forgings
High-test magneto
Doubly-heated carburetor
Vast overcapacity
Utter exactness
Slow, careful building
Insurance against flaws

I have spent 26 years building automobiles. I know their shortcomings—know what cars must stand.

Time will force all makers, as it forced me, into these extreme precautions.

Steel must be made to formula—must be analyzed twice—to be sure of the needed strength. Gears must be tested in a crushing machine, not with a hammer.

Timken bearings cost five times as much as common ball bearings. But they must be used, and used everywhere—not only in the largest bearings.

Drop forgings are costly, but steel castings too often have flaws.

Strength that seems sufficient often proves insufficient. Big margins of safety are needed. In Reo the Fifth, every driving part is given 50 per cent overcapacity.

Parts should be hand-fitted and ground over and over. Every part should be given a radical test. Engines, after testing, should be taken apart and inspected.

We Do All This

In Reo the Fifth all these things are done. They are costly, but we save their cost by building only one model, by making all our parts, by modern machinery, by extreme efficiency.

Our price proves that such things need not be expensive—need not be confined to the high-cost cars.

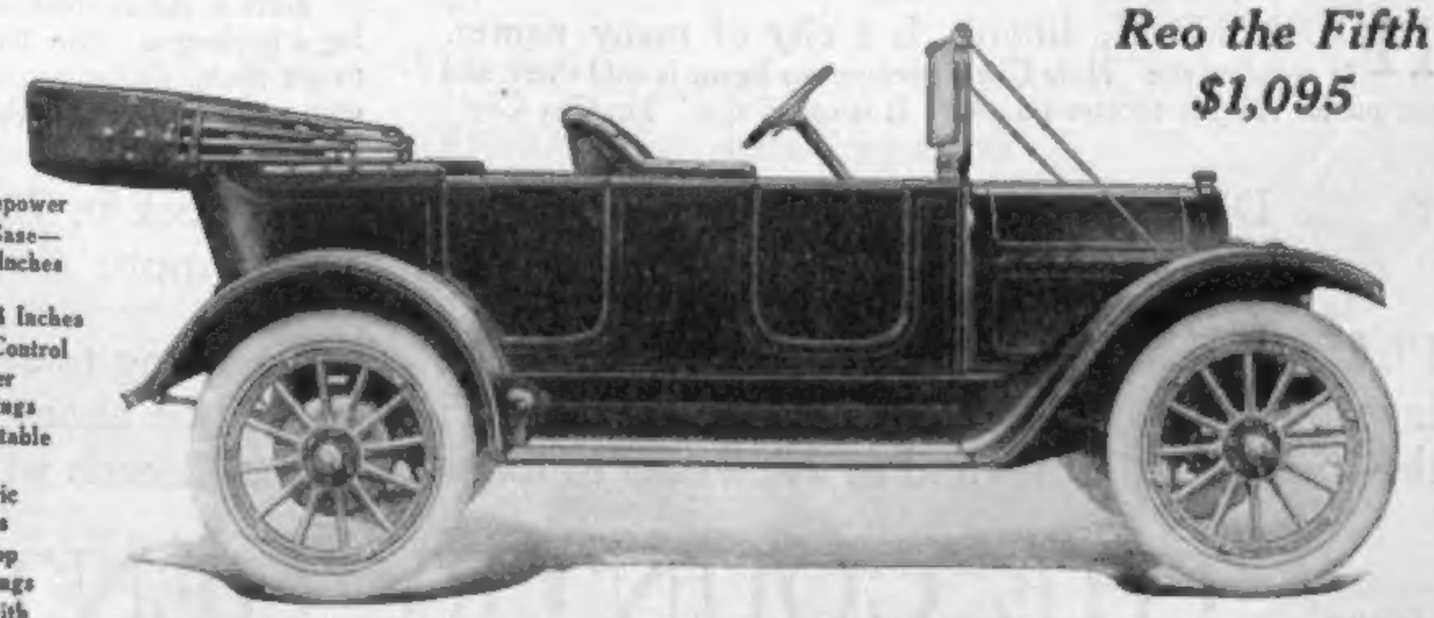
As a result, each Reo the Fifth is an utterly perfect car. It is almost a trouble-proof car. The extra cost to us is saved over and over in your upkeep cost. And year after year this car keeps running as well as it runs when new.

More and more, the men who know demand this class of car. Our sales this year have broken all our records.

A thousand dealers sell Reo the Fifth. If you don't know the nearest, write or telegraph for address.

Reo the Fifth
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2-Passenger Bodies



Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, Prest-O-Lite gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170). Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(206)

Underground Rain

AS DROUGHT time approaches a good many million people read the skies instead of books. Generally when your crops are drying up it is a disappointing perusal. Next week's issue of *The Country Gentleman* will tell of a land where the skies were uniformly unkind and where the drought remained a real and persistent tragedy. There were no rivers nor mountains in this land, only endless arid flats, yet ingenious man found a remedy and now that entire land has begun to bloom.

The New Texas Panhandle

IN THE OLDEN DAYS—take it from the story-books—about the only things they raised in the Texas Panhandle were cows and Cain. Now they are raising water and crops. They are raising the water by means of oil-driven pumps from depths of twenty-five to three hundred feet underground; they are raising crops by pouring this seemingly inexhaustible supply of moisture on land that had been thirsty for so long that it was almost a habit. Millions of dollars are being spent, but the Panhandle is repaying the attention that is given it. Silos are springing up and prosperity seems to smile.

But this Shallow Water Belt of Texas is no place for the man who doesn't understand irrigation, who won't work and work hard, and who hasn't got a little capital to start. Barton W. Currie tells the story of "Water for a Thirsty Land" in next week's issue.

The Most Fascinating Game

"THE MOST FASCINATING GAME in the World," Harry Snowden Stabler says, is growing oranges and grapefruit in Florida. It's a game in which lots of people are making money, by working hard and using their brains, but none of them are making quite the profits that are shown—on paper—to the prospective homeseeker by the land boomers. Mr. Stabler in this article—the fourth of a series about Florida—gives facts and figures of the citrus groves, and he comments from his own observation on the wide discrepancies he found.

One successful grower told him, "Every one who is willing to pay the price in labor or dollars can grow oranges and grapefruit, but only he who is so constituted as to derive pleasure in exercising his mental faculties to the fullest extent can produce fruit of the highest quality."

The Sugar-Corn Town

HOOPESTON, Illinois, is a city of many names. It is called the "Holy City" because no liquor is sold there and the public officials receive no pay. It is called the "Tin-Can City" because one of the biggest canning industries in the country is centered there. And it is called the "Sugar-Corn Town of the Middle West" because that's just what it is. More than a hundred and fifty farms within a radius of six miles feature either large or small acreages of sweet corn, and the farmers get big money growing it for the factories, which turn out fifteen million cans a year of fancy sugar corn.

The progress of this corn from the seed to the can makes an interesting story as George H. Dacy tells it in next week's issue.

Measuring the Cows

ALL THE PROFITS IN DAIRY FARMING in the United States today are made by one-third of the cows. And it is up to the milk producer to establish a standard as high as his conditions will permit, measure every cow with the dairy yardstick, and discard the ones that fail to come up to the mark. Wilber J. Fraser, in the second of a valuable series of articles on "The Dairy That Pays a Profit," tells how the herd can be improved. He gives figures of a test made by the Illinois Experiment Station showing how the average production of a herd was raised in four years from 5800 pounds of milk and 224 pounds of butterfat to 8628 pounds of milk and 326 pounds of butterfat. Every dairyman in the land can increase the efficiency of his herd the same way if he will learn how from this article.

A Bee in Your Bonnet

EVEN IF YOU LIVE ON A SMALL PLACE you needn't keep your bees in your bonnet. On five acres you can have as big an apiary as on a hundred acres. For, as C. C. Miller points out in an article to be printed next week, bees are freebooters when it comes to gathering in the honey. You can even have a hive on the roof of your house in town—but be careful the bees are good-natured or you'll have trouble with the neighbors.

Here is the information you need if you have any notion of becoming a beekeeper. Mr. Miller tells you what kind of bees to buy, how to get them, the way to take care of them and all the little hints that only experience can teach.

Do you read EVERYMAN'S GARDEN every week in *The Country Gentleman?*
It means more vegetables for your table and more flowers for your house.

PLAIN TALKS ABOUT POULTRY BREEDS. We are going to start a series of stories about the favorite poultry breeds in next week's issue. This one will be about the Brown Leghorn—all about the Brown Leghorn—and in the weeks to follow the other breeds will be discussed.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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